The Saturday Evening
POST
December 22-December 29, 1962 20¢

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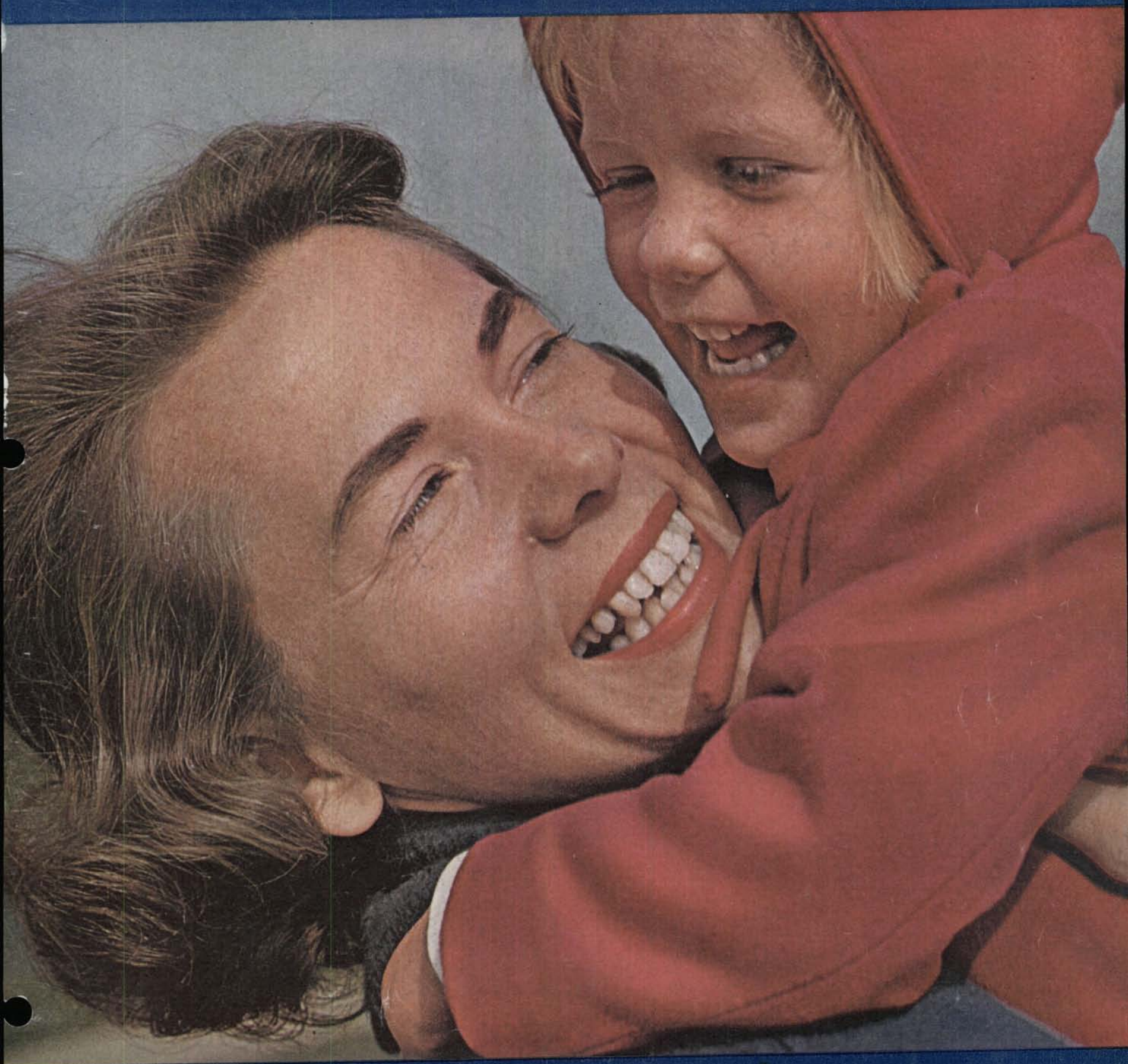
THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Her Attitudes on Family, Sex, Religion and Society



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PEARL S. BUCK

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American Women have been placed under a microscope for the fourth in a series of exhaustive *Post* studies of the U.S. people. Pollsters from the celebrated Gallup organization questioned more than 2,300 women about such matters as marriage, religion, education, sex and politics. After co-authors **Dr. George Gallup** and **Evan Hill** had analyzed the statistics, Hill traveled 10,000 miles to interview another 100 women who offered their candid commentary on woman's role in American life. (Some of their revealing statements can be found in the special short features which accompany the text beginning on page 15.) Not everyone understood when Hill explained his mission by saying, "I'm looking for women." But he managed to stay out of jail and return to his New Hampshire home to convert his extensive research into a finished manuscript. When his wife read it she pronounced the work a success. "For the first time in 16 years of marriage," Mrs. Hill said, "I get an indication that you understand women." The resulting article is an authoritative—and surprising—statement of the American woman's attitude toward her world, and the place in it which she considers to be her rightful domain.

Other Bylines. **Pearl S. Buck,** whose Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Good Earth* was set in China, has again made the land she knows so intimately the scene of her latest story. She is the only American woman to have won the Nobel Prize for literature. . . . **Gale Huntington,** now retired from his work as fisherman, farmer and high-school Latin teacher, is a folksinger as well as a writer. His album *Songs from Martha's Vineyard* is a collection of ballads traditional in his own Massachusetts home port. . . . **Stewart Pierce Brown** writes short stories as he rattles along in a commuter train between his advertising-agency job in Manhattan and his Greenwich, Connecticut, home. . . . **Edward Linn** collaborated with baseball veteran Bill Veeck on Veeck's best-selling autobiography and is a free-lancer specializing in sports articles. This week he moves into another field to provide a vivid and amusing portrait of television comic Johnny Carson. . . . **Jack Alexander** is a former *Post* senior editor now retired. . . . **William Benton** represented Connecticut in the U.S. Senate from 1949 until 1953 and is now publisher of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. On his recent trip to Russia—his fourth—he became the first American visitor to see Siberia's bustling scientific and industrial research center in operation. . . . Associate editor **Don Oberdorfer** and **Milton MacKaye** worked together to gauge the impact of last month's presidential order proscribing racial discrimination in federally financed housing. . . . **Craig Claiborne** is *The New York Times*' food-news editor. . . . In the next issue of *The Post* **Ben Hibbs**'s name, for the first time in 20 years, will not appear on the masthead. Our former editor has resigned to take a senior editorial post with the *Reader's Digest*. His many friends on the staff wish him well.

The Cover. Eleanor Courter and her three-year-old daughter Susan were photographed by **Wayne Miller** at their Bowie, Maryland, home. Miller spent a week with the Courter family to obtain the sensitive photographs on pages 20–25.

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LETTERS

Hot Stuff

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for including Mr. Joe Cooper's recipe for Texas Chili [THAT BOWL OF FIRE CALLED CHILI, Nov. 24]. The adventuresome will try anything

once. I did! The chili is delicious but please advise all trying it for the first time to serve it with black coffee, crackers AND THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

MRS. L. K. MCMURTY
Moberly, Mo.

Research: What For?

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Albert E. Burke [MIS-APPLIED SCIENCE, Nov. 24] makes a vitally important point in saying that the important and valuable research is that devoted to pure science. Appreciation of this little-known fact is the hallmark of a truly educated man. As a matter of fact, the industrially valuable discoveries were the incidental and unforseeable by-products or side effects of break-throughs that resulted from basic research undertaken simply to investigate natural phenomena. Our representatives in government must learn this lesson if we hope to survive.

CLARENCE HOTSON, PH. D.
Romulus, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

MIS-APPLIED SCIENCE is another attempt to discredit American schools, our global superiority in basic scientific research, and the intellectual achievements and goals of many of our young people. Since Sputnik I, baseball has ceased to be our national sport—today the baiting of American scientists and schools has replaced the World Series.

I feel that constructive criticism is always in order. But, I do deplore the reckless statements of the author regarding both the quality and content of American education and the accomplishments of our scientists.

In basic science research we are not second or third rate. We are not "picking the minds" of Russian scientists. Europeans are avidly studying our scientific journals, and educators from all parts of the globe are studying our educational programs.

In the 30 years between 1930 and 1960, American scientists were awarded 53 Nobel Prizes in physics, chemistry, and medicine. In the same period, 22 English scientists, 5 Swiss, and 4 Russians won the prize.

In 1961, 586,816 high-school students, representing 15,095 schools, participated in the National Merit Scholarship tests. The 945 winners who accepted the scholarships (203 refused the scholarships), representing the best young scientific minds in the nation, indicated that they were not interested in "science as a way to turn out more and better ball-point pens and refrigerators and hairpins," but their career choices were scientific research, teaching, engineering and medicine.

FRANK I. GARY, COORDINATOR
Math and Science Seminars
El Paso Public Schools
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Burke is a scientist, you say? Perhaps on the same rank as Edison (who was not a scientist, but a dabbler in science—an inventor). Surely Dr. Burke could have at least chosen a worthy American scientist to put alongside Maxwell, Faraday, Hertz, Thomson, Becquerel and Fleming. Let him mislead us with poor interpretations, (American schools . . . are not turning out theoretical scientists), and third-rate quotations ("a man who heads one of the nation's largest industries wrote . . ." Really!), but please don't humiliate us by implying Edison was an outstanding American scientist.

J. M. SMITH
Dept. of Chemistry, UCLA
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We are in desperate need of a million Dr. Burkes.

ZDZISLAW P. WESOLOWSKI
Staten Island, N. Y.

Americans Under Fire

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished FIGHTING AN UNSEEN ENEMY (Nov. 24). For the past 33½ weeks since my husband has been in Vietnam as an adviser I have read everything I could get my hands on about that part of Asia.

I have about lost patience with most news media for their lack of coverage of the struggle there and the part we Americans are playing. I am not blind to the danger my husband and thousands like him in Vietnam are facing daily, but the pride I have in him and the job he is doing compensate for the fear I have for his safety.

I would like to express thanks to you in behalf of all the families who feel very directly involved in the struggle for freedom in South Vietnam.

MRS. GEORGE M. RODGERS
Lawton, Okla.

Front-Line Feast

Dear Sirs:

Colonel Turner's story [LET 'EM EAT . . . TURKEY, Nov. 24] was amusing—but deadly accurate. I was commanding a company of "permanent" Combat Engineers who served in the area to which the 7th Division was returning. The Veep was to visit our medical-aid station as a part of his combat tour, but he never made it.

Ask any combat commander: grass-roots war is Hell, but nothing compared to being saddled with a real VIP—a congressman or a "war correspondent" (except the Ernie Pyle type!).

EDWARD H. NABB
Cambridge, Md.

Dear Sirs:

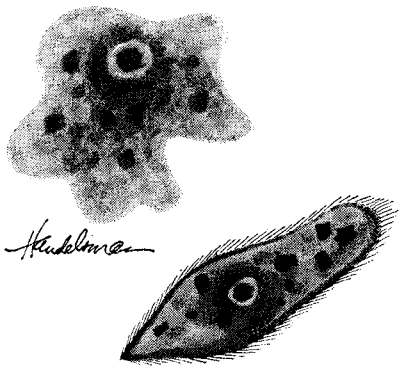
I find it hard to believe our elected VIP's expect such treatment, or that we have military leaders who will provide it. The thought makes me want to just lie down and cry.

R. W. JOLLEY
Aiken, S. C.

Low-Life Love Life

Dear Sirs:

There must have been many chuckles from the thousands of scientists and biology students in universities, colleges and high schools after they saw your highly literate cartoon [POST SCRIPTS, Nov. 24] of an amoeba and paramecium with the caption, "The higher animals have all the fun."



True, the upper figure of amoeba has no sex, but it has gotten along quite well even after countless eons. It has solved one riddle of the universe. Instead of dying upon reaching maturity, it simply multiplies by dividing into two daughters each of which eats, grows up, has fun, then repeats the process, et cetera, et cetera. Hence sex is not necessary.

Paramecium, as shown in the lower figure, not only reproduces asexually but undergoes many types of sexual reproduction. Instead of being male or female like ourselves, these complex animals have many kinds of well-defined opposite-sex mates. They are most selective and probably have lots of fun in choosing their proper partners.

After watching these fascinating 'little animalcules' through my microscope for over 30 years, I believe I see an eye winking back at me with glee—but alas, it turns out to be only a contractile vacuole.

RALPH WICHTERMAN, PH.D.
Professor of Biology
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunday's Roughstuff

Dear Sirs:

Harry Paxton's horror at the gore attendant to pro football [Sunday's Gladiators, Nov. 24] and his nasty little suspicion that fans are drawn by the sight of blood are both, I venture, just a tiny bit phony. From a lower-stand seat in Yankee Stadium from which I have viewed all Giant encounters over the past eight years, I doubt that I've seen as much blood as is normally spilled in a fist-fight between two eight-year-olds.

F. R. PAXTON
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

You act as if there is no such thing as the American Football League.

DAVID ZIEGLER
Houston, Tex.

Coming . . . in the next Post

The Marriage Racketeers:
A National Scandal

How Women Make
The Best-Dressed List

A New Novel By
PAUL GALLICO

One Man's Case for Legalized Gambling

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. He had to quit school at 13 to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

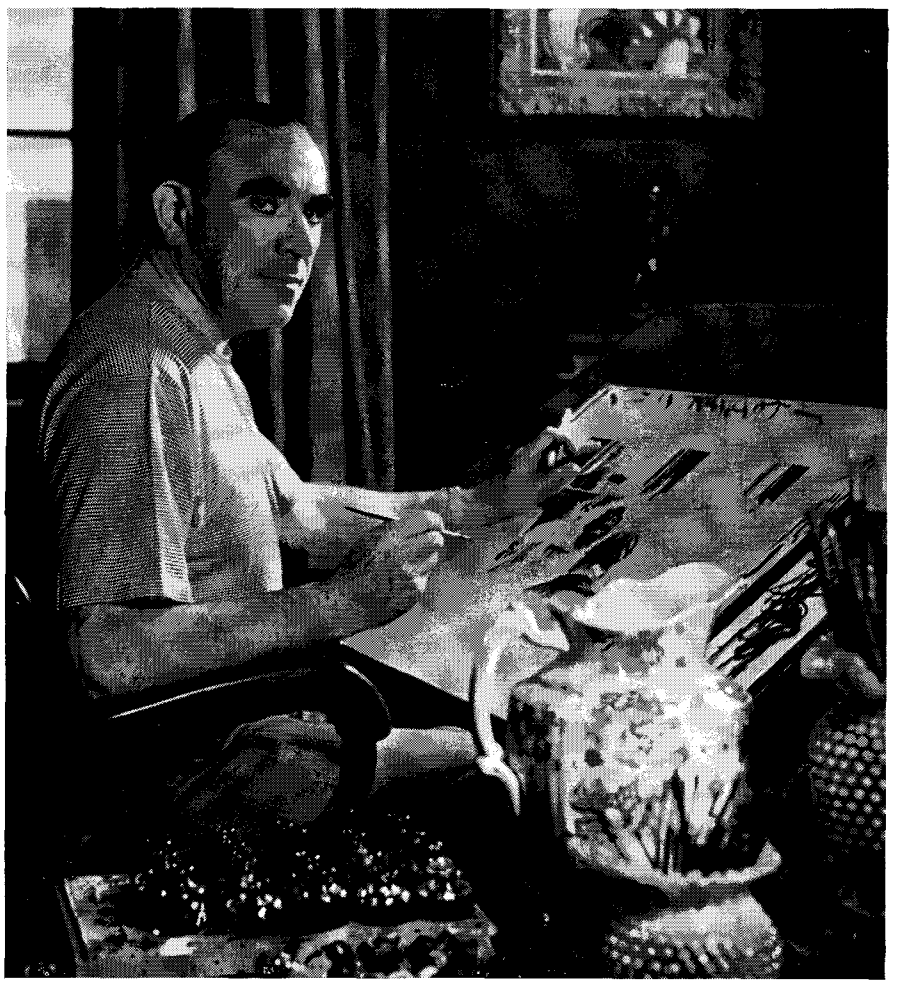
Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

Over 12 years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags-to-riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 5885, Westport, Conn.

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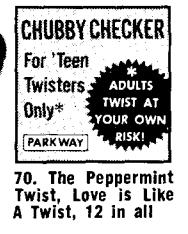

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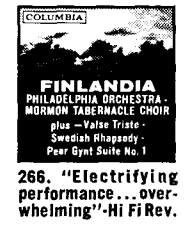
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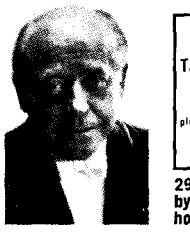
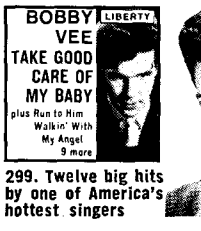
plus — Valse Triste · Swedish Rhapsody · Peer Gynt Suite No. 1

266. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"—Hi Fi Rev.





299. Twelve big hits by one of America's hottest singers

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Here's a compact brass-finished rack whose capacity grows as your collection grows. It's adjustable — holds from one to sixty records securely. Folds flat when not in use.
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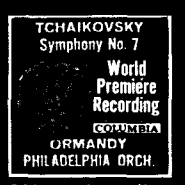
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...ve Is A Many ...d Thing, A ...Place, etc.

7. Also: Stairway To the Stars; Teacher, Teacher; etc.

90. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life



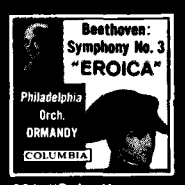
242. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

71. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)

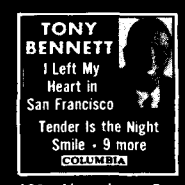
23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now?, September Song, 12 in all

180. Moon River, My Kind of Girl, Teach Me Tonight, 9 more

91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen

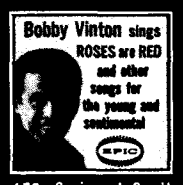


231. "Relentless motion...excitement."—S.F. Chronicle

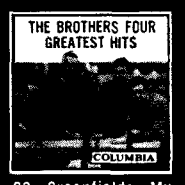


120. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

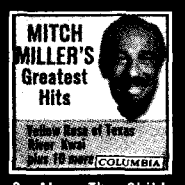
..."Unchallenged ...e world's mas... ...omposer!"-Life



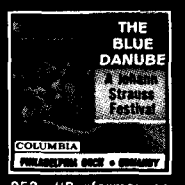
173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more



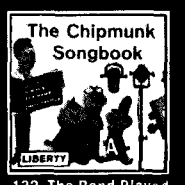
20. Greenfields, My Tani, Green Leaves of Summer, 9 more



8. Also: The Children's Marching Song, Do-Re-Mi, etc. *



252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."-High Fid.



132. The Band Played On, A Bicycle Built For Two, 12 more

41. Stardust, Speak Low, 10 more. (Not available in stereo)

11. Also: I Believe, Granada, That Lucky Old Sun, etc. *

12. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.

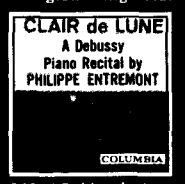
85. Starring William Warfield, Anita Darian, Barbara Cook

...Also: Home, My ...True Love, Mor... ...the McCoy, etc.

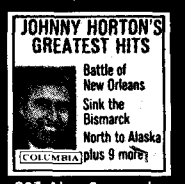
93. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

33. Everybody Loves A Lover, Be My Love, Volare, 12 in all

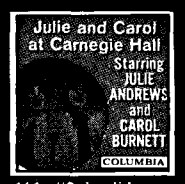
34. Stars & Stripes Forever, Washington Post March, etc.



246. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."-Hi Fi. Rev.

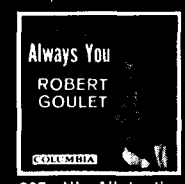


297. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.

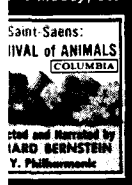


111. "Splendid souvenir of a rare TV treat." — Cue

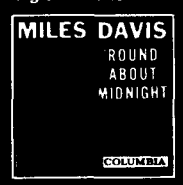
291-292. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Intensely expressive...imbued with controlled fervor."—High Fid.



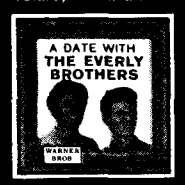
227. It's All In the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more



...Also: Britten's ...g Person's Guide ...e Orchestra



54. All Of You, Bye Bye Blackbird, Ah-Leu-Cha, etc. *



296. Cathy's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all

254. "Brilliant performance...lush...rich."-Musical Amer.

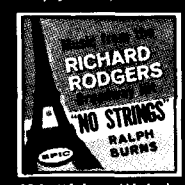
57. Nine Pound Hammer, Hear the Wind Blow, 12 in all

95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

53. My One And Only Love, Wait Till You See Him, 12 in all

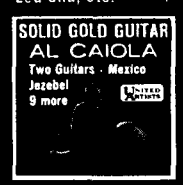
103. It's "Hooray for Jose Jimenez!" —N.Y. Journal-Amer.

251. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.

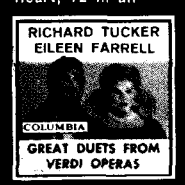


404. "A beautiful album...lovely, lilting style."—Billboard

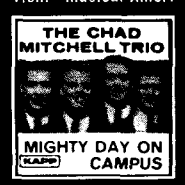
...p: Tonight, ...ver, Volare, ...e A River, etc.



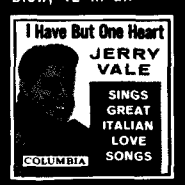
170. Vaya Con Dios, Jezebel, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all



241. "Two of the greatest singers."—N.Y. Herald Trib.

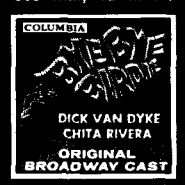


402. "A rousing performance...verve and vigor."—Billboard

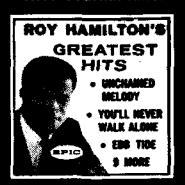


403. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sole Mio, 12 in all

232. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos



96. "Happy, zestful, clean...most captivating."—N.Y. News



63. Also: Hurt, You Can Have Her, Don't Let Go, etc. *

238. "Energy and virtuosity abound."—Saturday Review

400. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all

...Cheerful Little ...l, If I Had My ...12 hits in all

268. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.

102. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

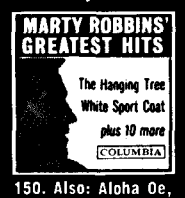
145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.

258. This is "an extraordinary chorus."—New York Times

195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Waterwheel Roll, 10 in all

263. Two of the most popular and appealing violin concertos

151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.

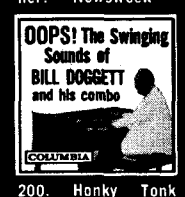


150. Also: Aloha Oe, She Was Only Seventeen, etc. *

162. Also: I'm Just Here To Get My Baby Out of Jail, etc.

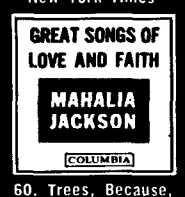
..."He plays mag... ...ent music mas... ...lly!"—McCalls

199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



200. Honky Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

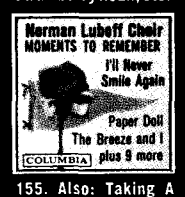
273. The most passionate love music ever composed



60. Trees, Because, Danny Boy, My Task, My Friend, 7 more

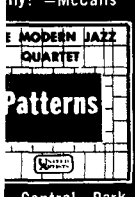
29. Also: Stella By Starlight, How High the Moon, etc.

97. Ethel Merman's "most dazzling moment."—N. Y. Times

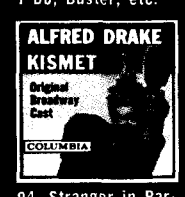


155. Also: Taking A Chance on Love, Flamingo, Amapola, etc.

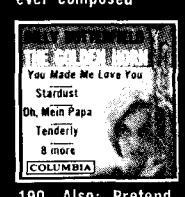
294. "Exciting . . . compelling." — New York Herald Tribune

138. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all

...Central Park, ...s Against Tumor- ...Cue =9, etc.

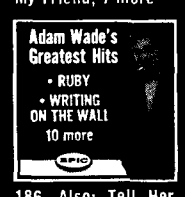
233. "Most beautiful ...an edge in sonic fidelity."—Atlantic



94. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *

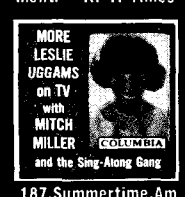


190. Also: Pretend, And the Angels Sing, Cherry Pink, etc.

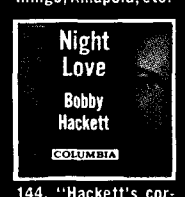


186. Also: Tell Her For Me, Sleepy Time Gal, Linda, etc.

271. "Extraordinarily beautiful."-American Record Guide

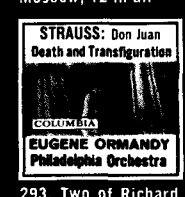


187. Summertime, Am I Blue, Down By the Riverside, 14 in all

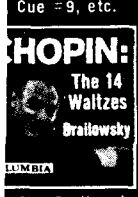


144. "Hackett's cornet playing is just lovely!"—S.F. Chron.

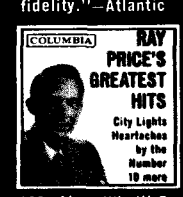
406. But Not For Me, The Party's Over, I Should Care, 9 more



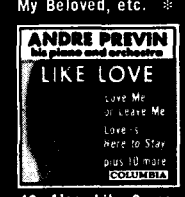
293. Two of Richard Strauss's most popular tone poems



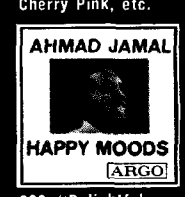
...Mr. Brailowsky ...oet of the ...N.Y. Times



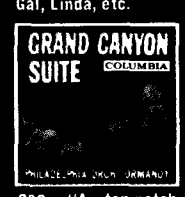
160. Also: Who'll Be the First, etc. (Not available in stereo)



46. Also: Like Someone in Love, When I Fall In Love, etc.

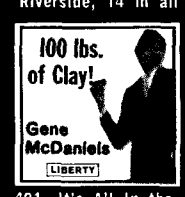


223. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



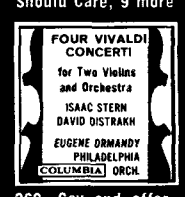
286. "A top-notch performance."Amer. Record Guide

156. Streets of Laredo, I Ride An Old Paint, 11 more



401. It's All In the Game, Till There Was You, Cry, 9 more

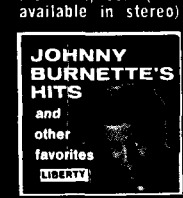
100. "Superb . . . all the beauty & nobility captured."-HiFi Rev.



260. Gay and effervescent, this one is a real treat

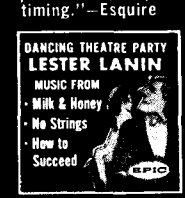
125. Also: She Once Lived Here, What Am I Worth, etc.

...Teen Beat, One ...t Julep, Raunchy, ...at'd I Say, etc.

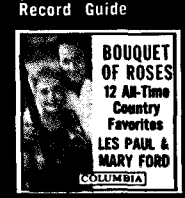


175. Big Big World, Moody River, Little Boy Sad, 12 in all

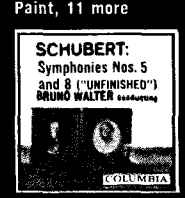
278. "Something no one should pass up."—Washington Star



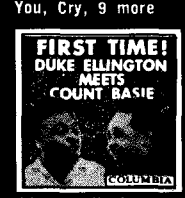
139. Also: Wildcat, West Side Story, No Strings, etc.



65. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more



287. "Glowingly beautiful, full of color."—N. Y. Times



215. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.

285. "Performance: Superb. Recording: Excellent."-HiFi Rev.

107. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

72. Splish-Splash, Gravy, 10 more. (Not available in stereo)

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SPEAKING OUT

How America Invented Manners

The dignified American of bygone days was not as polite as we think, but today his manners lead the world.

BY RUSSELL LYNES

Scarcely a day goes by, it seems to me, when someone in print does not insist that American manners have gone to hell in a hand-basket.

"What has become of the polite bus driver who used to be so kind and considerate?" people want to know. (In New York recently a newspaper managed to blow up a whale of a storm over this tired question.) What has happened to the porter who used to tip his cap and who never snarled no matter how many books and pairs of shoes weighed down your suitcase? Where are the gentlemen who used to give their seats to ladies in public conveyances and who took off their hats in elevators? (They must have been the same gentlemen, surely.) What has become of chivalry? Why do people use their elbows in buses and subways as offensive weapons? What has become of that pleasant, if unessential, custom of rising when a lady comes into a room?

It is a myth that was invented by the finicky, I believe, and has been perpetuated by the petty that our manners used to be a great deal better than they are now. It is a nostalgia for something that never was. The fact is that manners in America are certainly no worse than they have been in the past and are for the most part a great deal better than they were in our grandparents' and especially our great-grandparents' day. I'm tired of hearing people say that manners have collapsed. What has collapsed is the old manners of *noblesse oblige*, class consciousness and special privilege. And good riddance.

Unless I completely misread the record of the past and my eyes and ears deceive me about the present, the manners of Americans are improving, and not only improving but are well along the path of setting the pattern for manners in a great many other corners of the world. The partisans of class privilege who want others to kowtow to them may not like this, but I'm afraid they're stuck with it. If you think I am being chauvinist, just wait a minute.

If you will explore the magazines and newspapers and diaries of a century ago, as I have done, you will be impressed with many of the sterling qualities of our forebears but not with how good their manners were. On the contrary. You will find that a very high percentage of 19th-century Americans were not only boors but snobs. The men, for example, made the decks of riverboats, the aisles of trains, and even the carpets in the Senate of the United States slimy with tobacco juice. There were gleaming brass spittoons everywhere, but the salivary marksmanship of our forebears was no more impressive than the way they bolted their food, ate with their hats on and fell asleep and snored at evening parties. But if the men were boors, the women were both gauche and snobbish. They were overbearing to the people who had to serve them in any capacity, and they treated men as though they were scarcely fit to speak to.

Our Ill-mannered Women

Take for example what the British novelist, Anthony Trollope, reported in his *North America* during the 1860's about the behavior of women on public conveyances:

> The woman as she enters (a streetcar) drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of battered wirework, which she calls her crinoline . . . striking it against men's legs and heaving it with violence over other people's knees. . . . You rise from a deference to your old convictions. . . . She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists round, banging your shins with her wires . . . and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though the place were also vacant.

"American incivility" was a topic that magazine and newspaper writers fell on then with glee as they do now. "There was a time fifty years ago," said a writer about 90 years ago in the *Century Magazine*, "when there was a degree of reverence in American children and at least a show of good manners." Fifty years before that, in the 1820's, parents were complaining that in the old days before the Revolution children had some manners and some respect for their elders. (My concern here is not with children's manners, but it would seem that children have always looked good—that is, well-behaved—only when seen from a distance of about 50 years!)

"We acknowledge," said the same writer in the *Century*, "that we have no faith in any attempt to reform the manners of the adult population of the country." He was obviously ready to throw in the sponge in what were, mind you, "the good old days." The truth is that it was a time when, according to a popular joke, a lady got on a horse-drawn bus, and she was so surprised when a gentleman got up and gave her his seat that she fainted. When she came to, she said, "Thank you," and the gentleman was so surprised that *he* fainted.

I do not mean to belabor the fact that manners were certainly no better a century ago or 50 years ago than they are now. No one is likely to believe me in any case, because almost everyone seems to be convinced that people are ruder today—especially the people who serve them, whether in restaurants, gas stations, shops, public conveyances or any other place in which comfort depends on the good will, consideration and skill of someone else. But if you are not willing to concede that manners used to be worse than they are now, perhaps you will concede that they were different in effect and differently motivated.

The manners of the last century were manners of transition, which is a polite way of saying that they were a muddle of old aristocratic manners left over from before the Revolution and of the new democratic manners. Those who were trying to be "genteel" in the British tradition were appalled at those who thought that in a democratic society nobody had the right to be snooty to anyone else. The result was that both groups had chips on their shoulders. With the "genteel" the chip often took the form of snobbishness; with the "democratic" it often took the form of insolence. It has taken a long time to reconcile these two extremes, which were typical of manners in America for more than a century. But gradually, I believe, we have been evolving a kind of manners which are neither the manners of exclusion nor of a batch of kittens in a basket.

Let me explain.

The Secret Ingredient

The secret of American manners and also the reason why, as I suggested earlier, they are likely to spread to more and more corners of the globe is that they cannot be taught. They are not based on well-established conventions of rank or class or standing. They have nothing to do with inherited wealth or family tree, with formal education or how far up the side of the hill one lives. They have little to do with etiquette—perhaps sometimes too little. Any patient parent can teach his child the rituals of etiquette; our manners are another matter and far more costly, for they are based on the individual's belief in his own dignity.

If we look beyond the superficial gaucheries of our manners to their origins, we discover at once that the climate in which our manners have evolved is very different from that of the European countries to which we owe our heritage. In most European nations manners developed as fences. Conventions of public behavior were devised to protect one's "place." The shopkeeper had one set of manners for his customers and a totally different set for his employees, as did the butler for the "master" and for the household servants, and the squire for his gamekeeper and for his mother-in-law.

The idea that manners should be an expression of general regard for one's fellow man was the product of a society that hoped to be classless, and although it has often fallen short of its intentions, the convention of manners as it has evolved in America is the very opposite of that which is primarily designed to protect one class from another.

The transition from aristocratic to modern democratic manners has been a rough passage. But what we have tried to do in America is to perpetuate conventions that give the impression of not being conventions at all but of honest convictions and attitudes. These attitudes, we

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Managing editor of Harper's Magazine, *Russell Lynes has written many books and magazine articles on the highs and lows of American tastes and manners.*

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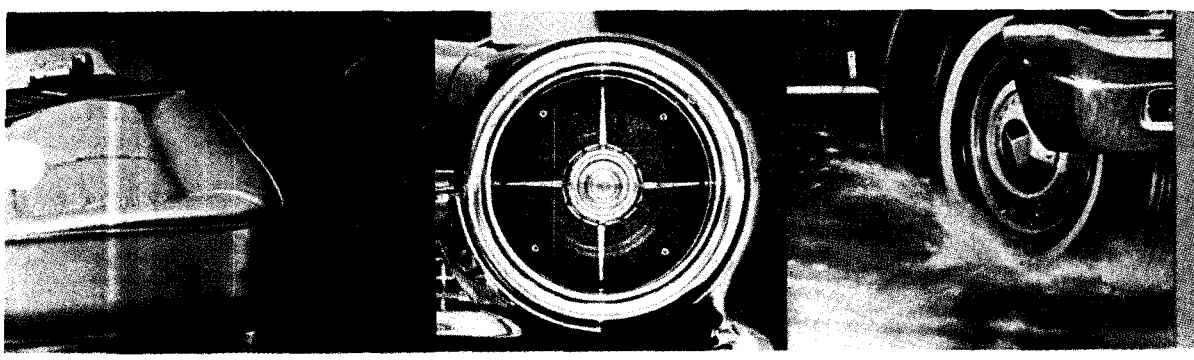

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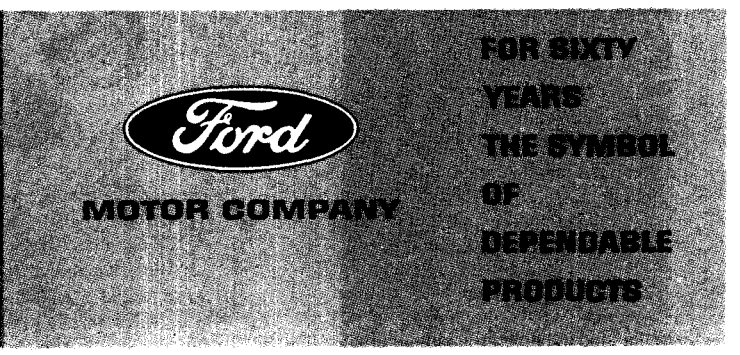

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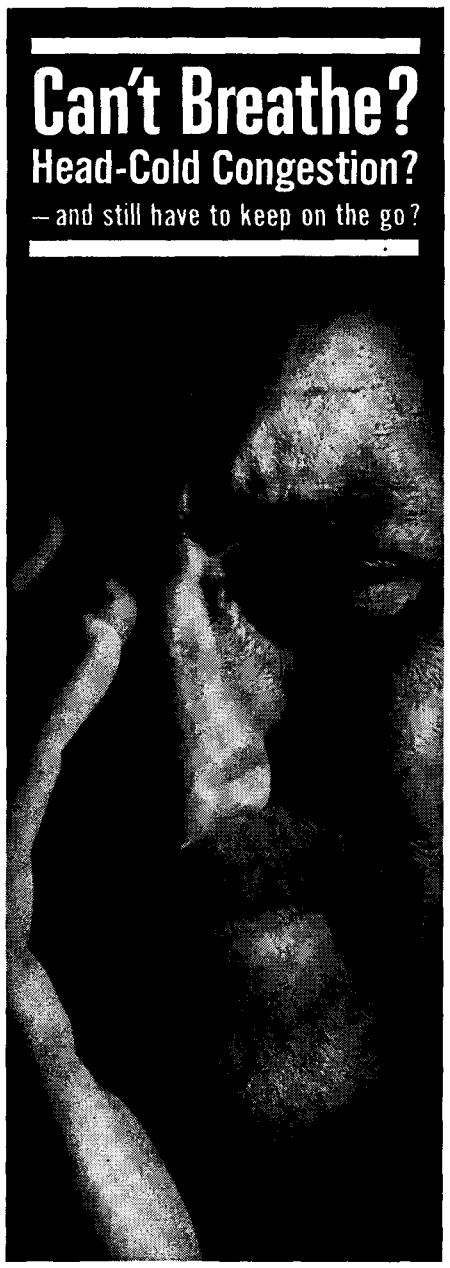

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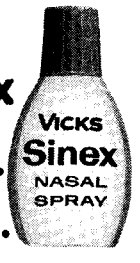


SPEAKING OUT

hope, indicate that one of us is as good as another, as deserving of consideration and as responsible for maintaining a state of good will. Almost as far back as one can go in the literature—if it can be called that—of American etiquette, manners are referred to again and again as "minor morals." They are not, in other words, considered to be merely conventions, but part of one's humane duty to one's fellow man. Even when our manners are merely poses, a sort of icing on our social cake, they take the forms of egalitarianism rather than of polite gestures for setting man apart from man.

There are qualities in the manners of our democracy that Europeans find it hard to understand and harder to take. The idea of calling someone by his first name on first meeting ("Steve Smith, this is Russell Lynes." . . . "Glad to know you, Russ.") seems to those who are not familiar with the custom—and to some who are—an outright and unforgivable invasion of privacy and therefore insolent. It is a pretense of intimacy where no intimacy is invited or exists, or so it seems to those who do not accept it as a gesture of putting someone else at his ease. The same can be said of the relaxed give-and-take between taxi driver and passenger, shopkeeper and customer, gas-station attendant and driver. Americans easily drop into casual conversations as part of accepted politeness and in order to avoid seeming aloof. I have often wondered how an American service-station owner would react if he were addressed by that common, but patronizing, British expression, "My good man."

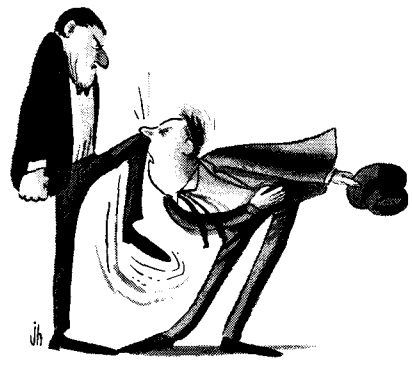
The Frontier Treatment

Most manners in most parts of America are based on the kinds of manners that developed on the frontier, where loneliness was the rule, not the exception, and a man and his family needed the confidence and friendship of stranger and neighbor alike. Families lived in cabins far apart, and when a stranger came by, the first question put to him was, "Where are you going?" The next, "What are you going there for?" or "What's your name?"

Not to answer such a question was considered affront enough to start a fight; to answer was to be taken in and showered with such hospitality as there was and with advice. It was a "free country," and in frontier terms a "free country" meant a place where nobody had any secrets from anybody else, where everybody was equal, and formalities that divided man from man were looked upon with dark suspicion. To be civil was to treat a man as an equal.

Such an attitude is essentially a democratic one, and the conventions of manners that have grown out of it are the manners we think of as democratic.

It would be nice to be able to say that our special brand of classless manners is always considerate, never imposes on those who serve, never toadies to the important or is rude to the defenseless. It would be nice (nay, glorious!) to be able to say that in America those who suddenly find themselves rich always have the good sense and good grace not to throw their weight around at the expense of those who serve them. Unfortunately we cannot say such things, but we can reasonably say that we are learning to make the most of classless manners and that such breaches of manners are the exception and not the rule. If indeed they were the rule, would we be upset by the occasional rudeness of a bus driver, the rare insolence of a hotel porter, or the casualness of a waitress? Why is it that one can drive for days in any direction and not encounter a rude service-station attendant, a surly motel-keeper, or a rude hash-slinger? If we were used to encountering bad manners, we would not be so infuriated when we do occasionally meet them. Like Europeans, we would take them for granted.



Some People Provoke Rudeness

People who are looking for rudeness can always find it; they have a talent for provoking it. People who complain about rude bus drivers and rude subway passengers are almost invariably people who think they should be riding in taxis, and I have seen them (as who hasn't?) provoke incidents by their attitude of superiority. My impression is that although there is less hat-tipping than there used to be and fewer men getting up in subways to give their seats to ladies (unless the ladies have babies with them, are old, or burdened with packages), manners (and would it be unmannerly of me to suggest that especially the manners of women?) are far better than they used to be.

A few years ago Sir Harold Nicolson, the British author and onetime diplomat, wrote a book called *Good Behaviour, Being a Study of Certain Types of Civility*. This extremely urbane gentleman made it quite clear that he was by no means roundly enthusiastic about American manners, because he found them tiresomely uniform and because they impinged on his privacy. However, he had this to say:

> Yet I must at least indicate what is the type of civility which in the United States I so deeply admire. They call it "service," but we should describe it as a universal gift for being unfailingly helpful, hospitable and polite. It is not a virtue confined to any class; it comes as naturally to a porter at a railroad station as it does to the president of a fresh-water university. . . .

Of our "mass manners," as he calls them, Nicolson said, "I believe and hope [they] will in the end set the tone for the whole free world."

I see no reason why they shouldn't. As one country after another emerges from colonial domination, as we did, into freedom, they will not, I believe, cling to the manners of caste and class but assume the manners of independence and, in time, of self-reliance. They will avoid, one hopes, the worst kinds of American manners—our blustering, arrogant, chauvinist, screaming-eagle kinds that happily are becoming rarer than they used to be. They will adopt, if they are wise, the kinds of manners that are the best of ours—the kinds that are based on the individual's belief in his own dignity and, more than that, in the dignity of his neighbor and of the stranger wherever he may happen to meet him. THE END

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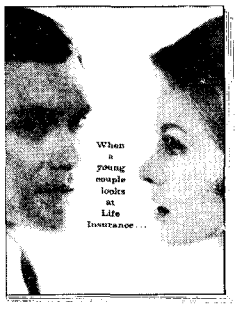

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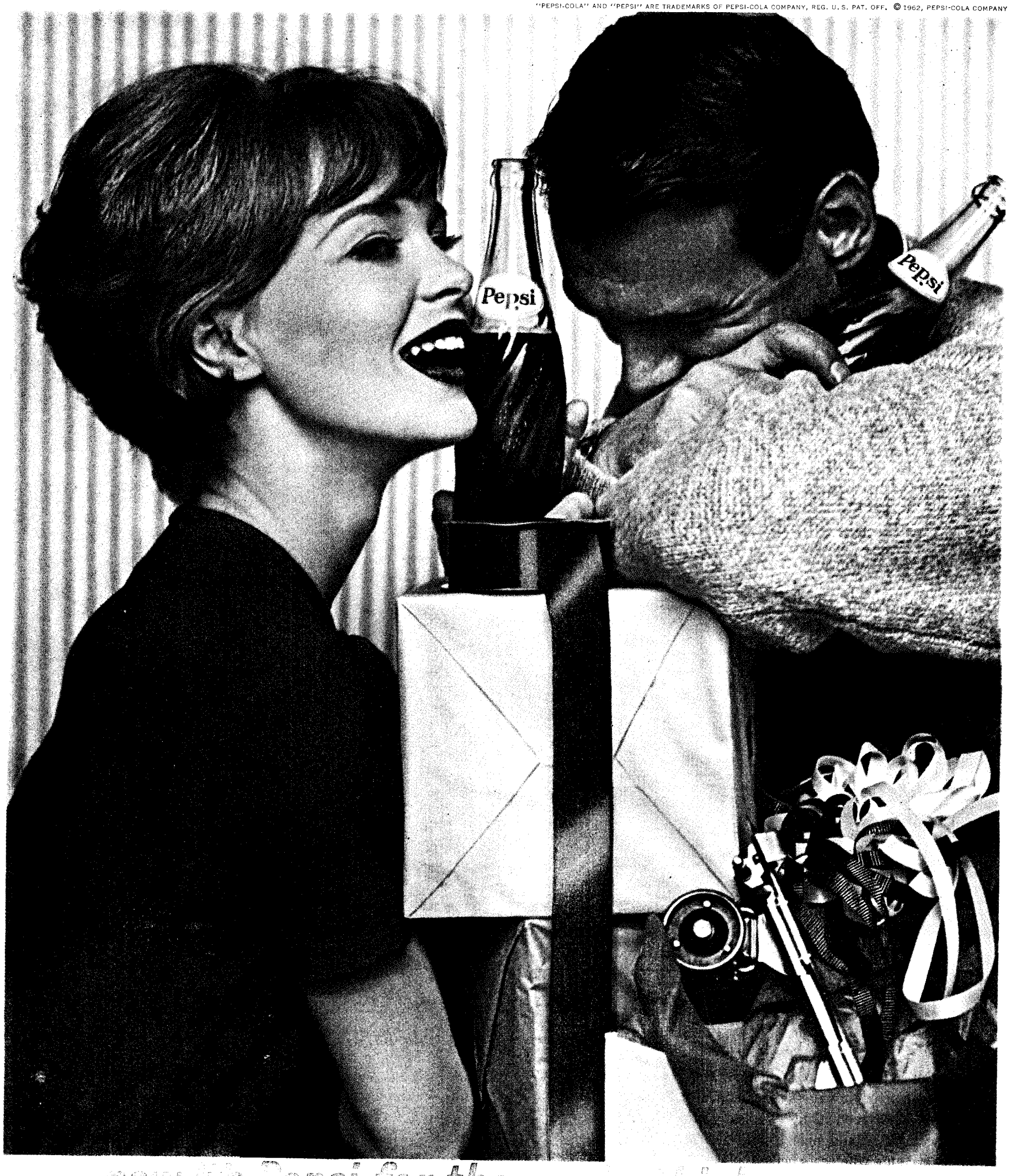

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Franklin

The American WOMAN

By DR. GEORGE GALLUP and EVAN HILL

Surrounded by her family, Mrs. Charles Johnston of Phoenix: "I just want to take care of Charlie and the children."

She has been described as lonely, bored, lazy, sexually inept, frigid, superficial, harried, militant, overworked. Is this an accurate picture? To find the truth, The Post *surveyed the nation. Here is the revealing report on how American women really see themselves.*

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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Her marriage is secure, but she craves more affection.

Newlywed Kathie Barbour is dedicated to building her husband's scientific career.

PLEASE, TOUCH ME.

Actually it isn't much that women want from their husbands—a little touch, a pat, a glance. But they don't get enough of these things. A Portland, Oregon, housewife told us, "A man would be a lot smarter if he'd praise his wife. He'd be twice as happy."

Another: "A man likes attention, but a woman needs real affection. A little comment or a gift for no reason can just melt her; it can move her to tears." And a young divorcée points out that a woman can be dreadfully hurt when men "forget special days that are so important to women."

In New Orleans Mrs. Kathie Barbour, 24 and married less than a year, is working to help support herself and her husband Clyde, while he studies ichthyology at Tulane. A graduate of Mount Holyoke, she awaits the day when she can assume the full-time role of housewife and, eventually, mother. "Women need a great deal of affection," she says. "Just a sign of thoughtfulness—a gesture or a hug. Once Clyde left me a little personal note on a bookmark, and when I started to read my book, I found it. It was wonderful."

The American female has been studied by the psychologist, dissected by the sociologist, advised by the syndicated columnist. Writers have fretted about the woman alcoholic, the divorcée, the spinster, the career woman. And these observers, feeding on each other, have molded a stereotype, etching a line here, cutting a pattern there, sometimes obscuring, sometimes clarifying—but almost always finding that the American woman is in dreadful trouble.

The American woman is indeed plagued with all the problems—alcoholism, infidelity, loneliness, overwork—that the social diagnosticians have reported, and yet she is not. Not in the majority, not in the composite. To find out what she is, and what she isn't, the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post* almost a year ago assigned us to analyze the American female—to find out what she does, what she thinks, what she worries about and what she wants. We decided to ask the women themselves. The questions have held a mirror up to American women, and the reflections cast back are not what we, or the women themselves, expected to see. For, in many respects, this survey is a breaker of stereotype.

Using the fact-finding facilities of a Gallup survey, we asked more than 2,300 women (1,813 married; 500 single), ages 18 through 60, a series of 207 questions in much the same manner as we did a year ago in the now-famous *Saturday Evening Post* study of American youth.

In this fourth *Post* statistical study of Americans we have questioned women of high and low income (more than two thirds of our sample have family incomes between $3,000 and $10,000 a year; 10 percent below $3,000; 15 percent above $10,000), and with formal educations ranging from less than four years of grade school to those with Ph.D. degrees. Interviewers traversed the nation, getting answers from women who were single, married, divorced or separated. In addition, after the questionnaires were sorted, tabulated and analyzed, we traveled 10,000 miles through the country interviewing another 100 women to check our findings and interpret them.

It has been an exciting task, although not always easy. Gallup interviewers were threatened with arrest for seeking answers to questions that some women thought too personal. Some husbands refused to allow their wives to answer; others were suspicious but permissive. One, just before he left the house, told us, "Why, you talk to my wife as if you thought she knew what she was talking about."

A few women, somehow prepared for "Kinsey type" interviewing, were disappointed that a study of American women was not exclusively a study of sexual activities and desires. (Of 207 queries on the questionnaire, seven concerned sex.)

An Arizona attorney telephoned us before we interviewed his wife, and came to meet us. "I wanted to know if you were real," he said. "I thought you were some kind of nut." A Midwest husband, we found out later, was so angry that his wife had "talked to strangers" without his approval that he refused to speak to her for three days after her interview. Many women were willing to talk frankly but refused to be identified. One, so that she could be interviewed and still fulfill an engagement, drove us 45 miles through the beautiful pine forests of Colorado to her appointment and then turned her car over to us so we could interview other women.

We are satisfied that this sample of American womanhood not only is statistically sound but also accurately reflects the activities and attitudes of the American woman. We have found remarkable similarities among American wo- regardless of age, background or marital st

First, let's see in broad silhouette the compos woman in this survey.

She is 35 years old, happily married for years to only one husband, and has sligh more than three years of high-school educatic She has two children and wants one more. S is a full-time housewife and mother; she is n employed outside the home. She is happier th her mother was, and she gets more fun out of l than her parents did. Her average family incor is about $7,000 a year and she spends slightly le than $7 a week on herself. She has no servants, car of her own (although she has a drive license); and she does not smoke, does not dri and does not lie about her age.

Although the divorcée, the childless wife, t working mother, the old maid, the widow a parts of womankind, they are not typical; th concern the sociologist because they are unusu in a society that is not geared for them. Tl survey was not a sociological examination of t extremes among the American women. It was attempt to look at American women *in toto*.

One real problem shows clear in the silhouet we have cut: the empty years to be faced by t typical American woman—perhaps half her lif time—after the children are grown and gone. S has not prepared for them, and is not preparir now. In superb optimism—or narrow shortsigh edness—she is living day by day, working hard her immediate mission and letting the future ta care of itself. In fact, throughout the whole stud few women seemed aware of lonely years ah-

First, let's examine a woman's attitude a sex. Sex itself is not of paramount concern most American women. Only 2 percent of tl married women identified sexual relations as tl most satisfying moment of their lives. (A simil percentage of never-married women make a identical report.) Less than half the marrie women (48 percent) and only 38 percent of tl single women say they discuss sex matters frank with other women, with more high-school gradu ates reporting sex discussions than college g grade-school graduates. Both age and educatio we find, influence women's attitudes about se

For example, while 41 percent of the colleg educated women say that sex becomes more in portant as the marriage grows older, only 24 pe cent of the grade-school-educated women and 3 percent of the high-school graduates report th trend. On the other hand, the older the woma the more likely she is to say that sex grows le important with the years—though 14 percer of the women in their 50's report that sex grow more important as the marriage grows older.

To avoid antagonism we did not ask women *they* were sexually satisfied, but queried ther about "most married women," reasoning tha they probably would report about themselve And 73 percent report most women satisfiec somewhat fewer (62 percent) felt that most hus bands were satisfied. And here, too, educatio level is significant. The higher education, th higher the satisfaction report.

REPORTS OF SEXUAL SATISFACTION

	Grade School	High School	Col.	Ave.
Yes, most women are satisfied with their husbands . .	69%	72%	76%	73%
Yes, most men are satisfied with their wives	58	61	69	62

On a day "I'll never forget," Mrs. Angelo Volpicella leads her husband to their Brooklyn reception

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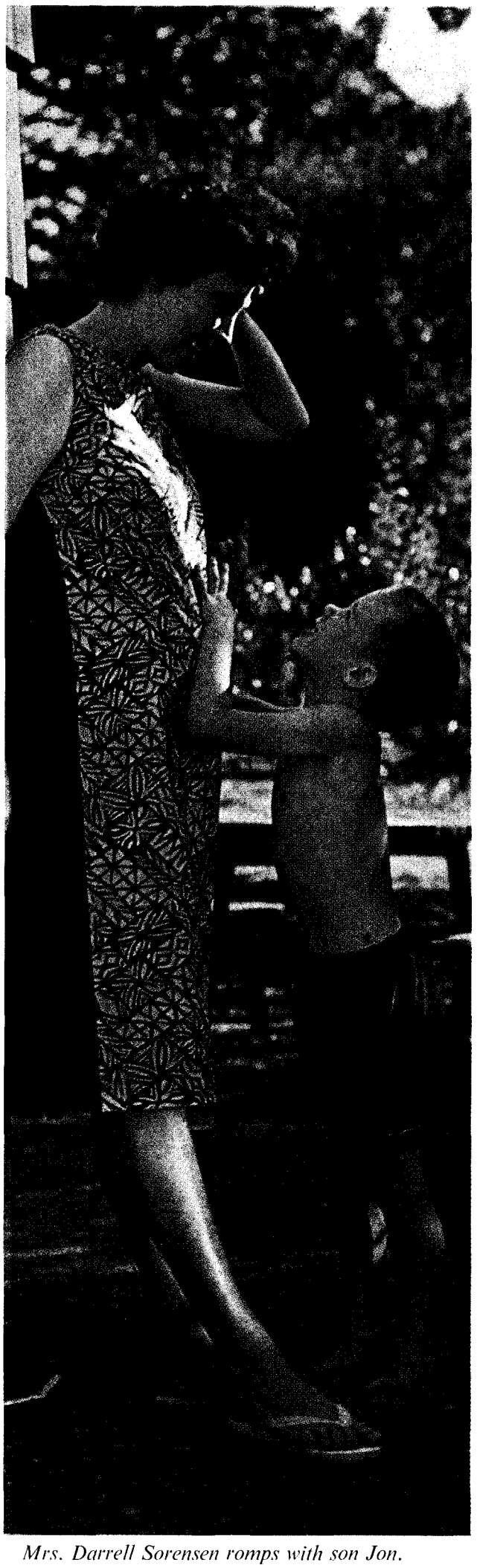
"To make her completely content, it takes a man . . .



Mrs. Darrell Sorensen romps with son Jon.

Sex as a cause of divorce was probed not long ago by Ann Landers in her syndicated newspaper column. She wrote: "More divorces start in the bedroom than in any other room in the house." But Miss Landers and the American woman seem to disagree. We asked our women the causes of divorce and almost none mentioned sexual incompatibility. The overwhelming essence of their answers is that divorce is caused by lack of cooperation in daily living—a stubbornness of one or both partners, an unwillingness to compromise.

Thirteen percent of the married women in the survey have experienced divorce, but their views are almost identical to those with only one marriage. The second most common reason for divorce is that couples marry too young. Only 8 percent blame infidelity, and 6 percent "too much drinking." Many women snort at Miss Landers's premise that the bedroom is the arena for divorce. "Without sex there is not much of a marriage," one woman told us, "but sexual incompatibility is not *the* cause of divorce; it's more likely a symptom of more deep-seated disagreement. How can you be friendly in the bedroom when you're not friendly at the breakfast table?" The reverse might also be true.

When we asked a general question on birth control (and we did not specify whether by natural or artificial means), we discovered most women approve of it. They also appear to have little faith in it. A recent Gallup survey of married women in their 20's revealed that only a fourth of them think "an absolutely sure method of birth control exists." Of the mothers in this group, 56 percent say their first child was not planned; and 62 percent report that other children in the family "just happened." Here is what our women told us.

DO YOU APPROVE OF BIRTH CONTROL?

Married Women

	Protestant	Roman Catholic*	Jewish	Average
Yes	90%	42%	96%	77%

Single Women

Yes	92	30	**	76

*Roman Catholic percentages presumably include rhythm method and abstinence, both approved by The Church.
**Too few unmarried Jewish cases for reliable percentage.

While sex itself is not much talked about, it seems that sexual morals are. More than three fourths of our women say that the nation's morals are changing for the worse, but a dissection of the group by age and education shows some contradictions. College-educated women seem more convinced of a moral decline than women of lesser education. The home, most young women say, has been "the most help" in establishing their personal moralities; church is second, "friends" are third, and the school gets credit from only 14 percent.

When we asked them if they approved of an engaged woman having sexual relations with her fiancé before marriage, 86 percent said no. But marriage, more than education, seems to split views on morality. The single girls—more of whom have college educations—vote identically with the grade- and high-school graduates on this moral problem. Only 13 percent of each group approve. Yet 18 percent of the married women with college experience approve.

Only one third of the single women smoke, compared to 46 percent of the married women. The smokers average 15 cigarettes a day.

There are even fewer heavy drinkers. Sixty-five percent admit they drink wine, beer or other alcoholic beverages, but only 5 percent drink daily, 9 percent drink several times a week, 17 percent drink several times a month, and 34 percent drink "rarely." Only 14 percent have any great familiarity with alcohol. Slightly more single girls (18 percent) can be considered drinkers. And whatever their frequency of imbibing, they favor sweet mixed drinks. While the dry Martini captures the largest vote of our women drinkers, it is first choice with only 6 percent of married women, and 9 percent of single women.

Alcohol as a problem may have some correlation with the 14 percent we've labeled drinkers; there is at least some statistical comparison. Asked, "Have any of your women acquaintances become alcoholics?" 17 percent said yes; and 16 percent say alcohol has been a problem in their families. Yet only 1 percent volunteered "my husband's drinking" when asked to list their greatest family problems; only 3 percent named drinking as a subject for differences of opinion with their husbands; and only 4 percent said that their greatest complaint about their husbands was that they drink too much.

What about gambling? The housewife's greatest gambling vice is cards, which account for 23 percent, with bingo second choice, involving 15 percent. However 75 percent object to husbands' gambling. An Oregon woman explained to us, "If my husband's going to spend money, I want to be involved, and his gambling doesn't require any decision from me."

Apparently most American women never heard—or choose to ignore—Oscar Wilde's dictum that "no woman should ever be quite accurate about her age. It looks so calculating."

For 89 percent of the married women and 82 percent of the single women in this study deny ever having claimed they were younger than they are. In fact, only 2 percent of the married women and 6 percent of the single women failed to state their ages on the 2313 questionnaires on which this study is based. And only two women out of almost 100 flatly refused to give their ages during the face-to-face interviewing.

Why are some women so reluctant to reveal their ages? "It's a form of self-protection," a Washington, D.C., career woman told us. "Youth is a desirable state."

Now, let's examine their activities. Are they really as overburdened as we've read? According to the women's own words, the burden is hardly unbearable. While most women reported they would like to have more time to themselves—only 24 percent said they would like to be busier—many of them are downright joyous.

A Texas mother of four said, "I'm my own boss. If I don't want to do the dishes or the laundry right now, I can do them later. My only deadline is when my husband comes home. I'm much more free than when I was single and working. A married woman has it made."

It is true, however, that some are truly overburdened, and these can hardly "have it made." The mother-chauffeur, transporting her children to dancing lessons, Cub Scout meetings, Little League games and birthday parties, does indeed exist, and she has little energy left for evening sessions of church work, P.T.A. or hospital aid. But few American women are so deeply involved.

Actually, most American women are quite well organized. Few get caught up in the entangling octopus activities of concern to the suburban sociologist. By their own accounts, 65 percent of the American women spend a few hours of a typical weekday morning cleaning house, 37

(*Main text continued on page 26*)

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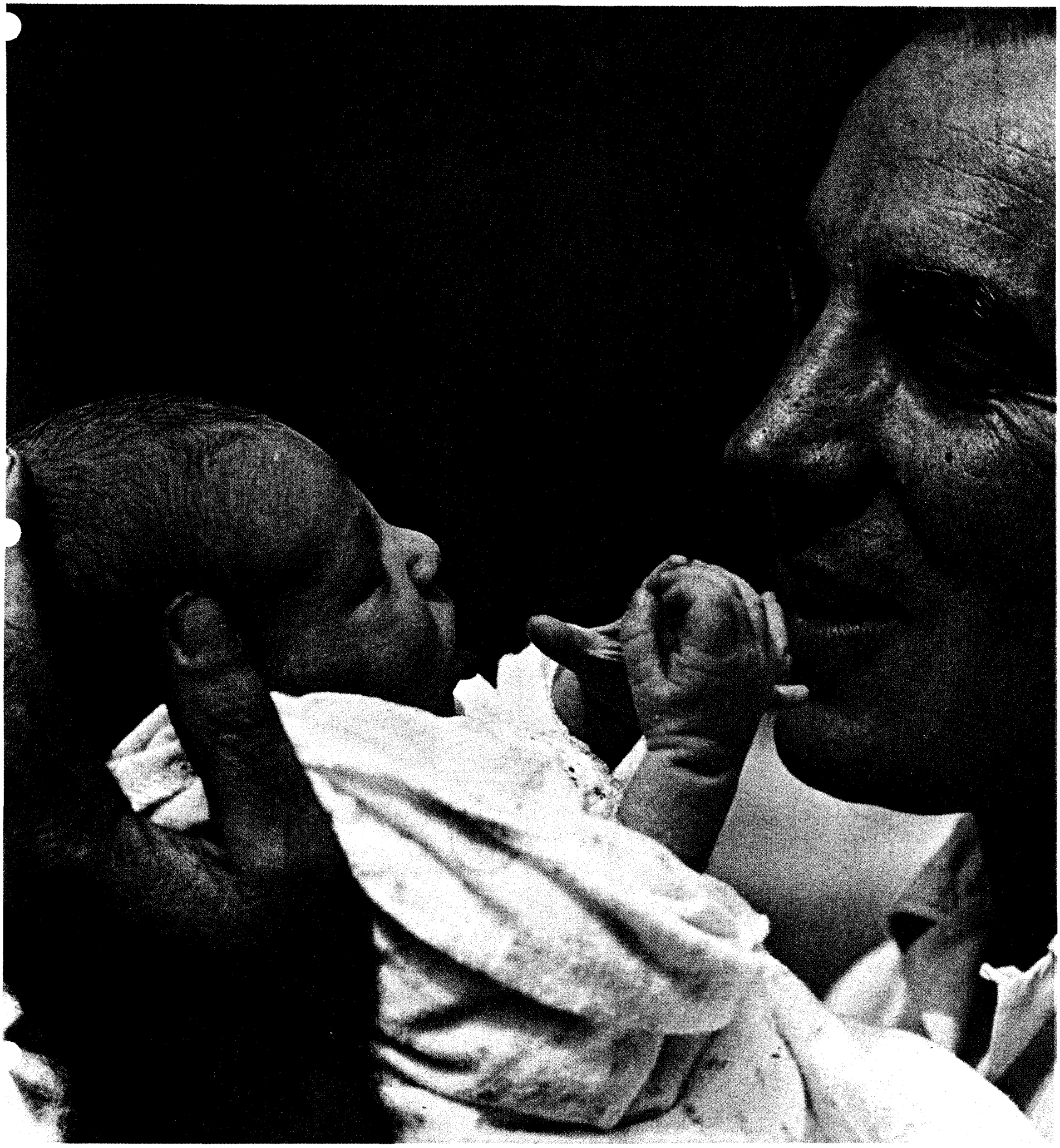
but chief purpose of her life is motherhood."



Darrell Sorensen holds daughter Kristin, born hours after scene at left, fifth of six children planned by the Sorensens.

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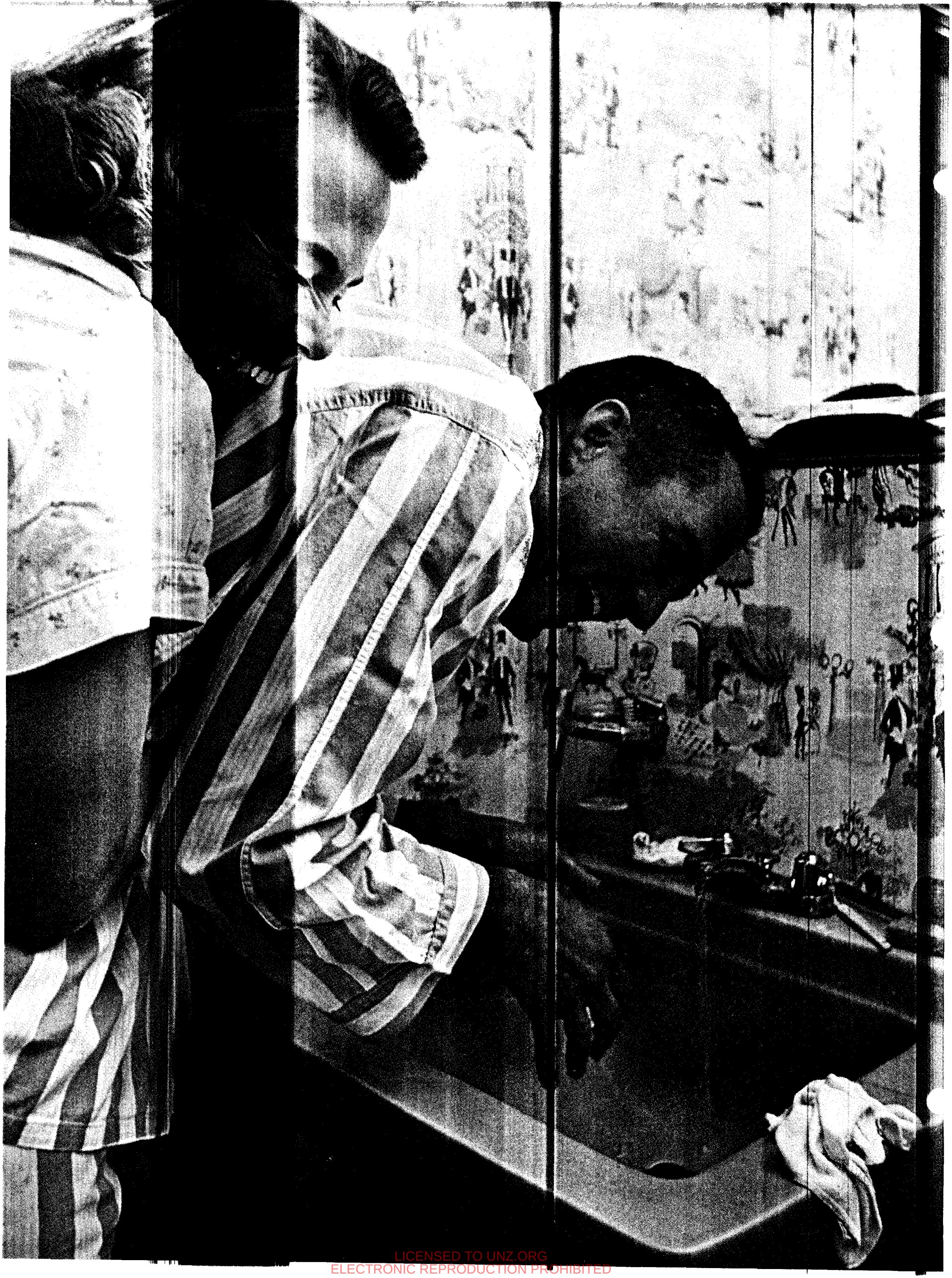

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"I enjoy being a woman"

Eleanor Courter, 34, lives in a red-brick, white-shingle, blue-shutter colonial house in Bowie, Maryland. In the most important ways, she personifies the spirit of American womanhood revealed in this *Post* survey. Eleanor is proud of her role and feels useful. She is the wife of James Courter Jr., 36, and the mother of Jimmy, 9, Jeffrey, 7, and Susan, 3, and the family is one of 1,700 living in a middle-income development that is a 25-minute drive from Washington, D.C. Although James Courter is the King of this household, Eleanor, like the Queen in a chess game, has more power in the family. She is the stable center around which the household revolves. Since her salesman-husband travels ("I figure he's gone nearly seven months out of the year"), Eleanor pays the bills, balances the checkbook and solves the crises. She is romantic: "I still wear Jim's Phi Delta Theta pin, because it pleases him." She is religious: "Prayers have helped me through a crisis, and I want my children to find strength in religion too." She is reliable: "I'm not beautiful, but Jim likes being able to depend on me."

"I always make sure my family has a good breakfast. It's not a trouble to me. I love working in the kitchen."

"Jim and I have a real understanding. We say 'I love you' with a glance or laugh."

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"I want to give my family emotional security."

The most thrilling moments of Eleanor's life came when she watched her children being born. And being a good mother is the goal she considers most important. "I want to be the kind of woman who gives her children emotional security. That's one of the reasons I don't think a mother should work. The kids want me here. I can see it in the way they greet me." She would rather give to her family than buy for herself. She does all her housework and seldom visits a beauty shop. (Eleanor describes her hair as "dirty blond" but would never tint it because "it makes a woman look too hard.") What does she want? "I guess if I had an extra $100 I'd buy a used car, since Jim only has the company car. I'd love wall-to-wall carpeting and furniture for the children, and curtains for the upstairs, but we'll manage those things slowly." Though Eleanor wouldn't want a career, she looks for projects to break the sameness of her days. "Some way or other the days pass, and they seem full, but you need a release." With a friend, she has organized a weekly Bible-study class and also attends a substitute-teacher workshop. She likes to shop—"mostly looking, at clothes and antiques"—visit over a teacup, play tennis and bridge.

Eleanor's interest in outdoor sports can be seen in her athletic stride. Among her daily pleasures are brisk walks with her children.

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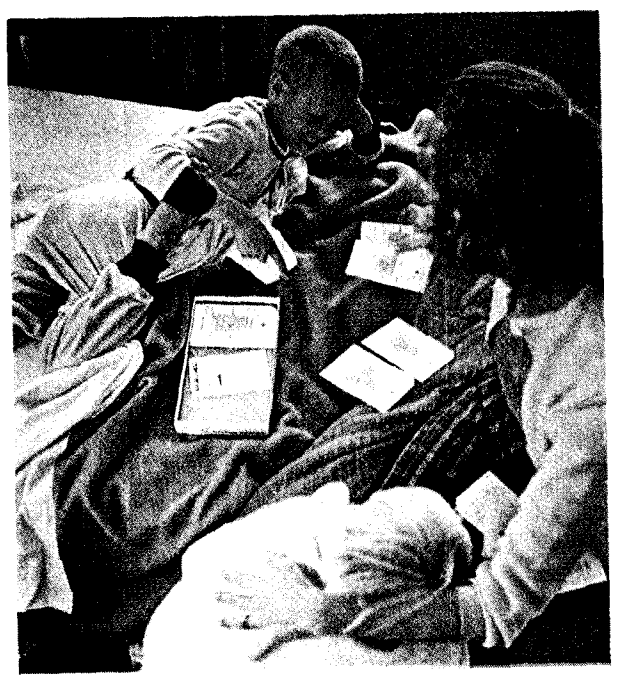
"I dread ironing. It's dull. Jim knows I hate it, and for a birthday he gave me a steam iron and $10 so I could hire help that week."



Eleanor eases Jeff's sick pains with games.

She meets Jim's teacher for a progress report.

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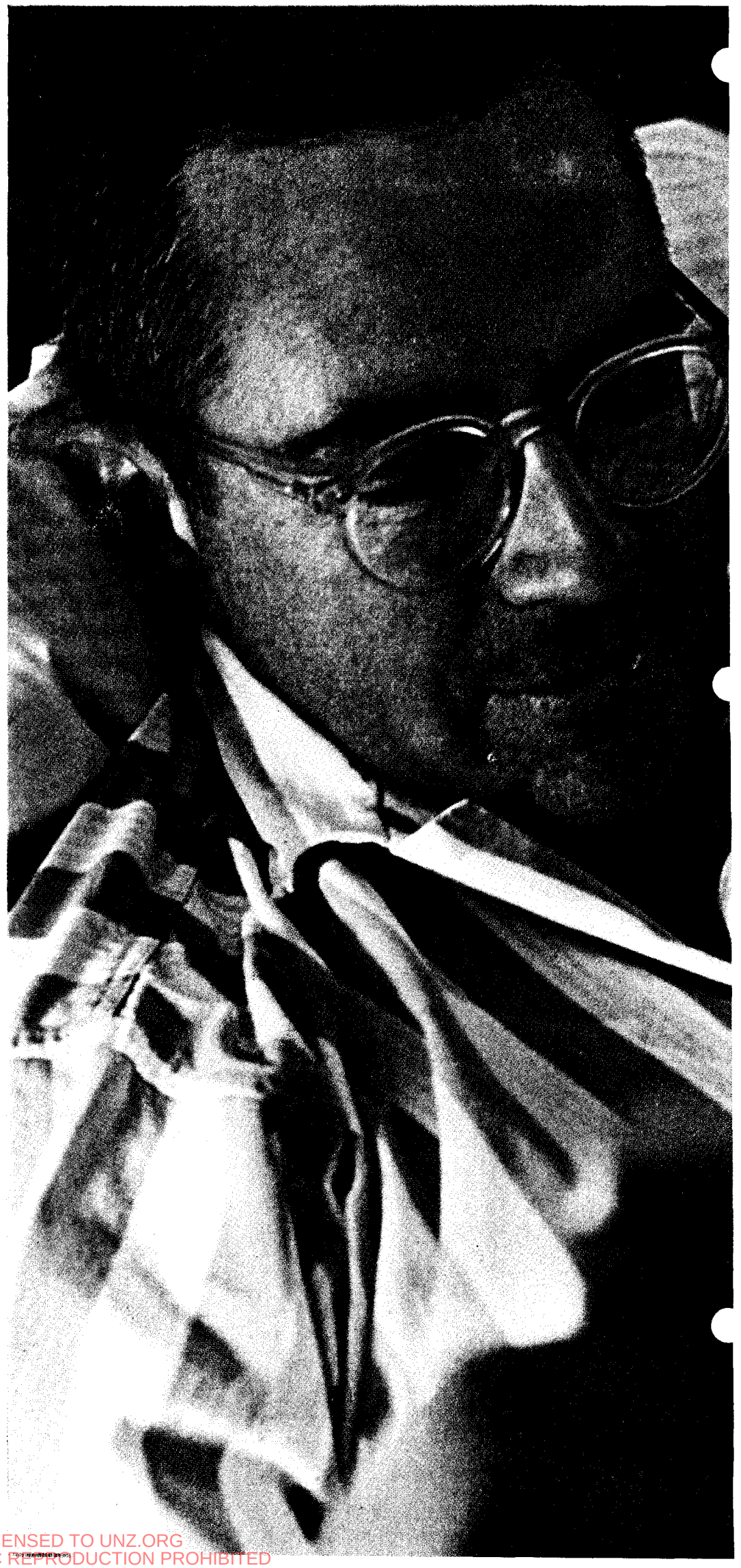
An imp by nature, Susan delights Eleanor.

"Marriages don't work on a 50–50 basis."

Eleanor Courter has definite opinions on a wife's responsibilities. "You have to put your husband first. You can't put him second now and then expect him to still have anything in common with you after the children have left home. You have to give 100 percent in marriage; 50–50 isn't good enough. I spend my spare time broadening my interests so I won't bore Jim. Sometimes, while standing over my dishes at night, I think he doesn't understand me. I don't think he appreciates how warm I try to be. But he knows I love to go out; and he takes me out to dinner, even when he's eaten in restaurants all week on the road. When he's home I get all his attention. I feel equal, and Jim makes me feel that way. I enjoy being a woman."

"The end of the day belongs to Jim



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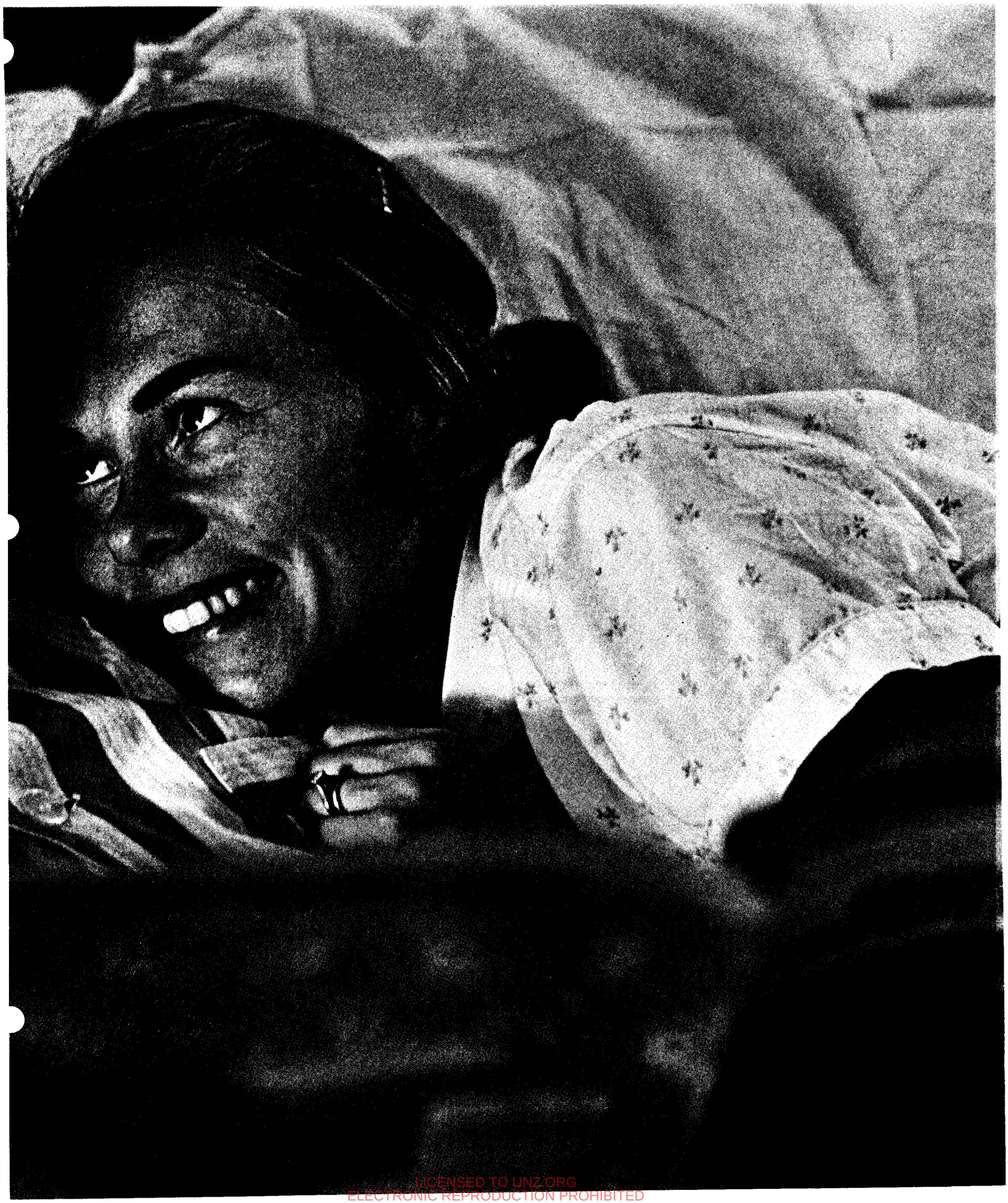
nd me. I feel happy and content and secure with him."



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"Women are easily satisfied. . . . They like simpl

WOMEN ON WOMEN

"Women have to be defensive because men are so offensive."

"Woman's gotten away with things for years. She can't take it. Even in school a girl cries and makes excuses when she hasn't done her work; a boy admits he's at fault and expects to take the consequences."

"Some women have too many equal rights. For example, they shouldn't go into bars unescorted."

"A woman's brain is built for stereo. . . . She can hear three conversations at once."

"A woman boss is sheer hell. A man will do business quickly on the telephone, but a woman will write an incessant series of memos on useless matters she's kept her secretary overtime to type."

"Women are told they can't catch a man if they're intelligent."

WOMEN ON MEN

"A man who complains about his wife's housekeeping has been ruined by his mother. She was just too good a nasty, neat housekeeper."

"Man is more egotistical, and it's a wise woman who builds up her man's ego. If a man finds satisfaction—both physical and psychological—in a woman, he'll come back for more."

"I've worked on political boards with men, and I've found them to be garrulous, repetitive and constantly interpreting my own words to me—explaining to me what I said. I was appalled."

"Men often say to their wives, 'Now what do *you* know about it?' They wouldn't think of saying that to another man."

"I could put my hair on backwards and my husband would never notice it. He'd just come in and ask, 'What's for dinner?' Men accept things so quietly."

Continued from page 18

percent wash clothes, 34 percent wash dishes—notice that 66 percent did not—and slightly more than one fourth take care of children.

The afternoon seems easier. There is a similar pattern of housecleaning, clothes washing and child care, and more women wash dishes during this part of the day. But now come telephone chats and personal visits, and 11 percent report that they actually find time for naps. Only two thirds of them have drivers' licenses and of these, less than half have cars of their own. In other words, two thirds of the women do not have private transportation, and when their husbands have the car, they cannot haul children to party, play or culture. Such figures cast a heavy shadow over the typical "taxi-mother" myth.

Of all the household tasks that they dislike, ironing leads the list. In a day when household help has been replaced with mechanical maids, no inventor has solved the ironing problem.

A Denver housewife told us, "I'd rather scrub floors than iron, and in fact I often do. My idea of being rich is to send out all the clothes.

The typical wife goes out with her husband three times a month—16 percent report they never go out with their husbands—but says that her "favorite way of spending an evening" is being with the family at home. Only 11 percent call going out to dinner "favorite," and 6 percent prefer dancing.

Surprisingly almost half the single women say they never date a man; those who do, average a date a week. The single girls go out with other girls about three times a month—the rate of married women with their husbands—and only 17 percent (about the same as married women) say they "never go out with the girls."

Women's clubs range from the auxiliaries, church guilds and sororities through garden groups and volunteers to poker clubs and sewing circles. There are thousands of them. But only slightly more than half our women are members. Forty-eight percent belong to nothing. Church groups attract the single largest grouping with 26 percent, women's clubs absorb 8 percent, bridge clubs 6 percent, youth groups 5 percent, political groups 2 percent. On the average, the organization members devote about two hours a week to their groups. Despite the stereotype, the American woman is not a compulsive joiner.

What else is "funtime" for women? Almost 70 percent have hobbies—mostly sewing, reading and gardening, with 11 percent addicted to bowling—and average an hour a day at them. Almost all of them read daily newspapers, spending their time on world news and women's pages; nearly 80 percent regularly read magazines, and about half of them read books, averaging eight a year.

This—the reading, the hobbies, the night-out entertainment and the contentment with home—is hardly a picture of overburdened women. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few. A reformed Denver "clubaholic" once was a member of 13 organizations, and "then I decided to cut back and concentrate on only two—the art museum and politics." A New Jersey mother of three admits that "I wouldn't be overburdened if I stuck to the things that really need doing."

Mrs. L. D. Stewart Jr., an energetic Houston mother, says, "The harried woman tries to do too much, agreeing to do things when she has no time. What she needs to do is plan. I couldn't do without my dear old kitchen blackboard, the best $3.98 I've ever spent. It saves miles of nerves." Mrs. Stewart likes to read and plans it into her day. During the period when she was "taxiing the children to drum lessons or dancing classes, I read while I waited in the car." And a California woman told us, "If any American woman feels overburdened, she should sit down for a minute and analyze her activities."

The study gives further insight into the "overworked American wife." Take the servant problem, for example. Only 16 percent of our women report having household help, typically hiring a general cleaning woman one day a week and paying her slightly less than a dollar an hour. Almost two thirds of these do not want more help than this. But more to the point is not what they have, but what they want.

First, 29 percent of the total group want no help at all, and some are almost belligerent even about husbandly help. A pregnant Oregon mother of four told us, "I'll do the wife things around here, and I want my husband to stick to the husband things—the heavy outdoor work." Most of those who do wish help simply want a cleaning woman once a week.

Actually the typical American woman is most admirable—efficient, dependable, durable, sturdy, forgiving and loyal. She is dreadfully strong when real strength is needed, and picks up the pieces when the family falls apart. Our study shows that few people are as happy as a housewife.

In the first place, she likes being a woman, and surprisingly enough she wouldn't be any other woman with any other husband. (See WOMEN THEY ADMIRE, page 30.) Seventy-three percent say they get more fun out of life than their parents did, although fewer single girls (60 percent) say this, revealing that if fun in life is based on marriage, single women recognize the fact.

Their fun is not demanding. When we examine their descriptions of "the most fun" they have had during a typical week, we see a simple calmness in their amusements. Primarily it involves visiting with friends and relatives, or outings with the children. A Provo, Utah, mother described "going up the canyon for a barbecue." One percent reported they always have fun, while 7 percent said they had no particular fun.

This is what they have, but is it what they want? The statistics indicate that they are hardly starved for more exotic pleasure. While they feel a tug toward travel—about two thirds would do so if they had time and money—73 percent say they would invest a sudden windfall in their homes. Mrs. Jeannette Washington, a young District of Columbia schoolteacher, is typical. "Women are easily satisfied," she told us. "I'm happy with food to eat, clothes to wear, a little help with the housework now and then, and an occasional trip to break the monotony." In the Southwest a mother told us, "The female doesn't really expect a lot from life. She's here as someone's keeper—her husband's and her children's."

Thus it's not surprising that our statistics show the happiest periods of the married women's lives are deeply involved with children and marriage. The single women report school and college as the happiest times. Both groups feel that life still holds even greater happiness for them, the single girls looking forward to marriage, and the married women to the time when the children are grown—although 56 percent of the mothers report that as they grow older they'll worry more about the children. The unhappiest times of their lives, for both married and single, have been at the death of a parent, or during adolescence.

The married woman's happiness splashes throughout many areas. She says that her job as a homemaker is easier than her mother's was (86 percent) and that her marriage is happier than her

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...leasures. . . . They're not compulsive joiners."

mother's (60 percent). Perhaps the impact of marriage on happiness can be more quickly seen in the tables below:

HOW HAPPY ARE YOU?

	In Your Marriage? (Married Women)	In Your Life and Work? (Single Women)
Extremely Happy	57%	29%
Fairly Happy	39	64
Not So Happy	4	7

ARE YOU HAPPIER THAN YOUR MOTHER WAS?

	Married Women	Single Women
Yes	60%	49%
No	36	51
The Same	4	—

WHO IS HAPPIER: SINGLE GIRL OR MOTHER?

	Replies of Married Women	Replies of Single Women
"Married girl with family is happier."	96%	77%
"Unmarried career girl is happier."	4	23

HOW SATISFIED ARE YOU WITH YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS?

	Married Women	Single Women
Extremely Satisfied	25%	16%
Fairly Satisfied	63	64
Not So Well Satisfied	12	20

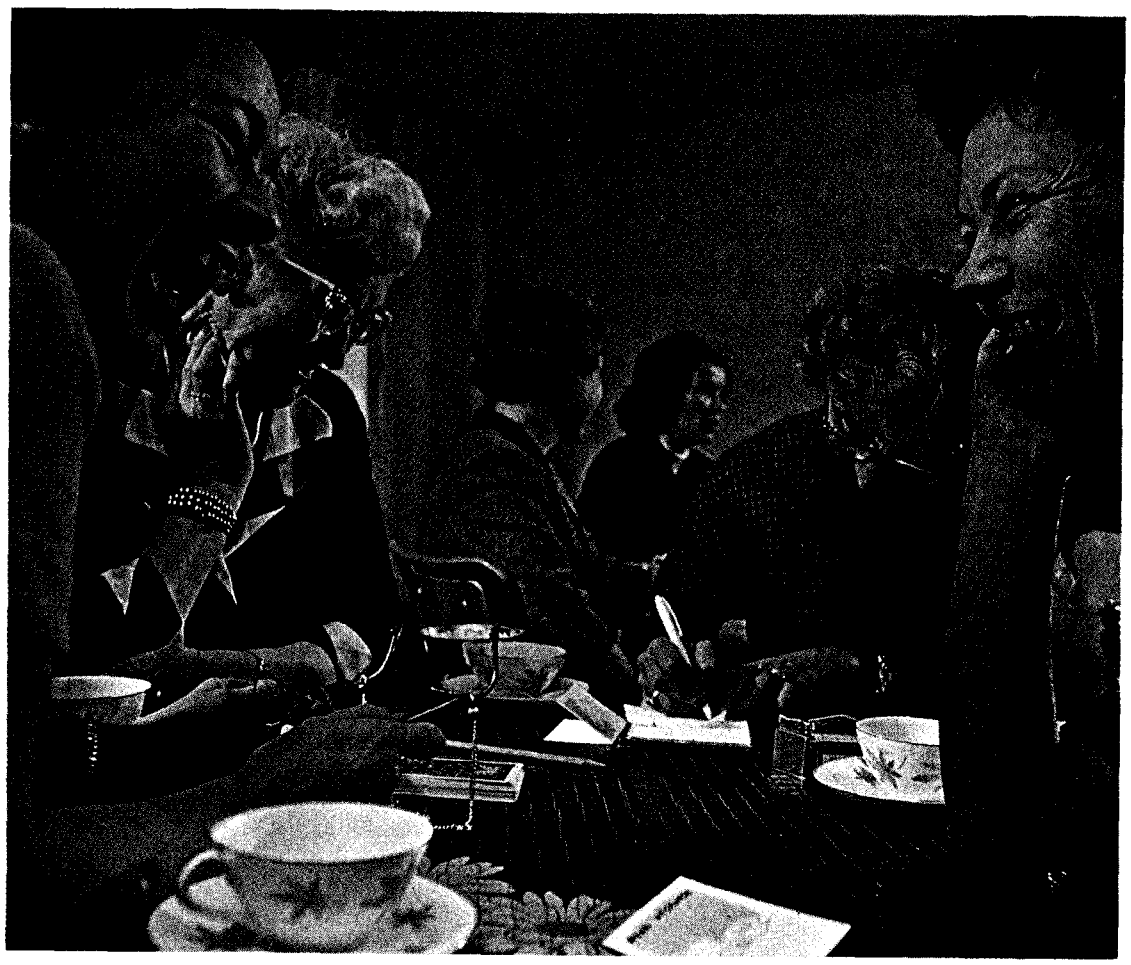
Such contented people might feed life with comforts until it had no meaning. But the American female has strongly rooted purpose. It's home and family—motherhood.

The typical woman talks about it, worries about it, works at it. She rarely loses her protective family-mother instinct even when the children are grown, for when motherhood is gone, grandmotherhood replaces it. Motherhood is her happiness if she has it, and her despair if she does not.

Woman has a fantastic fascination with childbirth, as if it had happened only once in the world, and she had invented it and holds a permanent patent on it. In fact, almost half of the married women in this study—88 percent have children—call childbirth "the most satisfying moment" of their lives. Let the women explain it:

Mother of four, talking of firstborn: "It was the one time in my life when everything was right. My husband and I walked down the hall to the hospital nursery together, and there he was, fine and dandy, and his daddy was proud."

Even more lyrical are the comments of a 35-year-old mother of four: "Right after the baby is born you feel that you've accomplished a great thing. The baby's all right; you feel good; you're released from the burden. You feel blissful, lightheaded, sort of hysterically goofy. It's different from the wonderful ecstasy of great music or a rapturous view; it's both physical and emotional; it's a proud feeling. You've done something that's recognized as a good thing to do, and



Once a week these Maryland bridge-club members meet to enjoy chitchat, coffee and cards.

"Wash 'n' set" at a Phoenix beauty parlor. For most, it's a chance to get away from it all.

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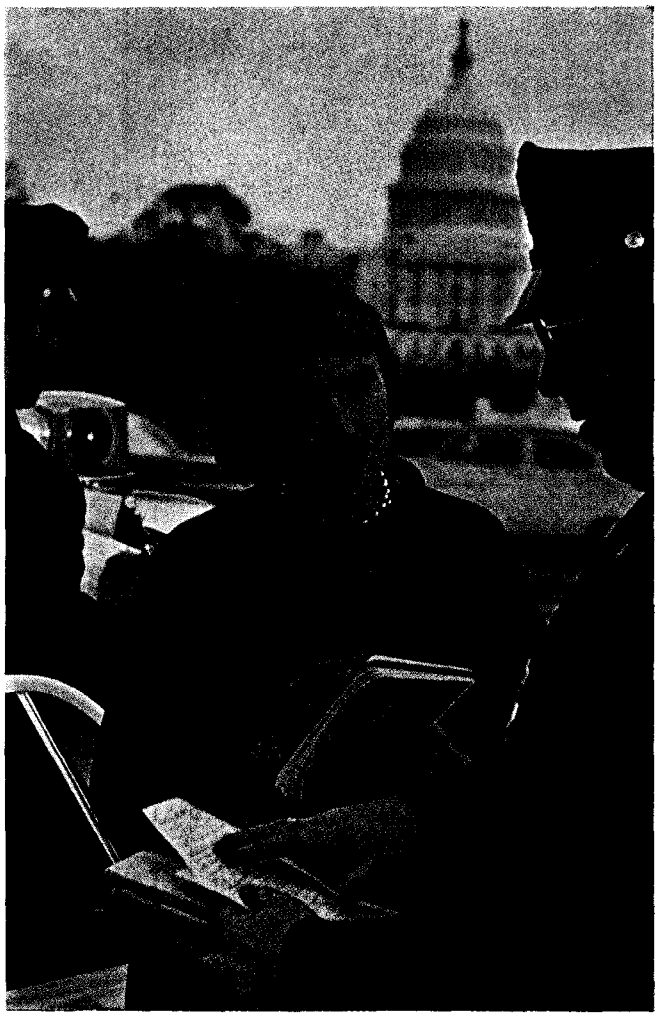
"Women who ask for equality fight nature."



Reporter Shirley Elder on the job in Washington.

Chicago teacher Lucille Boysaw at her school.

you're the center of attraction. And even with millions of women doing this, it's a unique deed, for each child is really different."

Unlike the males, who often must search for a meaning in life, the women know precisely why they're here on earth. Practically every one of the 1813 married women in this survey said that the chief purpose of her life was to be either a good mother or a good wife.

The mating instinct does exist among single women, but mainly in the younger group. For example, 40 percent of the single women in their 20's said their chief purpose in life is to get married and to raise a family, compared to 13 percent in their 30's, and 5 percent in their 40's. As the single girl's marriage desire—and opportunity—dwindles with age, she replaces it with a wish "to be a good person and help others," to be a good religious woman, and to be happy, content and financially secure.

But it takes more than motherhood to make a woman completely happy; it also takes a man. And that man must be the leader; he cannot be subservient to the female.

Repeatedly women told us, "The man should be Number One." "A woman needs a husband to lean on." An Arizona mother told us, "Being subordinate to men is a part of being feminine."

A New Jersey mother of three, who for 10 years before her marriage was a competent career woman, explained, "A woman needs a master-slave relationship whether it's husband and wife, or boss-secretary. This shows she's needed and useful. Women who ask for equality with men are fighting nature; they wouldn't be happy if they had it. It's simply biological."

It may be biological, but it's not always phrased so bluntly. Shirley Elder, a single, 30-year-old Washington, D. C., newspaperwoman competes in a business where aggressiveness is often as important as brains—and she has both. When she's reporting, she wants "no favors from men and no doors held open," but when she goes out on a date, she becomes instinctively feminine. Notwithstanding, she will not take a secondary role in marriage. "A woman need not feel inferior while she makes her man feel superior."

The American woman's follower complex is refined by Mrs. Charles Johnston, wife of a Phoenix attorney. "If Charlie dominated me, I'd probably rebel, although I prefer to be secondary."

It seems that the mere presence of a man, with his protection, authority and strength, satisfies a woman quite well. In fact the American husband, in the portrait painted by his wife, sometimes resembles a moneymaking machine in the daytime and a silent, comforting companion in the evening—something like a home fire extinguisher or an insurance policy: rarely really needed, but handy to have around.

A Texas woman laughed, as she told us, "I let my husband take care of the big things such as who's going to be secretary of the UN and whether we'll get to the moon first. I take care of the little things such as what club we'll join, and where the children will go to college."

Her view is not exactly typical, but it does seem that many a man is more of a male *in* the house than the man *of* the house. For example, their wives report, 47 percent of the husbands help substantially with the housekeeping—18 percent wash dishes, 13 percent clean house, 8 percent do the cooking, 6 percent wash the floors, 2 percent make the beds. But it must be pointed out here that 30 percent of the married women in this study work outside the home for an average of 40 hours a week.

And sometimes a husband is a sounding board—one woman told us, "Women are oral thinkers"—for while 82 percent say they talk over all their serious problems with their husbands, they go some other place for advice. Only 39 percent named their husbands as the person to whom they "would turn first for advice or help in time of serious trouble." Almost a third would go to their ministers; and 22 percent would turn to a close blood relative, with mother (8 percent) leading the list.

Women have clearly defined lines of responsibility. Fifty-two percent of the wives handle the family money, although two thirds report that their husbands speak up about the big purchases—houses, automobiles and large appliances—and have more to say about the decisions than their wives. And 61 percent report a lot of man-wife consultation before purchases.

The women admit that they are more willing to buy on the installment plan than their husbands are. An insight into the female mind is that 54 percent of the wives feel their husbands are underpaid, but 83 percent don't want him to work any harder to increase the family income. In comparison, only 39 percent of the single women consider themselves underpaid.

The wife has more to say about which church to join and which neighborhood to live in, while the husband clearly dominates on choice of automobile, town of residence, and which candidate to vote for. The sexes are evenly split on who has more to say about the children's schooling. And about two thirds of our women say they think that women will have more voice in the future on these decisions, with 80 percent reporting that they're going to have more to say about politics.

But even such clean dichotomies leave ample room for argument. However, it is important at this point to report that 20 percent say they have no differences of opinion with their husbands, and 30 percent say they never have heated arguments. As far as differences of opinion are concerned, only 6 percent involve religion, 4 percent are about politics, 3 percent about drinking, and sex and smoking each get 1 percent.

What are their most common disagreements? First it's the children, with 26 percent reporting different views about child rearing and discipline. The second most common "difference of opinion," reported by 22 percent, is about the use of money. The third, with 14 percent at odds, is about how to spend their recreational time.

A second question asked about the cause of "heated arguments." Seventy percent admit they do have such quarrels, and here money problems lead the list with 20 percent of the women reporting this. Second most frequent cause is the children, with 16 percent. Friends and relatives involve only 7 percent of the trouble.

To the average wife a husband is a pretty fine creature. An incredible number of husbands are handsome and faultless. Here is what they say: In composite the ideal, eligible bachelor pursued by these women before marriage was "handsome, considerate, industrious." (Only 20 percent mentioned wealth and 13 percent intelligence as prerequisites in husbands.) Apparently this is not too much to hope for, because such a man is what many say they married.

In fact, 43 percent report their husbands don't differ at all from their dream man; 3 percent say he's even better. And those husbands with deficiencies are only minor failures: Eighteen percent are not as good providers as wives had hoped.

But perhaps the most significant revelation of women's husband satisfaction—or perhaps their

Hollywood star Angie Dickinson: "Somehow, the woman who works must stay feminine."

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"The American woman wants more education and

WHY DO THEY CRY?

"It's not that women are more emotional," a Chicago woman told us. "It's just that women cry outwardly. Men cry on the inside because women have disdain for men who weep. In fact, at certain stages—during adolescence and when they come under the middle-age pressure to achieve goals—men are much more emotional. And in school; here we see who's more emotional. Until they're 12, little boys cry more than little girls, but after that they substitute loud talk and threats for tears."

Some women point out that girls cry because they're allowed to, while even little boys are told to "be a big boy now."

Men, one woman comments, "are not allowed much play for their emotions; they're constantly at sea about where to turn."

WOMEN THEY ADMIRE

"What famous woman do you especially admire?" was our question.

Here are the American woman's favorites with percentages of those who have "especially high admiration" for them:

Eleanor Roosevelt	36%
Jacqueline Kennedy	27
Helen Keller	10
Queen Elizabeth	6
Clare Boothe Luce	5
Mamie Eisenhower	3
Grace Kelly	3
Loretta Young	1
Pat Nixon	1

Their choices of "the most beautiful women in the world" are:

Elizabeth Taylor	27%
Grace Kelly	23
Jacqueline Kennedy	9
Loretta Young	4
Ingrid Bergman	1

loyalty—is their list of "greatest complaints" about their husbands. The most frequent single criticism—only 15 percent—is that he is careless about his appearance or untidy.

The second most frequently reported complaint (14 percent) is that he's too easygoing and good-natured, that he lacks responsibility and ambition. Third on the list with 12 percent is the criticism that he is not understanding, is intolerant and unaffectionate. Twelve percent had no complaints. Two percent mentioned snoring.

It doesn't seem that such mild complaints can trigger serious dissatisfaction with marriage, although 37 percent of the women surveyed admit that at one time or another they've wondered if they might not have been better off as a single career woman. Only 7 percent are now sorry they chose marriage over career. Ninety-three percent say they are satisfied now to be married.

But there is one complaint—a rather plaintive strain of discontent—that runs beneath all these statistics. It popped up rarely in the questionnaires but came out clearly in the interviewing: the need for commendation. It helps to explain why women seem to imagine criticism and take minor comments personally—traits that bewilder the male. One woman told us, "If I make a pie, I want everyone to say, 'Oh, how good!' Not just eat it up and say nothing."

We heard this demand for praise throughout the nation. A California housewife said, "A woman wants vocal recognition. She needs to have someone telephone to tell her what a good job she did at a meeting. Men probably know how well they did and don't need much reassurance."

Why such a consistent need? The best explanation came from Mrs. Darrell Sorensen in Portland, Oregon. She says, "A woman doesn't get a salary increase or a promotion or any of the other rewards given to men. A man gets his satisfactions from his paycheck and from being asked advice by others. A woman's prestige comes from her husband's opinions of her, and she could get a lot more satisfaction out of life if she were recognized more."

Miss Arlene Boxer, from Denver, told us, "If you ask a woman where she bought the dinner roast, or where she got her dress, or where she had her hair done without first saying that you liked them, she just knows you're criticizing. If you asked a man such questions he'd just assume you want to go there to buy the same things."

Portland's Mrs. Sorensen can't explain why women are verbally protective, but she can demonstrate it. "When my husband asks me a question," she says, "I never answer it directly. I always say something else first. Then I answer. If he asks what we're having for dinner, and if I've made just a casserole, I answer, 'Well, this is only Thursday and you don't get paid until Friday and I thought with all those things in the refrigerator. . . .' When he asks, 'Are we out of ice cream?' I *always* answer, 'Why? Do you want some?' A woman has to be devious."

In this study, age, education, geography make little difference among the women, but having husbands does. In addition the single girl seems more religious than the married woman.

We asked the single women two questions, both of which reveal their utterly different view of the American male. One asked them to list "all the faults" they could find with men; the second asked them to list their "biggest complaint" about men. Sixteen percent could find no fault, and 21 percent had nothing to complain about—only 12 percent of the wives had no complaints about husbands.

But where the leading complaint of the wives was the untidiness of their husbands, the single women speak with bitterness about the American male as "inconsiderate, untruthful, insincere, egotistical and lacking understanding."

Fifty-two percent branded him "too wrapped up in himself, egocentric, stubborn, demanding, selfish and independent." Sixteen percent accused him of being too aggressive and taking advantage of women. Nine percent said he drinks or smokes too much. Eight percent accused him of immorality and infidelity.

More than three fourths of the single girls, however, report that they've had an opportunity to marry, didn't because "he wasn't the right man," and they don't regret their decisions. Only 44 percent say they think they still will marry, and about half say they would be happier if married.

In the matter of religion there is little difference between single and married women on the amount of comfort they say they get from their faith; in each group more than half say they get "a lot." But 13 percent of the single women name a religious event—when "I accepted God" or became a church member—as the most satisfying moment of their lives. This is the third most common "satisfying moment" for them, following (1) a personal achievement such as a promotion or award, and (2) a significant school or college landmark. (Remember that married women reported childbirth as the most satisfying.)

Asked how religious they consider themselves, 15 percent of both groups reported themselves as "not very religious," but more single girls (22 percent) than married women (15 percent) say that they're "very religious."

Either more single women had very religious mothers, or they have set their religious goals higher than their families' goals. For fewer single women (18 percent) say they are more religious than their mothers; 25 percent of the married women report this. But there is only slight difference on frequency of church attendance; 62 percent of the single women attend church weekly or more often, compared to 56 percent of the married women.

And on the question "Would it make much difference to you if a daughter of yours wished to marry a man of a different religion?" there was almost no difference between married and single women. But we find that there is more feeling against religiously mixed marriages among Jews (74 percent) than among Catholics (54 percent) or Protestants (45 percent). And this question reveals some of the hard practicality of American women. For few of them protested mixed marriage on the basis of religious conviction; more than half of those who disapproved are quite pragmatic in their reasons, point out that such marriages often do not work.

Our woman is satisfied, generally, with her home. She prefers a home that is older, roomy, far back from the road and neighbors, with comparative privacy, in an older residential neighborhood. It's not in the city or the country, but in the suburbs and not in a new development. Generally it can be in any part of the nation, but the Midwest and South are least popular.

Few women, of course, live in the ideal, but 22 percent report no complaints about their houses. The greatest single criticism, offered by slightly more than one third of them, is that the house is too small. Less frequent complaints are that the house needs repair (17 percent) and that it's in a poor location (11 percent). However, 57 percent plan to stay where they are after the children leave, rather than move to a smaller house.

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social graces. And she wishes she had married later."

They are much less happy with public education. Only 14 percent say they are satisfied with "the education boys and girls are getting in the public schools today." More than a third would prefer their children to attend private high schools if cost were not a factor.

It's low quality that they complain about. Almost one fourth criticize what they call "low standards"; 16 percent complain about a weak curriculum; 16 percent want stricter discipline; 15 percent are dismayed about "inadequate facilities." Twelve percent criticize "too much extracurricular emphasis," 10 percent say the teaching is poor. Only 1 percent say schools demand too much homework, while 3 percent complain of too little.

Those women who prefer public schools for their children cite the advantages of children associating "with all the types of people they will meet later in life." The private-school advocates say such an institution gives students more supervision and employs superior teachers.

Yet, with all their articulate, specific concern about modern education, it is curious that only 13 percent are members of P.T.A., although 60 percent have children of school age. In addition to their criticism of public education, they also pass the buck to the teacher. For example, more than 90 percent want the public high school to teach driver education and good citizenship, and to function as both a college preparatory and trade school. Almost three fourths of them want the professional educator to teach their children manners and etiquette, and 61 percent want to pass the burden of sex education to the teacher.

They are contradictory in their views. On the one hand some are traditionalists in their attitudes about religious education, and generally agree with the nation's historic separation of church and state. But 36 percent believe that religious training is the proper function of the high school, the others reserving such education for the home and church.

However, parents reserve discipline to themselves; this is their business. Asked who should have the "responsibility for instilling basic discipline in boys and girls," 93 percent replied, "the home." Only 1 percent named the school; the rest named both.

But while "basic discipline" is their domain, their reports reveal a sense of frustration. Either their own basic discipline is too weak, or it is not geared to combat the temptations of a mobile, electronic society. For 86 percent feel that children have too much freedom today, and 75 percent report that young people are exposed to "too many evil influences." A solid 85 percent say that today's youth have too many material things for their own good.

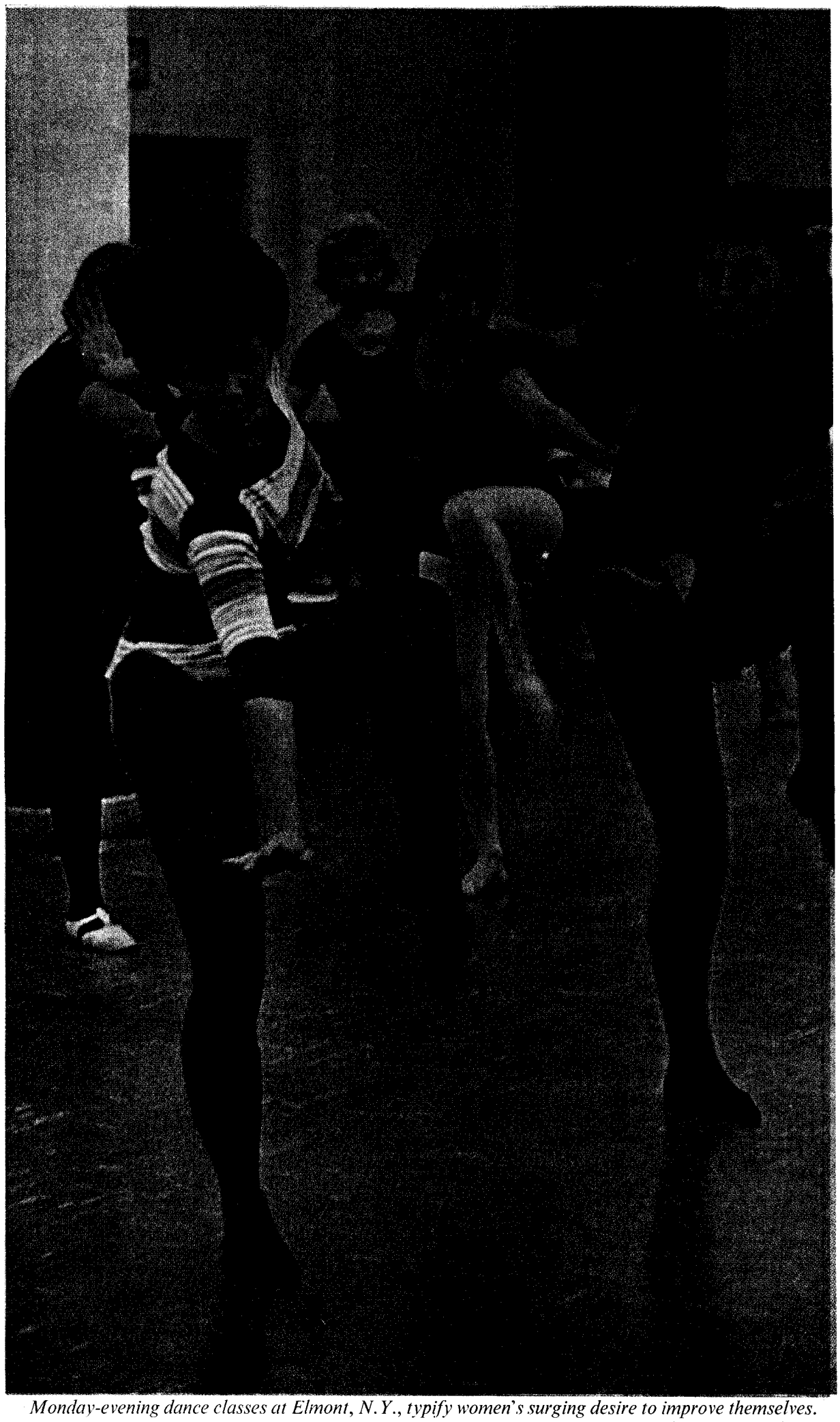
Here's how they handle children's allowances:

AVERAGE WEEKLY ALLOWANCES

Age of Child	Average Allowance
4–7	$.20
8–10	.45
11–14	1.10
15 and over	2.00

(Most children do not get allowances until they are seven.)

Although 59 percent say they are raising their children less strictly than they were raised by their own parents, 65 percent indicate they have rebelled against modern "progressive" permissiveness. These say they agree more with the old-fashioned philosophy that says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," than with the view "which



Monday-evening dance classes at Elmont, N.Y., typify women's surging desire to improve themselves.

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Today's woman: "Content with the simple life."

SIXTH SENSE?

Slightly more than half (55 percent) the women think that women have more common sense than men, but 90 percent say that women have a greater sense of intuition—hinting that there is slight connection between the two decision-making tools. Just what is intuition? Women define it as "a sense of *knowing* that works faster than thinking"; as "coming to conclusions without facts"; as "a feeling."

A Texas woman says, "It's a combination of premeditation and conscience. You have a lot of things to think about, but you don't have time, and you sort of scoot it back on the shelf. Then, when you want it, it's there!"

A Southern mother says it's "better observation. A woman *sees* her family, while the husband only looks. A woman reads between the lines and finds hidden meanings."

SEX AND ADULTERY

A large majority of women replied "adultery" when asked, "What, in your opinion, is the most dishonest act a woman can do?" It was to be expected. As a minister's wife told us with a shrug, "This is what women are supposed to say."

Perhaps. But dishonesty and adultery seem more strongly linked than this. It's no automatic response that causes a young Denver divorcée to say, "Adultery breaks a bond between God and humans. It's being dishonest with yourself and your husband, and the guilt would be horrible." Or, as a Phoenix mother says, "Sex and love are inseparable. You can't fall in love for a weekend."

Yet 36 percent of all the women in this study report knowledge—or suspicion—of philandering wives. Sixteen percent say that adultery is justified when the husband is an inept lover, or when he deserves punishment for his own promiscuity.

merely explains what a child has done wrong." Nine percent say they use both methods.

The American woman seems to have few qualms about her effectiveness as a mother. More than a third of those with children said they're doing a better job of child raising than their mothers did. And further indication of their self-satisfaction—earlier we reported that only 12 percent said they were "not so well satisfied" with their achievements—is the answer to this question: "As your daughter grows up to your age, what would you like her to do differently from what you have done?"

In effect their answers are self-criticism; they're really saying what they wish they'd done themselves. And we find that the American woman wants more education, wishes she had married later, and wants more social graces. Ten percent say they would do nothing differently, and only 1 percent say they would wait to have children.

President Kennedy recently said, "Women have brought into public affairs great sensitivity to public need and opposition to selfish and corrupt practices." In the 42 years that women have had the ballot, they have not merged themselves into a female vote bloc, but they have been remarkably effective as the nation's conscience. As one League of Women Voters president has remarked, "It seems much more than a coincidence that the period of great strides in social legislation, in education, and in working together internationally has occurred during the years the women have had the vote."

But even as they work politically, their actions are largely oriented toward child and family. They have fought to end illiteracy, child labor and venereal disease, to shorten the work week for women, and for pure foods and drugs. They pioneered in nonpartisan get-out-the-vote campaigns. Ten percent of them have actively participated in politics within two years, and 80 percent highly approve of such participation. Six percent would like to run for political office. Nineteen percent desire self-education in politics.

But a minority (20 percent) say women in politics are a "bad thing." More than half of these say bluntly that "woman's place is in the home," and smaller groups think the female is too emotional for politics. Sixty-two percent of them "generally disapprove" of having a woman President of the United States. Fifteen percent said they were satisfied with males in government and that they respect male authority more. Only 11 percent mentioned that "women don't have much chance in politics."

Nineteen percent of the married women and 29 percent of the single women pointed out that women are discriminated against in all the professions. A discerning Denver woman pointed out, "A male doesn't want to be completely in the hands of any woman, and he must be, with a female doctor or lawyer."

Women in business have lower salary levels than men in equally responsible positions and they are promoted more slowly. And it was only this year that the last legal barrier to equal opportunity for women was removed from Federal Government service. As one Los Angeles career woman told us, "Of course women have equal rights. The only thing a woman can't do today is go to the men's john."

Apparently the American woman has all the rights she wants and—like American men—she doesn't exercise all she has. She's content to know that *if* she wants to do these things she can; no one is telling her she can't, and she has made her choice—not business or politics, but marriage.

This single-mindedness probably will bring her trouble. Today, after her youngest child ha turned 21, the average American woman has nearly another 30 years of life, and these can be the empty years. Generally she has prepared herself only for marriage and motherhood. Only 31 percent report that they are "taking courses or following a plan to improve themselves," and almost a third of these involve improving their physical shape or appearance.

With early weddings and extended longevity, marriage is now a part-time career for women, and unless they prepare now for the freer years, this period will be a loss. American society will hardly accept millions of ladies of leisure—or female drones—in their 40's.

Some steps are being taken to thwart this trend before it becomes a national problem. Some colleges and universities are establishing programs to enable talented women to continue professional interests part-time during the years when family responsibilities claim the major portion of their attention. The President's Commission on the Status of Women is also exploring this problem. The American woman is going to have to face this problem herself.

Actually the typical American female can count her blessings. Our study shows her to be hardy, serene, secure and happy, even though somewhat plaintive in her need for recognition.

And she's glad she's a woman. When we asked the married women what they liked best about being a woman, only 1 percent said "nothing." Ten percent like "everything" about being a woman, and almost two thirds named motherhood as the chief joy of womanhood. About one fourth mentioned the satisfaction "of caring for my husband and having him care for me." A Midwest mother said frankly, "I like being a woman among men."

The single female, more able to concentrate on herself, lists general "femininity" first, and she means "frilly things, perfume, pretty hair and beauty." A Southwest career woman was pleased because she can "be flighty and frivolous. You can get away with more by being a woman."

Both married and single women showed some ambivalence when we asked them what they disliked about being a woman. About half the single girls and a third of the married women complained about inferior female status, their dependence on the male and their comparative physical weakness. A few (9 percent) listed menstrual periods and menopause. Only 1 percent mentioned the pains and strains of childbirth.

Few were so forthright in their delight with womanhood as was Angie Dickinson, a California motion-picture actress. She told us, "I can love a man and what he does; I can do things for him and help him and have him help me. This desire is in me, and when I find the right man, he gets all these nice things."

Interestingly enough, many women said that a man's role in life was harder than a woman's. "I wouldn't want to be a man," said Mrs. Marion Johnson of Alexandria, Virginia. "Look at their responsibilities and obligations. In addition, women get more attention and I like attention," she said.

Possibly the most direct statement about the joys of being a woman came from Mrs. Roberta McDougal of Denver. "I feel I'm what I ought t be. I'm a woman and I love it."

The American woman reflects what she helps to create—a wholesome, God-fearing, stable society. And she likes not only the society she is molding but her role in it. As one woman told us, "Being a woman is wonderful." **THE END**

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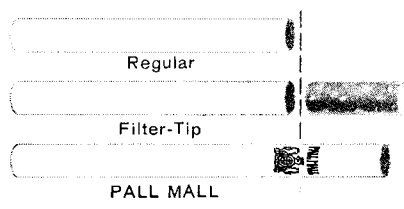

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Not even Chairman Mao could force the seeds to live . . .

A FIELD OF RICE

by PEARL S. BUCK

Wang San, headman in the village of San-li-wan-tse, listened with attention. The young man who was speaking was an earnest young man, even a good young man, but his ignorance was pitiful. Most pitiable of all was the evidence that he was too ignorant to know that he was ignorant. But he must be heard, since he had been sent down from those above, in Peking, and everyone knows it is best to listen to them, and if possible, without replying.

So far Wang San had restrained himself. He had said nothing. Now, however, standing here on the village threshing floor, surrounded by silent neighbors, he felt determination rising in his breast, an irrepressible recklessness that amounted to desperation. It was all very well to listen when the talk was of how fine a man Chairman Mao was, and how wicked were the American imperialists. Wang San had never seen Chairman Mao nor had he ever seen an American. But rice he knew. Yes, he knew all about rice, the garnering of the special seed, its planting in the narrow beds of rich earth, the transplanting to the watery fields and, at last the reaping of the harvest. No one could tell him anything about rice. He raised his voice.

"Comrade Li!"

The young man stopped talking and looked about for the voice.

"It is I," Wang San said. He pushed his way through the crowd of country folk.

"What do you wish to say?" Comrade Li asked.

Wang San stood with his legs apart and his arms folded across his breast. His blue-cotton jacket and trousers were clean but patched in many places. One suit a year of blue cotton was all that could be expected nowadays, and last year's suit had gone to patch this year's. But one suit is not enough. There was talk of two suits as a necessity. In old times, when every man was responsible for his own clothes, it was easy enough to have several suits at a time. One could then think only of himself and his family. In these new times this was not possible. If a man asked for two suits a year it meant millions of suits, for if he had two suits, all other men must have two, not to mention the women and children. It was impossible.

Wang San replied to Comrade Li in his usual loud clear voice. "I wish to say that this new way of planting rice will ruin our fields."

Comrade Li was a thin, tall young man. He had a long, thin face, and his lips and eyes were narrow. "Comrade Wang," he said coldly, "is it possible that you believe you know more than our Chairman Mao?"

Wang San felt a strong pull on the tail of his jacket. He knew it to be the tug of his wife's admonishing hand. She had followed him. *Be quiet*, she was trying to tell him. *Remember that our village elders were shot for less than this!* He did not heed her. They could live without the village elders, but not without rice. He let his arms fall to his sides. He made his voice gentle and reasonable.

"Comrade Li, there are many things that Chairman Mao knows which I do not know. But rice is our livelihood and perhaps it is not his. He is gentlefolk and I am not. His father was a landowner, but mine was a farmer. And my grandfather was a farmer and my ancestral fathers before that. These fields have been planted to rice for thousands of years. And not just to any rice but to the special rice which grows best in our earth here."

He stamped his right foot on the earth. Comrade Li was listening, his mouth curved in a thin downward smile.

"Go on, Comrade Wang," he said with ostentatious patience.

Comrade Li had been taught that he must be patient with these land folk, but never lenient. Let them talk and show their hearts. Then let unrelenting judgment be made.

The crowd stood in silence, all eyes downcast. A woman's wail broke the silence. Wang San's wife had turned and run back through the crowd to their small earthen house. There was the sound of a wooden door slamming and of a bar being drawn across it.

"Go on, Comrade Wang," Comrade Li said again.

So Wang San went on, although now a chill of fear crept into his heart. He wet his lips.

"You say the Americans plow their fields deeply and they get great harvests. You say they have machines that plow, and Chairman Mao has bought such machines from our Russian brothers. With these machines, you tell us, we must now plow our fields deeply. But the question is, do the Americans plant rice in their deeply plowed fields? The question is ——"

Comrade Li's patience broke. "The question is whether you, Wang San, will do as you are told. I will answer this question for you. You *will* do as you are told! All of you will do as you are told. You are ignorant men. You cannot even write your names. You cannot read instructions. Therefore I have come to your small village to tell you what you cannot read. The whole region, from Wan-li-hsiang to San-li-wan-tse is to become one great field of rice. All boundaries are to be removed, and the work will be done by the whole commune. For the present you will be allowed to live in your own houses, but the land is no longer yours. It belongs to all. You will receive instructions from men trained abroad in agriculture. We can no longer leave our precious soil to be tended by ignorant men. Is your question answered, Comrade Wang?"

Wang San stared into the narrow eyes. In his mind uncertainty mingled with fear. Perhaps the young man was right. This deep plowing had never been tried. There might be virtue in it. Yet had not his own father told him that rice fields were never to be plowed deeply? No more than enough for the roots of the rice plants to be in the water while their heads stood above it, his father had said! This and the careful choice of seeds were what made a full harvest. "Rice is as willful as a woman," his father had told him often as they transplanted the young seedlings. "Treat rice in the way it likes best and you will never starve. Forget what it wants and it will wither without harvest. The seed must be kept pure. Each region has its own rice. Never mix the seed."

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED MASON

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A FIELD OF RICE

Remembering his father's words, Wang San was about to urge them upon Comrade Li. He would have done so if the villagers had not grown afraid. They hustled him away, crying out to Comrade Li that Wang San would obey, that they would all obey. Only let Comrade Li continue his instructions and they would be carried out.

So Comrade Li continued. "The new plows will arrive on time. With them will come instructors to teach you how to use them. Meanwhile you must dig up the paths between the fields and make these petty bits of land into one vast plain, ready for the plows. You will see such a harvest as you have never seen before."

Wang San was now at the edge of the crowd, still being pushed. He made a last effort to stand his ground. "The seed!" he shouted. "Where shall we get the seed?"

"The seed will be provided!" Comrade Li shouted back.

"But—but ——" Wang San could say no more. Strong hands pressed over his mouth, and he was hurried across the dirt street and into the field behind the houses.

"You fool," a villager hissed at him. "Are we all to be killed for your sake?"

"You will starve," Wang San muttered.

"At least it will not be tomorrow," the villager retorted. They left him there alone.

He squatted on his heels then, his back to the houses, and stared across the fields. It was nearly spring. The seed beds must be prepared soon, and the rice planted. He had his own store of seed, hidden in a jar under the eaves of his house. Let it stay there. He would not give it to anyone. A year, two years, ten years, it would remain as it was, until some day he himself would plant it. As for Comrade Li and all such comrades, if they would not listen to landfolk who had been farmers for thousands of years, farmers who knew the soil as they knew their own flesh, who could tell by the feel of a grain of rice whether it was the right kind of seed, then let them starve too. Sooner or later they would learn by starvation.

Nevertheless, Wang San felt a great pity for Comrade Li as he thought of him starving. The young man was not a bad young man. On the contrary, he was good. It was simply that he was mistaken. He thought he was doing right, but he was doing wrong. He had been misinformed by someone above.

Sitting there in the mild sunshine of the late winter's day, a day on the edge of spring, Wang San considered Chairman Mao. Had Chairman Mao ever plowed a field, following behind an ox or a water buffalo? Or had he, as the son of a well-to-do farmer, merely *seen* the harvests come in, heaps of rice being poured into the bins of his father's storehouses, wheat filling the vats, pigs slaughtered for winter meat, cabbages salted down into great pottery jars glazed inside to keep the vegetables sweet? It made a great difference how one had learned. As for those Western peoples and their deep plowing, who knew what they ate or what they raised? Who knew anything about them? One heard nowadays that the Americans were evil. So why deep-plow the fields here if that was what the Americans did over there? Yet all this was not the fault of Comrade Li. That young man was a patriot, make no mistake. He could have sat in some comfortable city office, but instead he was here in the country, eating plain food and sleeping on boards, enduring the cold and the stink of the village in order to serve his country. It was certain, however, that he knew nothing about farming.

As he meditated Wang San decided to make one more effort. He would wait until night and then, while the village slept, he would seek out Comrade Li in his room in the schoolmaster's poor house and reason with him, alone and with no villagers about to spoil the argument.

That night, Comrade Li sat by the wooden table in his room, writing a report on the day's work. Wang San came up to the open door and coughed. Comrade Li looked up.

"Well?" he said curtly.

"You are very busy," Wang San said politely.

"I am always busy," Comrade Li replied. "What is it you want?"

Wang San edged into the room. It was a small room and he felt too big. He laughed unhappily and scratched his head.

"About the rice fields," he began.

Comrade Li slapped his pen down on the table. "What about the rice fields?" he barked.

Wang San hesitated. Why had he begun with the rice fields? He should have made the usual courteous inquiries about Comrade Li's home, his health and his parents' health. He began again.

"Comrade Li, where is your honorable residence?"

Comrade Li stared at him. "What is that to you?"

Wang San went bravely on. "And how is your honorable health?"

"Are you joking with me?" Comrade Li asked sternly. "Why are you here in the night, asking bourgeois questions?"

"These questions may not now be asked?" Wang San inquired.

"Certainly not," Comrade Li snapped. "My home is wherever I work. At present it is this room. And my health does not matter so long as I am able to do the work required of me."

"Your parents ——"

"I have no parents," Comrade Li said coldly.

"You mean ——"

"Simply that I have no parents."

Wang San was horrified. How could it be possible that a man as young as Comrade Li had no parents? His own father was dead of a fever, but his old mother was still alive.

"How did they die?" he asked gently.

Comrade Li did not reply. He turned his face away and stared at the earthen wall. Wang San sighed in sympathy. "I know how you feel, Comrade Li. A man without parents is a tree without roots. And you are so young to be an orphan! You work too hard. You are very thin and pale. You are grieving for your parents."

Comrade Li refused comfort. "I am not grieving," he muttered. "It was not my fault that they—it was nothing that I—they were given the chance to ——"

Wang San was all but overwhelmed. He had seen something of life as it was lived these days. "You mean they ——"

Comrade Li turned on him. "My father was an absentee landowner. We lived in the city. We were rich. He would not reform. He would not confess. He would do nothing to change. He only laughed. He said he did not want to live. Very well then—he died. And my mother—hung herself."

Wang San was stricken. "What sorrow, what sorrow!" he groaned.

"I tell you, he brought it on himself," Comrade Li retorted with sudden violence. "It was not necessary for them to die. They—it was cruel of them not to think of me, their son. I explained to them. I begged them. I got down on my—my knees. It makes me ashamed to think of that."

"Do not be ashamed," Wang San said. "It was correct of you to beg your parents on your knees."

"It was not correct," Comrade Li shouted. "It was bourgeois! I atoned for it. I went to the—I told the authorities. I denounced my father. They came and got him."

"Prison?" Wang San asked.

"No," Comrade Li said. "A trial in our own house. It was all over in a few minutes—and—and he was shot in the courtyard."

"No wonder you are so thin," Wang said, mourning. "You cannot eat. You are always thinking of him."

"You are wrong," Comrade Li snapped. "I never think of him. What happened was right. I did my duty. Now go away and leave me to continue doing my duty."

Wang San realized that he had not accomplished what he came to do. He began again.

"About the rice fields ——" He was astonished to see what these few words could do.

Comrade Li had leaped to his feet. He made his hands into fists, and he rushed at Wang San.

"Do you want to be shot out there on the threshing floor?" His voice was a bellow, so loud that it cracked as he went on. "One word from me, you dog, and they'll stand you against the wall too! You are my responsibility. It is my duty to see that you obey orders. My duty! My duty!"

Wang San fled into the darkness. He could do no more. It was all too clear that Comrade Li could not be changed. As he had said, he was simply doing his duty. This matter of duty was dangerous. A man might commit any sort of crime if he thought it was his duty. Yet Comrade Li was at heart a good young man, a patriot in these new times. He was doing his best. It was entirely possible that he was doing his best even when he betrayed his own father. It all depended upon what one had been taught. Duty—a dangerous word! It could fall upon a man like a heavy sword and put an end to him. It could drive a man into madness, thinking all the time that he was right and all others were wrong. As, for example, the matter of deep plowing in the rice fields. Wang San shook his head, sighed and gave up. There was no one now to whom he could protest. Even the gods were gone. The temple was empty of gods. Instead it was filled with soldiers.

Thereafter no one could have discerned the slightest difference between Wang San and the other villagers. Every morning they rose at dawn and marched out to the work of destroying the boundaries between the fields. Hoe and spade, they worked without rest, Comrade Li driving them on, the soldiers behind him.

"All must be ready for the transplanting of the rice," Comrade Li would shout.

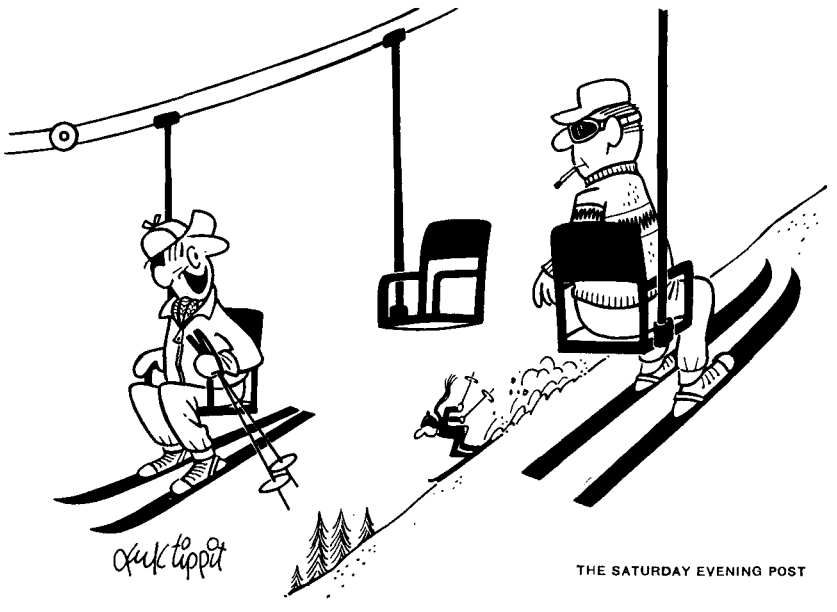
The seedbeds were doing well enough. Rice had been planted early, thanks to the early spring, and the beds were well fertilized, not only with manure but with foreign fertilizer too. True, the seed was mixed. That is to say, it was not pure. All the local seed had been used, but to it had been added seed from other parts of the country, for nowadays all the seed was stored together in great bins at central places. If a farmer had any seed, it was to be given over to the authorities, but Wang San had secretly disobeyed and given only half of his store of seed. He wondered how many of his fellow villagers had done the same thing, but none dared confide in any other. These were not the old days when a friend and neighbor could be trusted. It was not a matter of blame. It was a matter of torture and punishment. One lived as one could. Better to keep one's secrets!

Enough of the local rice seed had been planted, however, so that the seedbeds looked green. Vast seedbeds they were too, for there was a vast field to be flooded for transplanting.

When all the boundaries had been smoothed away and the land lay flat as far as eye could see, the foreign plows were brought in trucks. They were attached to foreign tractors, and young men rode the tractors and set to work on the great field. The villagers could only stand aside and watch, their faces anxious and full of wonder.

"Ai ya," they groaned under their breath. "Ai ya, ai ya."

For what was happening to the land was happening to their very flesh. This



"I chickened out."

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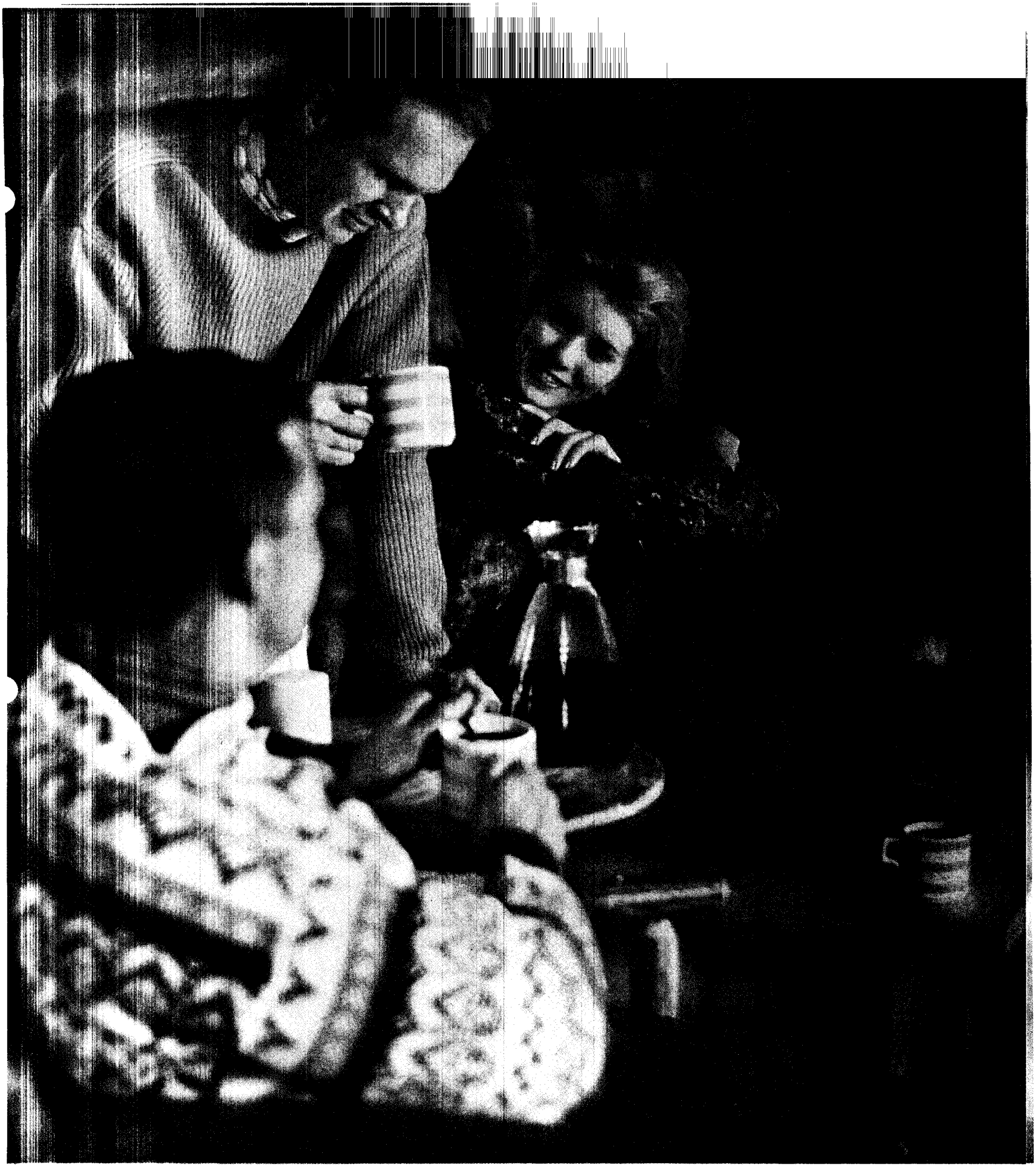

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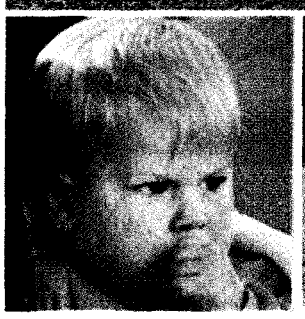

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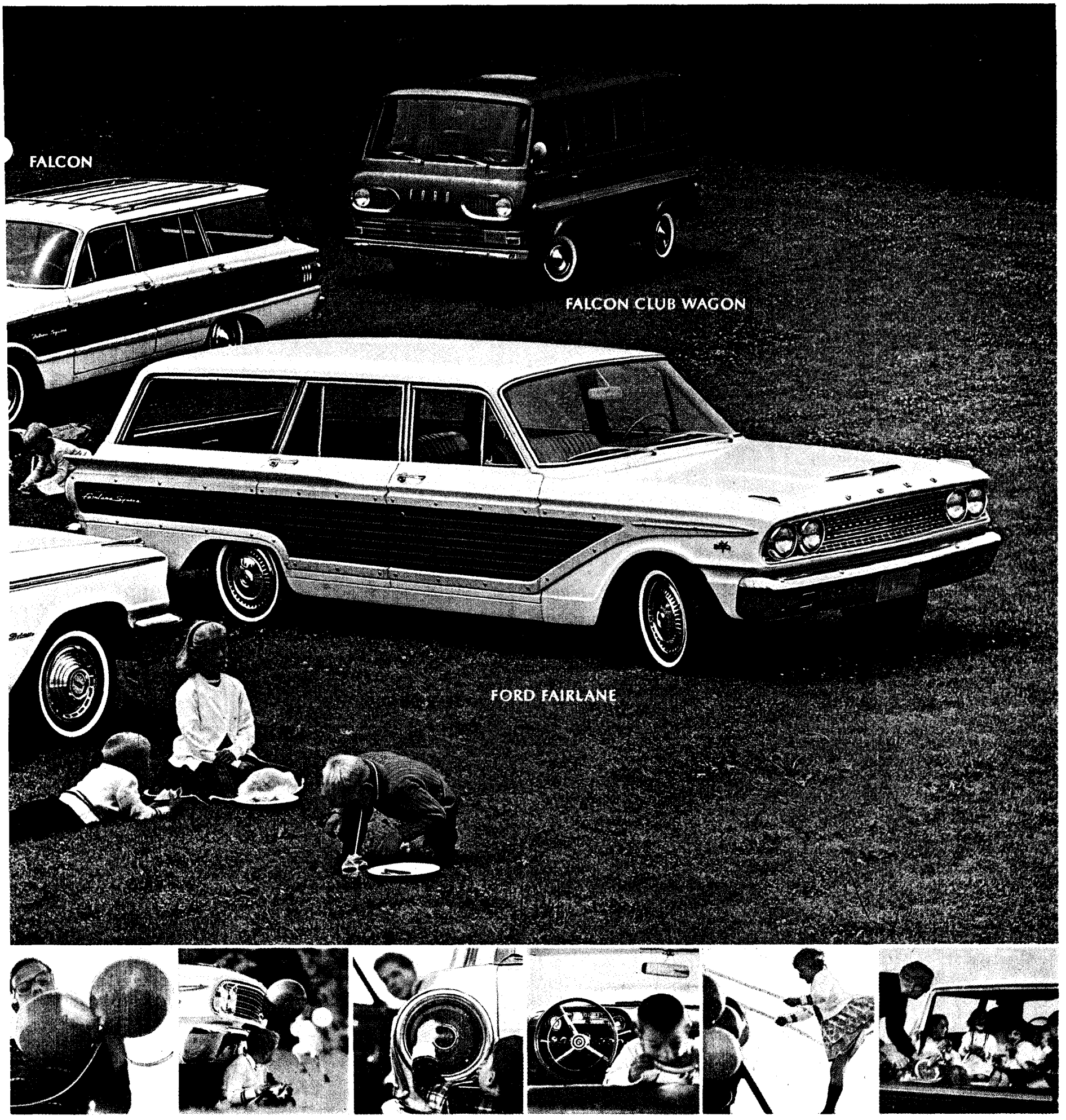

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

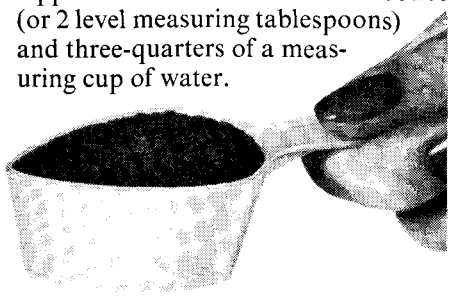
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

A FIELD OF RICE

land, tended by human hands for thousands of years, was now rent and tortured by machines. The rich topsoil was tossed this way and that, and beneath the topsoil, the six inches of heavy clay that served as a bottom to hold the nourishing water for the young rice plants was cut into strips this way and that. Beneath the clay was only the porous subsoil.

"Never slice the skin of the earth," the old farmers had told their sons, generation after generation. "The skin of the earth is like the skin of our bodies. It holds the earth together as our skin holds our blood and bones."

Now the skin was torn and useless, and the subsoil came spilling out—gray sand and pebbled stone. The villagers watched with desolation in their hearts. They knew what would happen. It would be as their forefathers had said. But not one villager spoke. Even Wang San was silent. Of what use to speak now, when the worst had been done?

Listlessly the villagers continued to obey orders, and none worked more doggedly than Wang San.

"Yes, Comrade Li," he said a hundred times a day until Comrade Li almost approved of him. A faithful man, this village headman, one who had learned his lesson.

"Wang San, I will recommend you," he said at last.

"Thank you, Comrade Li," Wang San said quietly. He had given up all hope for the future. The only question was what would happen to Comrade Li when the worst was known?

Never had there been so fair a spring. Rains fell and the river swelled. When early summer came, the seedbeds were full and green and then it was time for transplanting. In the old days the river water had been turned into the fields by hand, by banks of clay raised to guide the water and keep it at the exact depth needed for the rice. Now no hands were needed. Three heavy iron pumps were brought in by trucks, and these were placed at various points along the river, and from them the water spouted into the vast field. In two days the whole countryside was a lake, and the village sat on an island in the middle, connected with the mainland only by the raised road. Into this lake swarmed hundreds of workers, many of them also brought in by truck. Everywhere the blue-clad workers stooped to transplant the rice, and when they had finished, the lake was all a delicate green with the young rice. Comrade Li was pleased and proud. He spent much time gazing over the new landscape, and he did not deign to speak to Wang San.

All might have gone well had it not been for the river. The trouble was with the river. It was too small. When the spring floods subsided, it became a creek, meandering among sandbanks. The pumps coughed up the sandy water and then stopped, their inner parts clogged. Even then, all might have been well if the field could have held water when rain fell again. In the old days each small field had been a separate bowl, the clay bottom firm under the topsoil. Rain or no rain, river or no river, the fields remained flooded long enough to nourish the maturing rice. When the drought of late summer came, the fields dried slowly and at last the rice no longer needed water. By then the roots were strong, and they held the plants until they had grown yellow with harvest.

Now there was no clay bottom. The earth dried long before the dry season, and even the rains were not enough to keep the plants in water. As fast as the water fell in the sixth month, it seeped away into the loose subsoil, and the river, though for a day or two it rose, could not maintain the level the rice plants needed. The water ran down into the cracked earth and flowed uselessly away. Before the grain could head, the plants withered and began to droop.

What was to be done now? The villagers were mute. They shook their heads. Comrade Li forgot himself so far as to scream at them.

"Why did you not tell me? Blockheads! Traitors! You were silent on purpose!"

Not one of them replied. Not one of them reminded Comrade Li that he had been told but that he had not believed. Deep plowing might be all very well for foreign lands but not for this ancestral earth. They were afraid of his anger, yet they were sorry for him. He had worked far beyond his strength, this thin young man. He had done his best. He had obeyed his superiors, believing that they knew what they were doing. The villagers had no heart to reproach him. As for those others who should be reproached, where were they? One could not see them anywhere.

The day came when Comrade Li, too, could only remain silent. What was there to say? He was wrong. He could not acknowledge it, but he knew it, and all the villagers knew that he knew it. It was Wang San who finally mustered enough courage to go to him, and even he did not speak until the rice plants had become dry straws in the parched earth. He went to Comrade Li one evening, as he had gone before. In the little room Comrade Li sat as usual at his unpainted table, writing reports. He looked up at Wang San.

"Well?" he inquired, but the sharpness was gone from his voice.

Wang San coughed behind his hand. "In the old days," he said, "once in a score of years or so, the harvest also failed. It was not a matter of water, but—it happened."

For the first time in many weeks Comrade Li showed interest.

"Well?" he said again.

Wang San continued. "In that time we had nothing to eat. We starved unless we went south to some great city."

"You cannot go to any city now," Comrade Li said. "In the cities they depend on you, the farmers, for food. It is no longer possible for each small community to think only of itself. We must think of the whole. When there is not enough food we are all hungry."

"How are the harvests elsewhere?" Wang San inquired.

"Not good," Comrade Li said shortly. "The seed was not good."

Wang San received this fresh blow. The seed! The seed gathered from all parts of the country had been stored together, hopelessly mixed. But rice, as his father had always said, rice is as willful as a woman. Each kind of rice must be kept pure in the seed, or there is no harvest.

"The people are hungry everywhere?"

It was a question, and Wang San knew the answer. Comrade Li did not speak.

Wang San hesitated. Did he dare? But life was worth little indeed if the rice failed. Comrade Li was writing his reports again as though he were alone. Wang San drew in his breath and tried, in desperation, to say the one thing that should not be said, that could not be said.

"In the old days," he said, his voice hoarse in his throat, "the ——"

Comrade Li looked at him, his narrow eyes full of hate. "Say nothing of the old days," he shouted.

But Wang San could not stop. "In the old days," he said, very loud and fast, "when we had no food, the Americans sent us wheat and corn and ——"

He got no further. From under his jacket Comrade Li took a small weapon, scarcely bigger than his hand. He leveled it at Wang San, his finger on the trigger. Wang San stiffened in terror. This was the moment of death! Then, as suddenly as he had lifted it, Comrade Li lowered his hand.

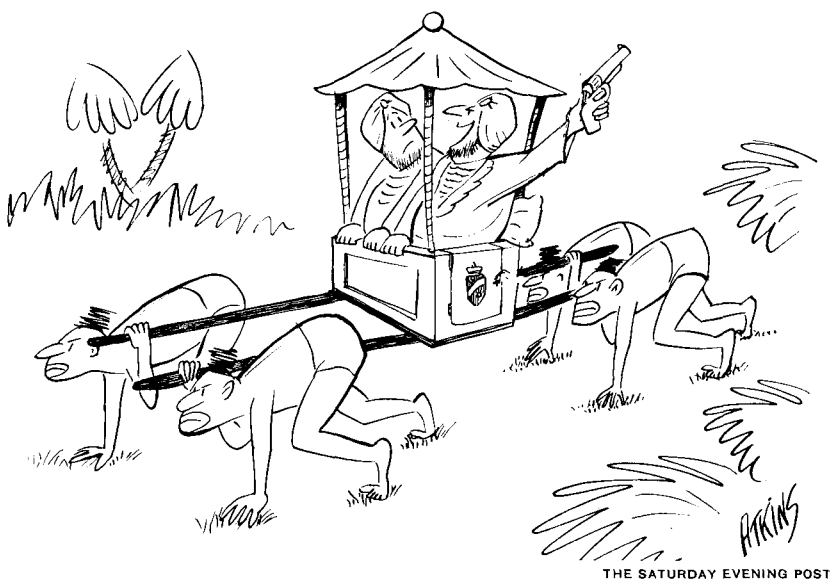
"Why should I kill you? . . ." he muttered, and he placed the little weapon at his own right temple.

Before he could pull the trigger, Wang San leaped forward. It was not a matter of thought. It was an impulse, ages old. He struck Comrade Li's hand and the weapon fell to the floor.

"Why should you kill yourself?" Wang San asked gently.

The two men gazed into each other's eyes. "Forget the old days," Comrade Li said at last, still muttering. "Go away."

Wang San hurried out, and Comrade Li sat in silence, staring down at the table where his reports on the rice crop lay, unfinished. **THE END**



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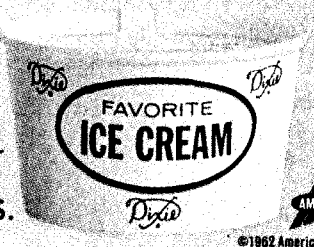

To each his own clean

DIXIE CUP

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Sometimes it makes all the difference.

THE WRONG FORK

Walker and the other stags watched Harris guide his date through the dancers to the bar, expertly avoiding the faculty chaperons. Lean, dark, well-dressed and well-mannered, he moved with grace and assurance.

Walker said, "If they ever make an Ivy League movie ——"

"Her, too," said Burns. "Upper Fifth Avenue and daddy's in oil."

"Like the one he had up for the Princeton game," another man said.

"Better," said Burns. They saw a man go up to Harris and shake his hand. "He win today?"

Walker nodded. "Straight sets. Then he and Pells took the doubles."

The silence that followed was in tribute to the athlete, scholar and debutante's dream. Burns sighed. "This place is going to miss him next year."

So am I, Walker thought. *Four years.* He smiled, remembering the beginnings. As a freshman he had moved completely in the Harris slipstream, faithfully aping his manners, his speech and his clothes. Even after he had found his own way, it was Harris who led.

"Is he going to go to Washington?" someone asked.

"Probably. I know he got another letter from them."

"It's where all the Golden Boys go these days," Burns said. "In the '20's it was Wall Street, in the '40's advertising. Now it's the Government. Gentlemen, I give you the future president of these grand United States."

Walker was reminded of the Canadian girl two years ago, when they'd all gone up skiing. The Wheat Queen of North America, Burns had called her. She and Harris were gone from the lodge four of the first five evenings. Then abruptly it was over. Walker never found out what happened. It just ended. The last day he was watching Harris come down the mountain, and she stopped to watch with him. She squinted against the morning glare, following the controlled turns Harris was carving in the new snow. "He'll probably own the world someday," she had said, with only a little bitterness. Walker had felt sorry for her. On the ride back Harris never even mentioned her name.

Now aloud, Walker said, "President? He's going to own the world."

"At least," said the man who'd asked the question about Washington.

Harris and the girl danced by. She was very beautiful. He smiled over her shoulder as they passed. "He probably doesn't even *know* any plain ones," the man said.

"Or any poor ones," Burns added and led the way to the bar.

Harris didn't appear at the next club party. It was a wild one, and Walker and Burns went on from there. Around two o'clock they found themselves in Bintie's Bar with a pair of girls who claimed they were sisters.

"Look," Burns said, pushing at Walker's arm.

"What?"

"Who just came in."

Through the smoke he made out Harris. Burns ringed his eyes with his fingers, like binoculars. "Dig the female companion! *That* ain't upper Fifth Avenue."

"Don't you know it," said one of the sisters.

Harris and the girl joined them. After a round apiece, they did a noisy, violent dance that cleared the floor. They fell over a chair, upsetting a table. She sat up with a broad smile. "Boola Boola," she said and belched loudly. Bintie came over then and asked them all to leave.

Walker awoke late the next morning. He heard Harris in the shower. It was a still, warm Sunday, a week before commencement. The club was quiet; the campus deserted. He riffled slowly through the paper for the sports section.

Harris came in, toweling his head briskly. "Morning, sport." He sat on the edge of his bed. "It seems there was this Joe College who drank too much one night," he began and went on to offer a light, airy apology that minimized his behavior at the same time it acknowledged it.

"Accepted," Walker said, laughing. He held out his cigarettes and Harris took one. "Only where did you ever meet her?"

Leaning forward to the match, Harris grimaced. "Please."

Walker laughed again. "A real swinger."

Harris rose and started to dress. "Listen, sport, when do you check into New York?"

"To start work? End of July. I'm going up to the Cape first."

"Well, look me up when you hit town. I'll be at Columbia. Political indoctrination for eight weeks before I go down to Washington."

"That should be a lot of laughs."

"Sure. Lectures five days a week in July and August."

"Cheer up. New York is a summer festival."

by Stewart Pierce Brown

Illustrated By Andy Virgil

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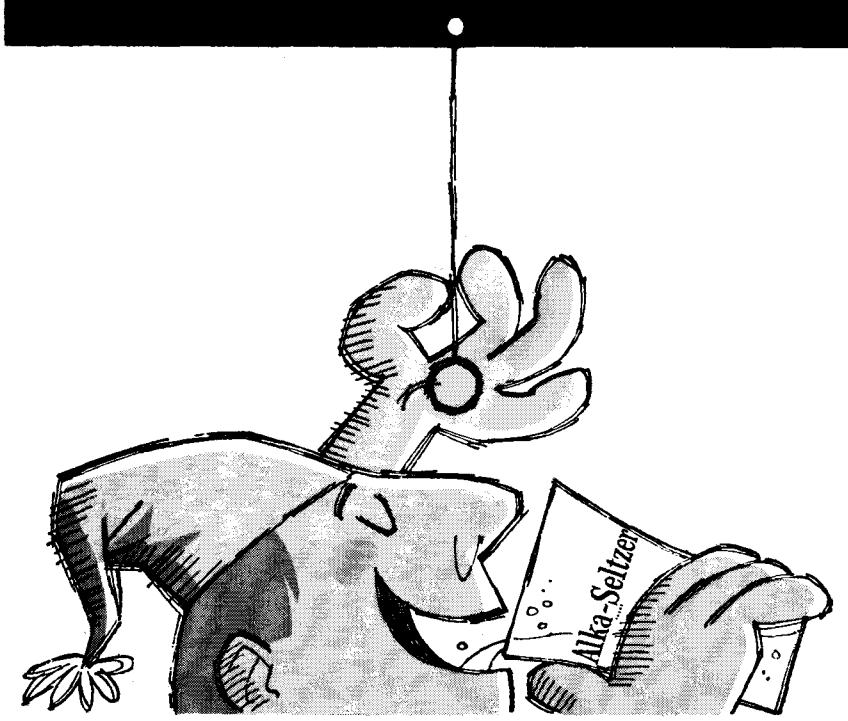

THE WRONG FORK

Walker was back from his vacation and working in New York for a week before he was able to get in touch with Harris. They agreed to meet for a drink near the university. Harris was at the bar when he arrived. He looked pale and drawn. His fingers drummed alongside his glass, and from time to time he brushed his cuff against his chest to check his watch.

"Say, you're all cranked up," Walker said. "Working too hard?"

There was the familiar smile, briefly. "Playing too hard."

"What a way to go."

"Yes and no. Want another one of these?"

"Already? No, I still have plenty here. You go ahead."

Harris had two more. Then abruptly he called for the check. "Walk, I'm sorry, but I've got to cut out."

"Oh, I was hoping you'd be free for dinner."

"Well, no, not tonight." Harris hesitated. "How about lunch tomorrow? Down your way."

"OK, sure. Here, let me have that."

"This one's mine. Tomorrow's too. I've got someone I want you to meet."

"When a guy says that ——" Walker studied him. "You getting engaged?"

"You're getting warm."

"*Married?* Well, for —— I haven't heard a thing about it! I mean, my mother reads the society page every *day*."

"There was nothing in the papers."

"But what about Washington? I thought you had to be single."

"Well, frankly, sport, the loot wasn't that great." He met Walker's stare and shrugged lightly.

Slowly Walker smiled. "Well, come on—who is she? The one who came up for graduation? Called you from Mexico that time?"

"No, you don't know her. I just met her this spring."

"Where's she from? Is she ——"

"Look, you're going to meet her tomorrow."

Walker laughed. "OK. Where? You name it."

The next day he was at the restaurant early. He looked up just as Harris and the girl came in. And in that brief moment they stood there waiting to be shown to the table, he got it all.

She had a superb figure. She was wearing a bright-green dress and carrying a green handbag with plastic flowers on it. She walked awkwardly, almost unsteadily. She was very young.

She said "Hi" to Walker when Harris introduced them. Her name was June. She had brown eyes, hurt and defiant. She smoked a lot and spoke little, answering "Yeah" to the questions they addressed to her and once volunteering the thought that Vice President Nixon was cute-looking. Her voice was so low that Walker could barely hear her. The lunch seemed to last a long, long time and left him with a very unreal feeling.

They said good-bye in the bright sunlight in front of the restaurant. Harris flagged a cab and, as he and June got in, she took a stick of gum from her bag. He said something to her that Walker didn't hear, and she angrily snapped the bag shut. She was not chewing the gum as they drove away.

Harris called him later in the afternoon. They met shortly after five at a little place near Walker's office. They sat at the corner of the bar, facing across each other. Harris stared down the long row of bottles. "Well, now you've met June."

"She seems like a very nice girl."

"Faint-Praise Department."

"I mean it. It was just that she was different from what I expected."

Harris managed a wry smile. "She's different from what I expected too, sport. You want the rundown? She's a dentist's receptionist. Her father drives a bus. She went to high school on Long Island someplace, and Tony Curtis is her favorite actor."

Walker took a slow sip from his glass. "Well ——"

"Well what?"

Carefully he straightened the coaster under his drink. There was a sudden rush of hot air as the front door opened. The bartender moved away to serve the newcomers. "Well, aren't there doctors these days? I mean, you know ——"

Harris shook his head. "Too late."

"Oh. I see." Walker had the sudden guilty thought, *Thank God, it isn't me.* "So you're going to marry her?"

"Next Saturday. I think it's the thing to do."

"... and $269 for Joe. He's the mechanic you ran over on the way in."

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THE WRONG FORK

Typical, Walker thought. *Trust Harris to do the right thing always.* "Well," he swung around with a smile, his hand out, "let me be the first."

Harris's grip was hard. "Thanks, Walk. It means a lot."

Their wedding announcement gave the date as the first of the preceding March. They took an apartment in the Village, and Harris got a job as a salesman with a television network. Walker was their first guest.

Their apartment was in an old building, up three flights of stairs. June greeted him shyly at the door. Harris, in the kitchen filling an ice bucket, came out to join them, and they walked through the rest of the rooms together. June was obviously delighted with her new home. She pointed out the modern range in the kitchen, the fireplace that worked, the pink telephone. She was wearing a bright summer dress and heelless shoes, and she reminded Walker, despite her pregnancy, of a little girl playing house.

She opened a door into a small, square room that was echoingly empty. "And this is going to be the nursery."

Harris groaned softly.

"What?" she asked.

He turned back toward the living room. "What can I mix you, Walk?"

June stood staring at the little room for several more minutes, then gently closed the door and came after them. Going on to the kitchen she said, "I'd like a bourbon, dear."

"You've already had one," Harris reminded her. He took down only two glasses.

She returned to the doorway, coloring. "I'd like another one."

"I don't think you'd better," he answered softly. Walker leafed the pages of a magazine. After a moment he heard June return to the kitchen.

When she announced dinner, Walker realized he was hungry. The table was attractively set, with candles in the center. They sat down and Harris picked up the carving knife. Then he put it down again. "Dear"—she looked up quickly—"salad forks."

Walker pushed back his chair, but Harris shook his head. "June knows where they are." Laboriously she rose, went to the kitchen and returned with the forks. Harris chatted pleasantly with Walker while she set them in place. Later, while they were eating, he cleared his throat, and Walker looked up expectantly. But Harris was smiling down the table at June. She put down her dinner fork, which was hovering over her salad, and replaced it with her salad fork. Twice more before dinner was over, Walker heard his discreet cough. He kept his eyes on his plate. Afterward they had coffee in the living room and talked. June said very little. Around midnight Walker left.

The guy had courage, all right, he told himself on the way uptown. He was determined to make it work. The standards of his new family were going to be kept high regardless. He didn't envy him the job. It would be a long, slow process. And June wouldn't love him for it.

Harris kept at it, all summer long and into the fall. He corrected her table manners, her dress, her speech. He carefully screened her friends. He took her to plays and concerts, swamped her with books and enrolled her in an early-morning television course in English literature. He graded her papers himself.

Walker was one of their few visitors and the only regular one. The more he saw of them, the more he grew to like June. She tried to submit to Harris's teaching with good humor. She worked hard to do the things he asked. She had stopped saying "Yeah" almost completely. And every time he called, she and her home were attractive and presentable.

One evening, at her urging, he brought to dinner with him a date, a girl named Evelyn Webster. It was a different Harris who welcomed them. He was warm and relaxed. He said nothing when June had a Martini, a drink he normally objected to. He made no comment on the number of cigarettes she smoked. He was more like his old self. June gave Walker a wink and a conspiratorial smile.

She herself bloomed in this new climate. She cast off her shyness and became bright and gay. Evelyn caught her spirit, and Walker felt himself relaxing and enjoying the evening.

But the sudden freedom from Harris's discipline was too heady. By dinnertime Walker realized that June had become quite unsteady. At the table she spilled things. She talked and laughed too loudly. Harris watched her, his face a mask. When dinner was over, he followed her into the kitchen. They exchanged angry, hissing whispers.

Harris emerged carrying a tray of liqueurs. "A little brandy, Evelyn?" he asked evenly. June followed, her face flushed. She dropped on the couch, pouting and fighting tears. She looked very young. Harris carefully ignored her the rest of the evening. When she finally fell asleep, it was Walker who covered her.

In the cab going uptown Evelyn sighed. "He's pushing her too hard. He's trying to change her overnight."

"Before the baby comes probably."

"That's silly."

"Maybe not to him."

"Couldn't you —— No, of course you couldn't."

"What I *can* do—what *we* can do actually—is to see them some more together."

June said the same thing. She told him it was always easier when they were around. It made him wonder what it was like when they weren't.

Walker knew that, for her, the evenings the four of them spent together were bright spots in a lonely life. She saw very few of Harris's other friends, and they made her uncomfortable. It was a long trip to New York for her own friends from home, and they were not very warmly received by Harris. Walker knew how frosty and withdrawn he could be. Always mannered, always correct, but like a haughty butler, waiting for the guests to leave so that he could empty the ashtrays.

They saw little of either family. The elder Harrises had visited the apartment only once. Their telephone calls were regular, brief and devoid of warmth. June once told Walker that she expected them to end with the statement, "This has been a recorded announcement." She admitted that her own family was little better, having come to see her only twice, picking on her incessantly the rare weekends she went home.

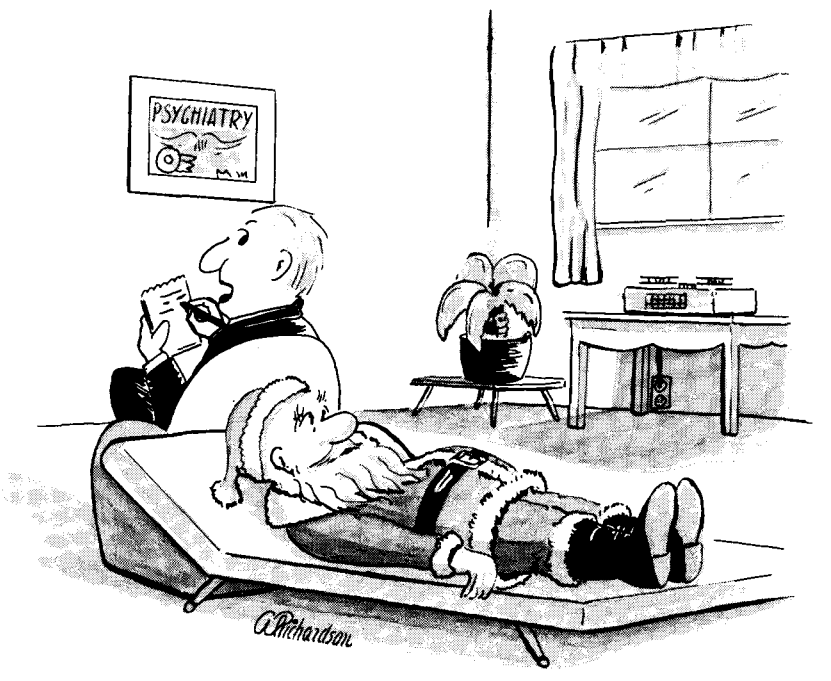
She had made one friend in New York, a secretary who lived on the ground floor of their building. Walker came upon them one day, lunching in a midtown drugstore. The difference in June was startling. She was laughing in a carefree manner and talking excitedly, her hands carving little extra meanings in the air. Heavy as she had become, she seemed very vibrant and alive. She introduced him to her friend with a casual correctness that would have pleased Harris.

He was back in his office less than an hour when she phoned. "It's about Fran," she said.

"Oh? What about her? I thought she was very nice."

"Oh, good, because she thinks you're real cute. But Tim isn't exactly crazy about her, y'know? It's just bad chemistry, I guess." Walker smiled; it was one of Harris's favorite expressions. "Actually, he'd rather I didn't see her. I mean, he wouldn't make a fuss exactly, but you know. So what I'm calling about, if you wouldn't mind not saying anything to him about this afternoon."

Afterward he wondered how often she met her friend without Harris's knowledge. Fran must have seemed like an oasis to her.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"When did you first get the feeling you were being exploited?"

The baby was born December sixteen It was a boy. They did not name h Timothy Herne Harris III. They nam him Robert, after June's brother and uncle of Harris. A week after June ca home from the hospital, Walker a Evelyn stopped in to see them.

It was a brief visit. Harris was edgy a obviously uncomfortable in his new rc He did not accompany them when J took them into the nursery. When returned, he offered them a drink; it v apparent that he had already had sever The conversation was stiff and strain After less than an hour Walker a Evelyn left.

June and Harris stood in the doorw seeing them down the stairs. She look thin and tense. He smiled crookedly a gave them a listless wave. Down the h behind them the baby was crying louc

Walker was to remember the sce framed between the apartment stair r ings, for a long time.

The following week he was transfer to his company's San Francisco offi Two months later Evelyn flew out, a they were married that spring. They came permanent Californians, and it seven years before Walker saw New Y again. Their correspondence with Harrises, brisk at first, gradually dwind to a few lines scribbled on their Christn cards.

Then, early one autumn, he was s east on a two-day business trip. He phor Harris from Idlewild and was invited dinner the next night.

He rented a car and drove out to th suburban home. It was a cool, clear e ning, with a wash of light across western sky. The neighborhood was tractive, with curving streets and brc lawns. A cluster of mailboxes stood at foot of Harris's street. His house w large white colonial. Across the fr walk lay a bicycle, and over the gar door Walker could see a steel hoop fr which hung a few tattered cords.

As he reached for the bell, the door v thrown open. "Walk! You old go Welcome to the manse!"

Harris was twenty pounds heavier, a his hair was thinning. He was in sh sleeves, a drink in one hand. His vo was louder than Walker remembered and the hand he offered felt moist a fleshy.

I could have passed him on the stre Walker thought.

"Come on in, boy! Good to see you

"Good to be here, Tim. How's eve body?"

"Fine. June's upstairs dunking monsters. Let me have that." He to Walker's hat and followed him into living room. It was an inviting roo tastefully furnished.

Walker sat on the couch and look slowly around him. "*Very* nice."

"June's touch, top to bottom. Sh you the rest later. Martini?"

"Well, in a bit, thanks."

"Oh, we won't wait for madam, if tha it. She'll be out in the kitchen most of t time anyway. Here you go."

Walker took the frosted glas "Cheers—after all the years."

"After all the years." Harris brush child's coloring book off a large le chair and sank down wearily. Walker n ticed the zippered v open under his b buckle, the ring of flesh at his collar.

There was a sudden commotion on t stairs, and the boy Robert burst in, pajamas and bathrobe. Another child f lowed him—Rickie, aged four. Walk remembered, glad for Evelyn's briefi

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They were miniatures of their father when Walker had last seen him. They stood straight and shook hands with him and gave him, even more than the sight of Harris had, the feeling that seven years had gone by.

He heard June's heels on the stairs. Glancing again at the man in the chair opposite him, he braced himself for the sight of her.

She came into the room with a swift, sure step, slender and chic in a simple black dress. She still had a summer tan, and her only makeup was lipstick. Her hair was carefully, softly brushed. She embraced him warmly, bathing him in a subtle cloud of expensive perfume. "Oh, Walk, I'm *so* glad you finally made it!" Her voice was still soft and low, but no longer shy. "You haven't changed, not a bit."

"Which is more than she'll say for Old Dad," Harris said, barking a short, harsh laugh.

June smiled and lifted his jacket from the back of a chair. "How are Ev and the children?" she asked, holding out the jacket. Harris ignored it.

"Fine," Walker said. "She sends her best to everybody."

"I just wish she could have come with you. . . . Dear."

Harris took the jacket. "You want a Martini?"

"Please. On the rocks." She smiled at Walker. "I loved the pictures she sent last Christmas. That baby of yours!"

"These two. They're real boys, all right."

June laughed lightly. "That they are. The demolition twins."

"Isn't it time for them to go up?" Harris asked from the bar.

"In a minute," June said quietly, and there was no more discussion.

They sat and talked and enjoyed their drinks. Walker relaxed. On the way out, memories of the apartment, charged with strain and tension, had been strong within him. He had imagined the tableau of seven years before, repeating itself as he came up the walk: a tired, frightened June, an embittered Harris and a crying baby. But the years had changed all that, just as they had changed Robert from the crying baby to the wiry, handsome boy playing with his brother at the far end of the room. Now there was this attractive, well-ordered home, this happy, well-run family, this sense of peace and serenity. He accepted a second drink in secret celebration.

It was not until the middle of dinner that he realized his celebration had been premature. Something had made him suspect it before they came to the table. Something elusive, something familiar yet strange. He couldn't quite identify it. Then part way through the meal it came to him.

Out of the tail of his eye he saw June purse her lips and flick a look at Harris's elbows, planted firmly on the table. She touched her own elbow lightly with a well-manicured finger, imperceptibly shaking her head.

For a long moment Harris remained as he was. Then slowly, staring flatly at his wife, he sat back, letting his hands drop in his lap.

She turned away, toward her guest. "More lamb, Walk?"

He watched her as she passed his plate to Harris. She was the perfect Ivy League matron—her clothes, her speech, her cool, controlled behavior. Her dinner was perfectly cooked, perfectly served. Her house was perfectly kept, her sons were perfect models of American boys.

Across the table Harris slouched in his chair. His face was red, the knot in his tie had slipped down from his collar. He was pulling sullenly at the inside of a roll, popping the doughy pellets into his mouth and chewing noisily.

He had given up, Walker realized, watching him. He had created perfection, and he couldn't live up to it, and so he had given up. The strain and tension were still here, but going the other way now.

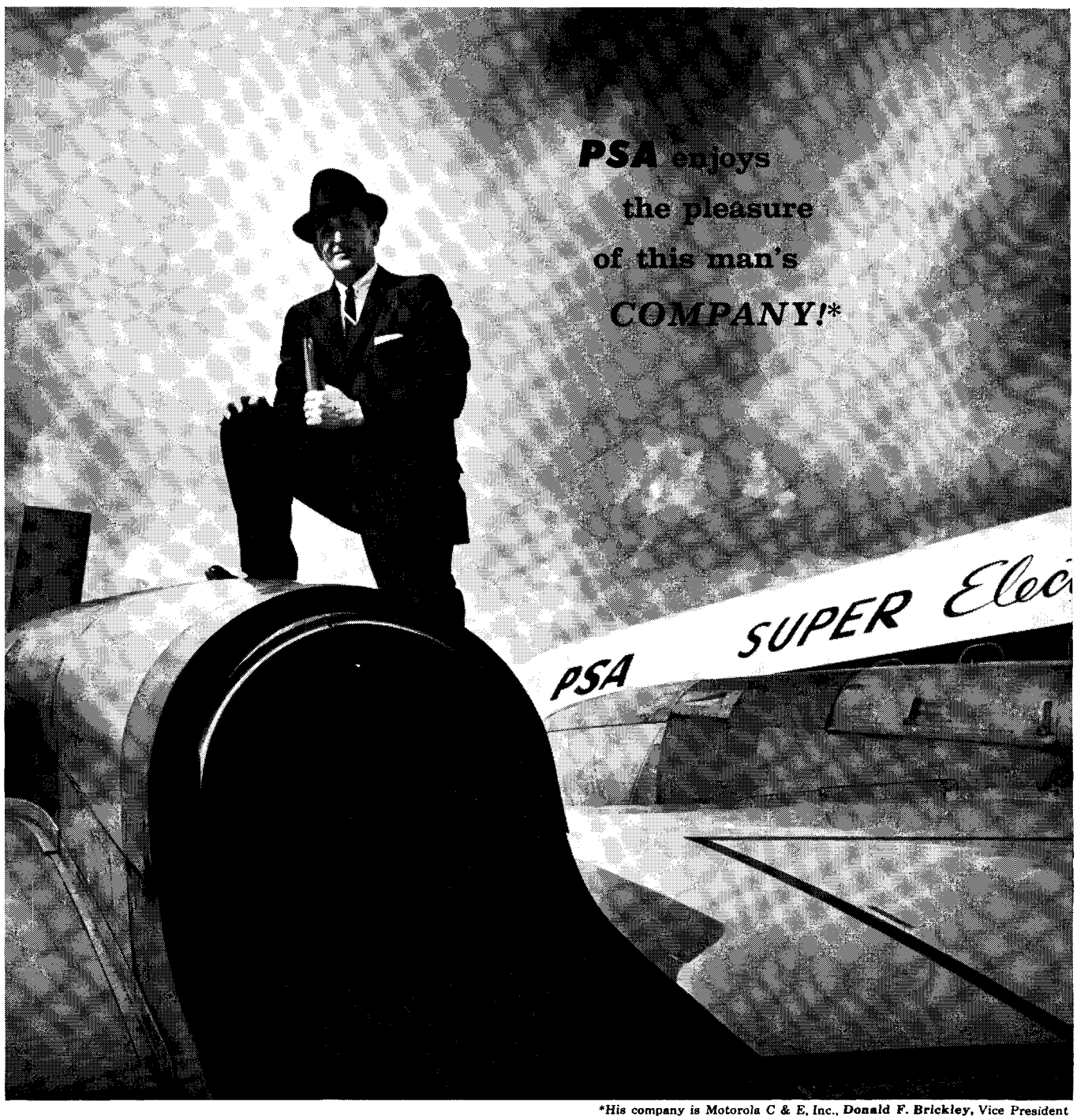
Driving back to the city at midnight, he thought of the seven years in between, when June was coming up and Harris going down. He wondered if they had been happy in that brief time when they passed each other.

He was supposed to have a drink with Harris before he left for Idlewild the next afternoon. He ran late all day and had to cancel. Then unexpectedly his five-o'clock appointment was scratched. He looked at his watch. Harris would have already left his office. On the chance that he'd stop in at the bar anyway, Walker hurried there.

He saw Harris from across the street, just going into the place. He was not alone.

The girl with him was tall and very blond. She was heavily made up and carried a large transparent plastic handbag. She leaned attentively toward Harris, clinging to his upper arm. As they went through the door, she laughed loudly and gave him a playful push.

Walker did not cross the street. He glanced at his watch. He still had plenty of time, so he walked the rest of the way to the airline's bus terminal. **THE END**



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As they watched, the storm rose to Blow the World Away

By GALE HUNTINGTON

Mary Ellen had been pestering her father, but when she saw David and his father and grandfather come out of the dunes behind the fishhouses she ran to meet them. "Hi, David," she said.

"Hi, Mary Ellen," David answered. David was eleven years old and Mary Ellen nearly eleven, and they were almost exactly the same height.

"Doesn't it blow, David?" Mary Ellen said. She had on a blue sunbonnet that flapped about her pointed-featured face, and a thin cotton dress that whipped about her bare legs. The dress was almost the exact color of her eyes, but David was a little too young to notice that.

"I guess it does blow," he said. "My grandfather says it's a forty-five-knot breeze. Almost a gale of wind. My father's going cod fishing."

"In this wind?" the little girl said. "Is he crazy?" And then horrified at what she had said she pressed the back of her hand to her mouth.

Henry Evans, David's father, had been sick for a long time. That was why they had come home to live with his grandfather at the Point. Because when one is sick one does come home if there is a home to come to.

All that spring and early summer David's father had seemed to be getting better, until, only a little more than a month earlier, David's mother had run off with the barge captain. The big one with the red face. Then David's father had stopped getting better.

Now sometimes he would hardly say a word for a whole day, and sometimes he would shake as though with cold when it wasn't cold at all. Sickness is a pretty

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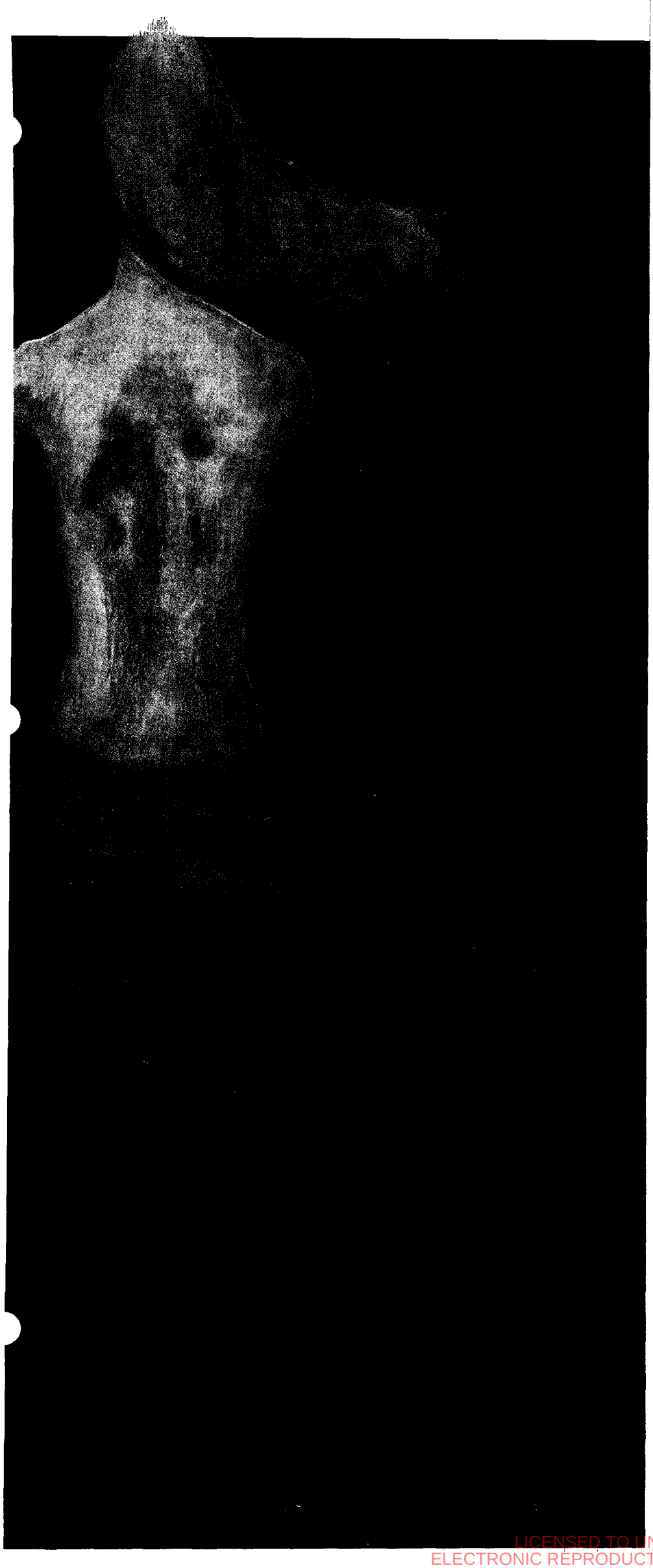

hard thing for an 11-year-old boy to understand, particularly such a vague sickness as his father's.

So now he said, "My father has to go fishing to make some money, so when ——" He had been going to say "so we'll have some money when my mother gets back." But he didn't really think that his mother ever was coming back.

"So when what?" Mary Ellen asked.

"Nothing," David said. "Come on, I've got to help my father and Grandpa haul the dory down." So the two children ran after the men.

The landing was a gently sloping beach where a hook of rocks made out from the land almost like a breakwater. There was enough protection from the sea there so that a dory could be launched from the landing when it was impossible to put off from the beach anywhere else.

There were a dozen or so fishhouses at the landing, gray and weathered, some of them leaning. And now, because of the wind, there was a dory drawn up on the sand in front of each one of them. For no man had gone off the beach that morning.

About some of the buildings men were working at the tasks one did when there was no fishing. Painting lobster-pot buoys, as Mary Ellen's father, or knitting funnels, or filling bait bags from the big oaken hogsheads of salt skate and herring. Even with the wind blowing so hard, the place smelled pleasantly of tar and paint and ripe fish. The wind whistled off the dunes, carrying dry sand with it that blew across the beach like drifting snow. It was impossible to face directly into that blowing sand, for it cut and stung wherever it touched the skin.

Winslow Blain, Mary Ellen's father, came to help with the dory. The other men stayed where they were, for three men, David and Mary Ellen were enough to pull the dory down the smooth sand. But they were all watching. When the dory was at the water's edge, David's father looked about him uncertainly.

"I've got to get the oars and tholepins," he said, and started up the beach toward the fishhouse, his face bent low against the blowing sand.

"And the sail and bait and lines," David said and ran after him. Mary Ellen climbed into the dory and pounded the wooden bottom plug into place, and Winslow Blain turned to the older man.

"What goes on, Captain Evans?" he asked.

"Henry says he's going cod fishing," Caleb Evans told him.

"But the fish won't strike on for another three weeks or more."

"I know," the older man answered.

"And this wind?"

But Caleb Evans only shook his head, and so they waited. Presently the father and boy returned with the oars and tholepins, and the cod lines on their heavy wooden reels, and a gunnysack half filled with winkles for bait, and the dory sail wrapped around its mast.

"Pretty early for cod," Mary Ellen's father said.

"They'll be there," Henry told him, "on the outer ledge." The outer ledge was more than 10 miles from the beach and all of them knew it.

"And how will you get back?" Blain asked. "No man can row a dory into a 45-knot breeze."

"The wind'll let go," David's father said. Winslow Blain looked at Caleb Evans, but the older man said nothing. His face was set in grim lines. Looking at his grandfather's face, David suddenly knew what was

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

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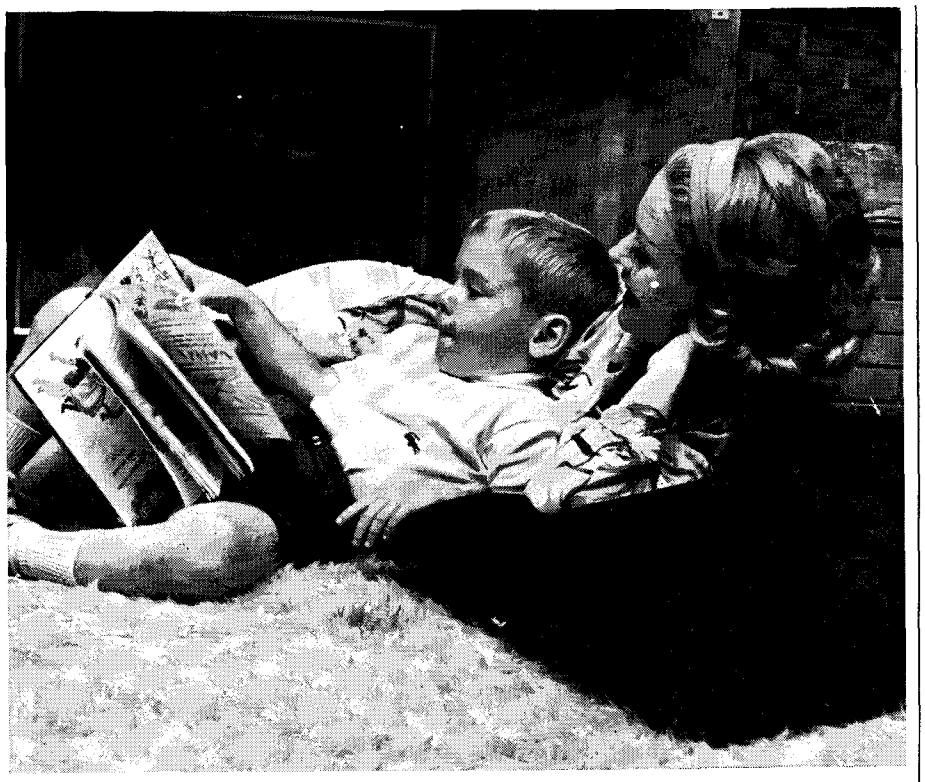

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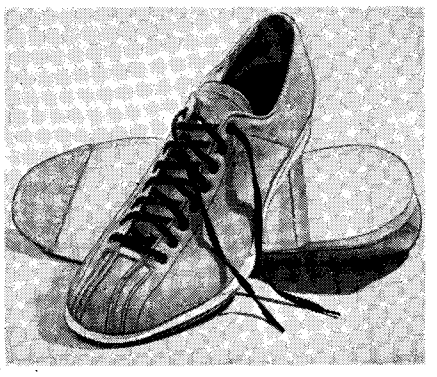

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Blow the World Away

happening, and his stomach knotted into a tight ball, for his grandfather had been teaching him the pattern of the winds, and he knew that it would not let go. That when it came into the northwest and blew as hard as this it would last a day at least, and perhaps two days or more.

He tried to speak, to protest, to shout out that this mustn't happen, but the words wouldn't come. It was easy to launch the dory, for the wind had already beaten down the surf. The rollers came struggling shoreward against it until finally they curled up and broke with a plop on the sand almost as though in frustration. Then the wind snatched the foam from them and blew it back out to sea again like smoke.

David's father took his place at the oars, and the other two, not speaking, waded out with the dory until it was afloat and marbled water swirled about their knees. Then they let go. After a few strong pulls at the oars, David's father shipped them and went forward and set the mast and sail, and then came back to the stern with the sheet in his hand and got out the steering oar. The wind bellied the sail until it was full, and the dory leaped and twisted as though it were a live thing and flew away from the beach.

David waited for his father to turn to wave to them, but he didn't, and the knot in the boy's stomach was very tight. Then he felt Mary Ellen put her hand in his, and the two children stood by the edge of the surf, the wind-driven sand stinging their bare legs, watching the dory sail grow smaller and smaller. The men about the fishhouses had all stopped their work now, and they too were watching the dory sail.

"Why did they let him go?" David asked at last. But his grandfather and Mary Ellen's father had gone, so he looked at the little girl. But she only shook her head, and the sunbonnet flapped about her face.

"Darned old sunbonnet," she said and brushed it from her head so that it hung down her back. "I hate sunbonnets. Come on, David, I'm going to show you something wonderful today, and I'm going to teach you something too."

"What?" he asked.

"I'll show you," she said and took his hand again. But David pulled away quickly, for the men by the fishhouses were still watching. Mary Ellen grinned at him, her wide mouth turning up at the corners and her eyes crinkling. "I'll beat you over the dunes," she said and sprinted away from him.

David didn't catch up with her until they were on the prickly pasture back of the dunes. Then he stopped and looked back at the sea again. His father's dory sail was just a speck now, and almost to the jagged horizon where the wind-whipped waves would be very rough. There the sea was a deep blue where it met the sky.

"Come on," Mary Ellen said.

Afterward David wondered about that day. Had Mary Ellen really known what she must do so that he wouldn't think about his father and the thing that his father had done? He always knew that Mary Ellen was a very smart little girl. But that smart?

Presently they came to the north side of Skiff's Pond, where there was a high bank, so that they hardly felt the wind at all, and it was very warm and pleasant. They sat with their backs against the bank and stretched their bare feet out in front of them.

"We could almost be on a desert island," Mary Ellen said. "Just you and me. See, there isn't a sign of habitation."

"Why do you use such big words, Mary Ellen?" David asked.

"Habitation isn't a big word," she said. "But I like big words. Sometimes one big word will take the place of a whole lot of little words."

"Where do you learn them all?"

"Some from books—but mostly from my father. My father's a Harvard graduate."

"I know that," David said. "You've only told me that about a hundred times. I don't see anything so great about being a Harvard graduate."

"It helps your vocabulary to be a Harvard graduate," she said.

"Yes," David agreed, "but now he's only a fisherman, and fishermen don't need big vocabularies."

"He's a fisherman because he wants to be one," Mary Ellen said. "He could be anything he wants to be. He could have gone to live in the city the way your father did, but he didn't because he doesn't have any ambition. Not any at all."

David thought about that. "Does your mother have any ambition?" he asked.

"My mother? Have ambition?" And Mary Ellen laughed. "I should say not." She lowered her voice just a little. "David," she said, "did you know that my mother is almost completely promiscuous?"

"Big words again," David said. "I'll bet you don't even know what it means."

"Yes I do," she said, "but you don't."

"Well, what does it mean?" He pulled a stalk of beach grass and chewed on it

"It means she'll let almost any man take liberties."

"What do you mean, 'liberties'?"

"My goodness, David," Mary Ellen said, "for a boy that comes from the city you really are the most ignorant thing. Don't you know anything at all?"

"I know lots of things," he said. "And it wasn't the city. It was more like the suburbs. I'll bet you don't even know what that means."

"I do too," Mary Ellen said.

"Well ——" David hesitated. "Do you think my mother was almost completely promiscuous because she ran off with the barge captain?"

"Not exactly," Mary Ellen said, "but if she leaves him and runs off with some other man, then she will be."

"And your mother's like that?"

"Worse," she told him cheerfully. "Why, David, except for me, my father doesn't even know if all his children are his own, even."

It seemed to David that it might be a little indelicate to ask for details. Instead he said, "Parents do let you down, don't they?"

"Yours did, and my mother does," she said. "But I'm not going to be like that. I'm not going to let my children down."

"Are you going to have children, Mary Ellen?"

"Of course I am," she said, "when I get married. Did you think I was going to b a barren woman?"

"There you go again," David said. And Mary Ellen laughed.

"Did you know the Indians lived here once?" she asked, changing the subject.

"How do you know?"

"Because they did," she said. "They had their village on the bank right above us. And I can prove it."

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"How can you prove it?"

"I'll show you," she said and got up and started to walk slowly along the bottom of the bank. David followed her. Suddenly Mary Ellen's hand shot out and she picked something up. "Look, David," she said, holding out her hand, and there was a beautiful triangular arrowhead.

"You had that all the time," David protested.

"I did not," she said. "Look, David, I see another one. See if you can find it." And finally, after quite a bit of coaching from Mary Ellen, he did find it and was pleased and delighted with the treasure.

"I think mine's prettier than yours. But how do you know they really lived here, Mary Ellen?"

Mary Ellen pointed out bits of broken Indian pottery and old quahaug and scallop shells that the Indians had discarded so long ago. "That's how," she said. "And, David, sometimes I pretend that they're still living here and that I've got friends in a wigwam up on the bank."

They played that game for a while and then looked for more arrowheads until suddenly both of them realized that they were very hungry. "We could go to Miss Lucinda's and see if she'll give us something to eat," Mary Ellen suggested. And they did go there, because it was much closer than David's grandfather's place or Mary Ellen's own place at the Cove.

Miss Lucinda was a maiden lady who lived by herself and had done so for goodness only knows how many years. And, as she frequently stated, she got along much better that way than if she'd had a man to put up with. She opened the door to their knock and let the two children in. "Well," she said, "look what this big wind blew in."

Mary Ellen and David entered the spotlessly tidy kitchen and stood side by side near the door, not saying anything, but just looking hopefully at the old lady. Miss Lucinda returned to her straight-backed chair and her knitting.

"Wool from my own sheep," she said, apropos of nothing, and then after what seemed like a very long time, "And what can I do for Mary Ellen and David?"

"We're hungry," Mary Ellen said.

"You are? Well, ain't that too bad."

"Miss Lucinda," Mary Ellen said, going over to stand by the chair, "aren't you going to give us something to eat?"

"I've et," Miss Lucinda said, but then she sighed and put down her knitting. "But I always was easy, wasn't I? I hope you've got something to pay for this meal with."

"We've got some arrowheads that we found," David said, torn between hunger and a desire to keep his treasures. He and Mary Ellen displayed their finds on the red-checkered tablecloth. Miss Lucinda admired them while she warmed up some salt cod and potatoes.

"Where did you find them?" she asked when the food was on the table.

"By the steep bank near the gully," Mary Ellen said.

"And that's about the only place you could keep warm and comfortable today in this screeching wind," Miss Lucinda said. "This is a good day for folks to stay to home."

"I wish my father had stayed home," David said.

"Where did he go?" Miss Lucinda asked.

"He went fishing," Mary Ellen said. "On the outer ledge."

"No! In this wind? Why, he won't be able to make shore again."

David looked from the old lady to the little girl. "Yes he will," he said. "My father said the wind would moderate."

"He did?" Miss Lucinda shook her head commiseratively. "Poor Caleb," she said, "poor Captain Evans." But Mary Ellen managed to catch her eye, and some secret communication passed between the two. "So that's why ——" Miss Lucinda began, but she didn't finish whatever it was that she was going to say. "What are you two going to do now?" she asked finally.

"We could get you some highbush blackberries," Mary Ellen said, "to pay for our dinner, if you'll lend us a couple of lard pails to pick them in. I know where there's a beautiful patch."

"You don't need to pay for your dinners," Miss Lucinda said. "And I could use some blackberries. But only one pailful, not two. And I'll pay you five cents apiece for them."

The berries grew by the edge of a big swamp not too far from the high bank where they had found the arrowheads. The pails filled rapidly, and when Mary Ellen poured her pail into David's, the big sweet berries rounded up over the top. Then they wandered back toward the lee and shelter of the high bank thinking that perhaps they could find some more arrowheads. But they didn't.

"But there will be more when it rains," Mary Ellen said, "when the top of the bank caves in again."

"You said you were going to show me something wonderful," David said. "And you did." He took the arrowheads from his pocket and admired them. "Who do you think got the prettiest ones, really?"

"I did, of course," Mary Ellen said, and that started an argument.

"But you said you were going to teach me something too," David said when the argument over the arrowheads had ended in a draw. "What were you going to teach me?"

"I'm going to teach you ——" Mary Ellen said, looking at him with her eyes crinkled up and that devilish grin on her face. She undid the strings of her sunbonnet and put it on the sand beside her. And then with one sudden quick motion she pulled her dress up over her head and carefully put it beside the sunbonnet. "I'm going to teach you ——" She looked very thin and wiry in her underclothes, and except for her long hair not much like a girl. "David," she said triumphantly, "I'm going to teach you to swim."

"But we haven't got any bathing suits," David protested.

"Who cares?" Mary Ellen said. "Nobody can see us." And she proceeded to slip out of her underclothes so that she was naked.

David was shocked and embarrassed, and yet at the same time quite happy. He turned his eyes away from the little girl standing before him.

"What's the matter?" Mary Ellen asked. "Didn't you ever see a naked girl before?"

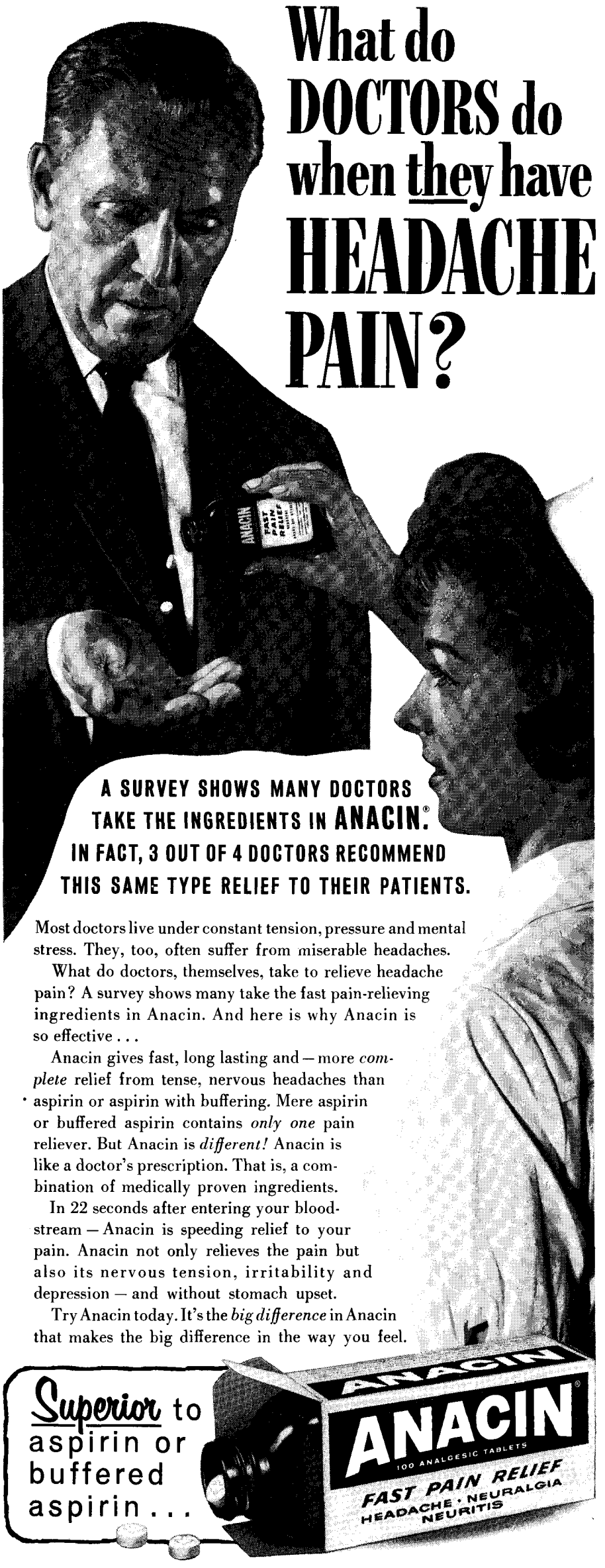
"No, I never did," David said.

"Well, you do now," Mary Ellen told him. "Don't you want to learn how to swim?"

"Of course I do," David said. "My father was going to teach me when he got feeling better."

"Well, take your clothes off then," Mary Ellen said. "It's a disgrace for a boy not to know how to swim. I'm ashamed of you."

"And I'm ashamed of you," David said.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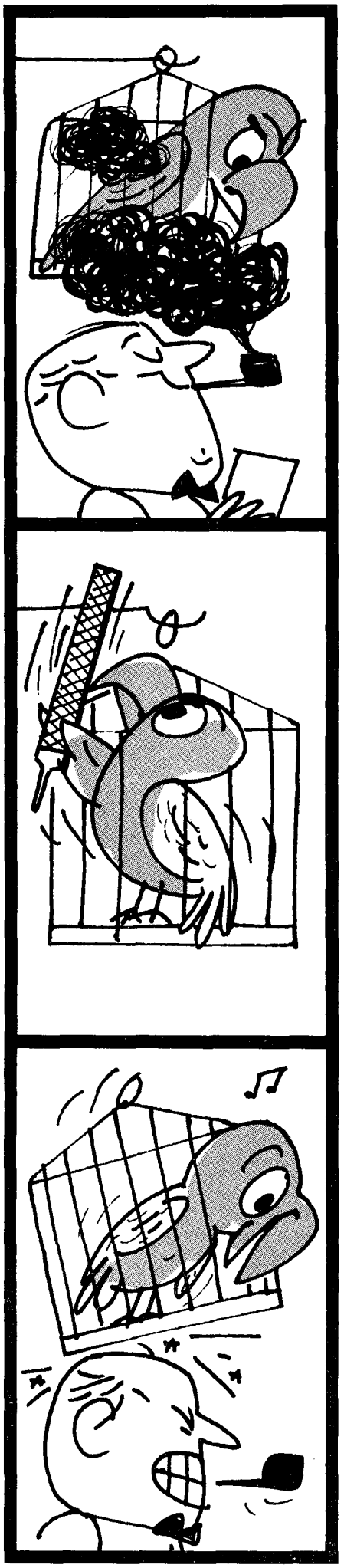

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Blow the World Away

"You are? Well, I'm not." And she turned and ran splashing into the water. "Come on, David," she shouted.

For a little girl she swam quite well, with long overhand strokes, turning her head to breathe with each stroke. David managed to get his shirt off.

"Come on, slowpoke," Mary Ellen shouted at him. "David, do you know what this stroke is? It's how the Kanakers in the South Sea Islands swim. My father taught me. He's been there. Come on." And still David hesitated.

"Get your trousers off," Mary Ellen said. "If you're such a big sissy you can leave your underclothes on."

The children must have stayed in the water almost an hour. They stayed until their teeth were chattering and their lips were blue with cold. In that first lesson David did learn to swim a few strokes. He tried hard and it was fun.

When they finally came out onto the beach, shivering and laughing, somehow it seemed perfectly natural that Mary Ellen should be naked, and David stripped off his wet and clinging underclothes, and between them, laughing, they wrung the salt water out of them. Then they raced each other up and down the beach to get warm. And then Mary Ellen put on her clothes.

"If you hadn't been such a big sissy," she said, "you wouldn't have to put on wet underclothes. It serves you right."

But the wrung-out underclothes really didn't feel too bad, and again they sat companionably on the beach with the rounded pail of blackberries between them.

First Mary Ellen ate one, and then David did, until presently the berries weren't rounded over the top any more, but scooped down in the pail.

"We'd better stop eating them," Mary Ellen said, "or pretty soon there won't be any left for Miss Lucinda."

And David agreed. "Do you know, Mary Ellen," he said finally, "this is the most wonderful day I've ever had, or I mean it would be if ——"

"I know," Mary Ellen said. "We've got to go pretty soon, David." The shadow of the high bank had nearly reached the water of the pond.

"Will you give me another swimming lesson tomorrow, Mary Ellen?"

"Maybe," she said. "With bathing suits on."

"Why?"

"Because you can only do it like this just once. And next year we couldn't do it like this even once. Do you know that?"

"No. Why not?"

"Because next year I won't be almost eleven years old, I'll be almost twelve. That's why. And you will be twelve. We'll be approaching puberty. In fact we might even have reached it."

"Miss Big Words again," David said, and he laughed at her.

"Besides, if anybody did happen to see us, God help us. They'd accuse me of being almost completely promiscuous like my mother. And that's one thing I never am going to be. Come on, let's get Miss Lucinda's berries to her, what's left of them. You're a pig, David."

"I didn't eat half as many of them as you did."

"You did too."

Miss Lucinda met them at the door and gave each of them a nickel. "We really shouldn't take any money for them," Mary Ellen said. "David ate too many of them."

"You mean you did," David said, and Miss Lucinda laughed. She looked at Mary Ellen's hair.

"I see you've been swimming," she said.

"Yes," Mary Ellen said. "And do you know what, Miss Lucinda? I taught David to swim. Really swim, I mean. He swam quite a long way without touching bottom once. I was watching him to see if he cheated."

"Well, good for both of you," Miss Lucinda said. "Where are you going now?"

"Down to the landing," David said, "to wait for my father. The wind did let go, Miss Lucinda." But he knew, even as he said it, that the wind hadn't moderated, not really, or if it had, not nearly enough. And he knew that his wonderful day was nearly over.

"Are you going with him, Mary Ellen?" Miss Lucinda asked. And when the little girl nodded her wet head, Miss Lucinda said, "Good girl!" And then in a low voice, "Poor Caleb, poor Captain Evans."

"You're repeating yourself, Miss Lucinda," Mary Ellen said and ducked as the old lady made as though to box her ears.

When they were away from the place, Mary Ellen said, "David, I'll tell you a secret if you'll promise not ever to repeat it."

"What is it?" David asked.

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"All right then, Miss Lucinda was in love with your grandfather once. And she was going to marry him, but then he came home from a voyage married to another woman, and that's why Miss Lucinda is an old maid."

"Why did he marry another woman if Miss Lucinda loved him?"

"Why? Because men are like that."

"I wouldn't be like that," David said.

The beach at the landing was deserted when they got there. The little breakers were even lower now than they had been in the morning, for all day long they had been fighting shoreward against the wind. And the sand from the dunes still blew across the beach and stung their ankles.

It was very lonesome there, for the fishhouses were all closed now, and all the dories turned bottom side up in front of them. All but the Evans dory, and that would never be there again.

"They shouldn't have let him go," David said. "Why did they let him go, Mary Ellen?"

The little girl didn't answer, and David turned to look at her. "Why, Mary Ellen," he said, "you're crying."

"I am not," she said furiously.

"You are too crying. Are you crying because they let my father go?"

"Of course not," she said. "You big goop. I'm crying because ——" But she couldn't finish, and she turned and left him there and ran toward the dunes. David looked at the water again. He looked at it for a long, long time, until presently he knew that someone was standing beside him, and he turned and his grandfather was there.

"Time to come home, boy," the old man said. David said nothing, and his grandfather repeated, "Time to come home."

"Why did you let him do it, Grandpa?" the boy asked finally. And now it was a long time before his grandfather answered.

"A man has a right to do what he thinks he should do, David," he said finally.

"Do you think what he did was right, Grandpa?"

"It was what he wanted to do," his grandfather said.

"And do you think what my mother did was right too—to run off with the barge captain?"

"No," his grandfather said. They were walking very slowly toward the dunes, because every few feet David would stop and look back at the water.

"Come on, boy," his grandfather said. Then he stopped and looked back at the water too. "We're alone now, David," he said. "There's just the two of us."

"No," David said, "we're not quite alone, Grandpa, because —— Do you know why?"

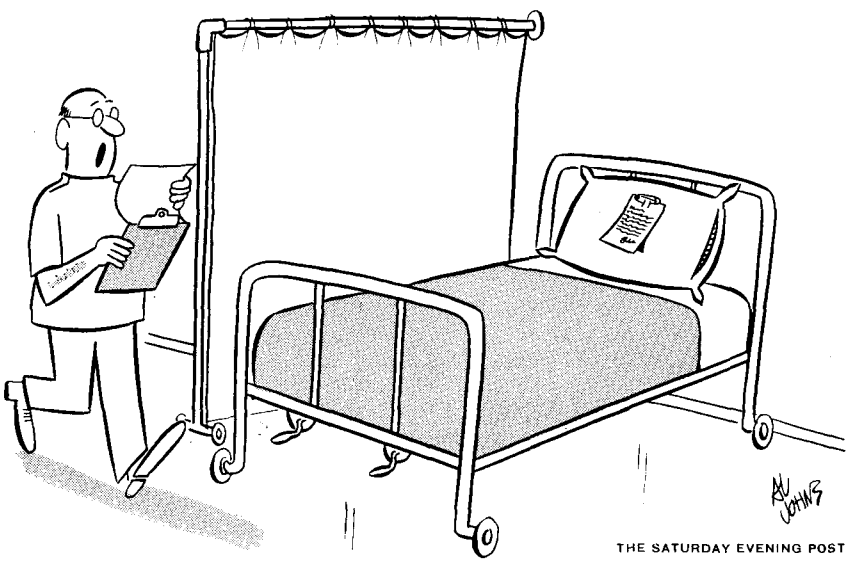
"No. Why?" the old man said.

"Because I've got Mary Ellen, and you've got ——" He stopped because he had almost said, "and you've got Miss Lucinda." But he didn't, because he had promised Mary Ellen.

"Who have I got, David?" the old man asked.

"Us," David said.

Then the old man took David's hand in his, and together they headed into the wind. **THE END**



"Well, Mr. Jansen, I see we have you scheduled for surgery this morning."

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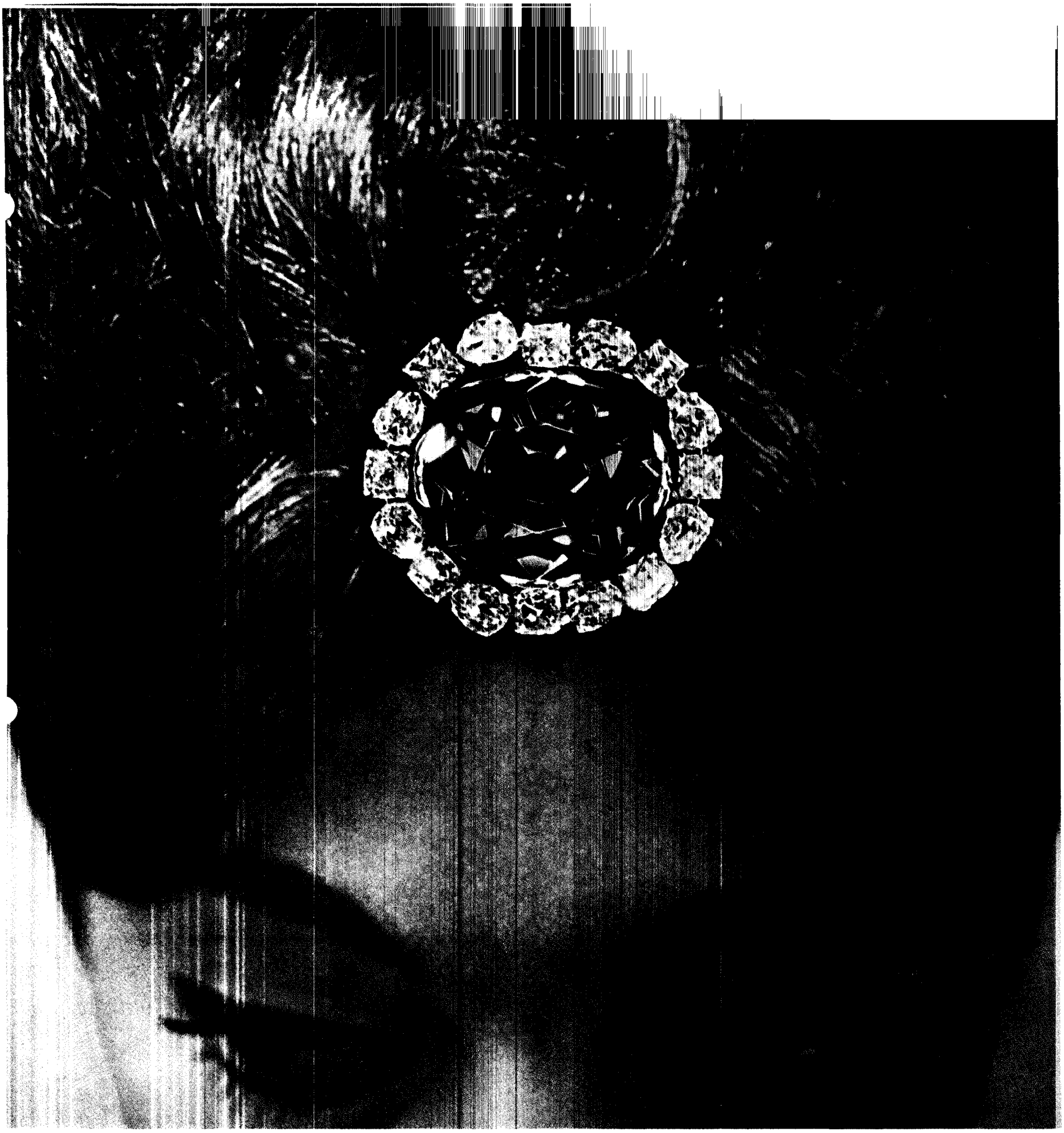

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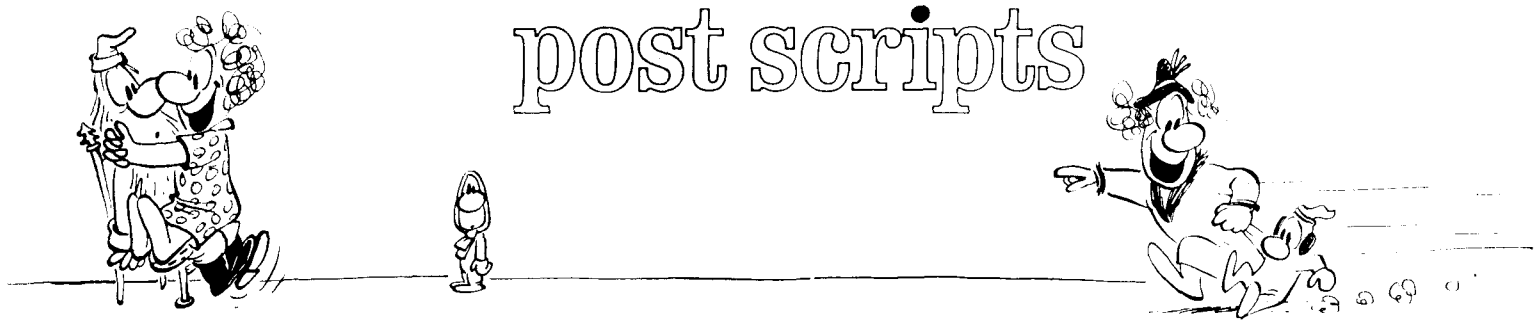

"I believe the office parties are beginning to break up."

"Well, I can say where art leaves off and vulgarity begins. That's who can say where art leaves off and vulgarity begins!"

"I'm a poor little lamb who has gone astray. . . . Baa, Baa, Baa. . . ."

"Now here's a dinner fit for a king. . . . Here, King!"

A Christmas Wish
(1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962)

To a dear husband:
Thrill me
With something filmy,
A gift that's flighty
(A black lace nightie?).

Charm me
With something barmy
And rather giddy
(A mink-trimmed middy?).

Sway me
With something flamy
And bright and reckless
(A diamond necklace?).

Says the dear husband:
"Show me,
For someone homey,
A gift to please her—
A twelve-foot freezer."

KAY NELSON

". . . And stop sending me unassembled toys!"

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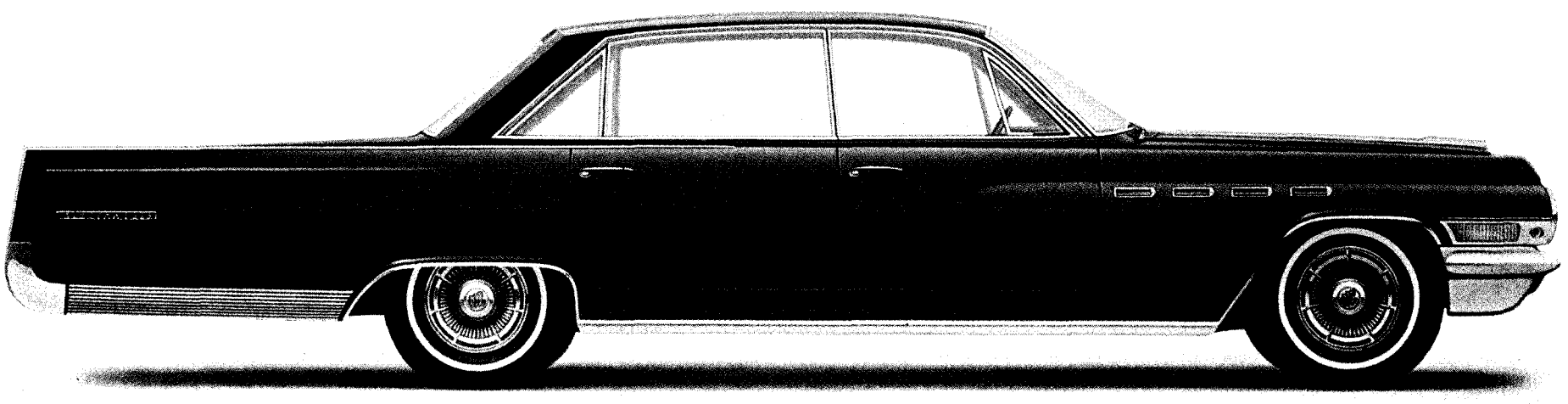

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The Soft-Sell, Soft-Shell World of Johnny Carson

In high-pressure show business, *Tonight's* low-pressure ringmaster rates as a comic with lots of wry and little ham. • By EDWARD LINN

When Johnny Carson first heard he was the leading candidate to succeed Jack Paar as ringmaster of the highly publicized *Tonight* show, that late-hour NBC marathon of ad-lib humor, adjustable entertainment and adult (and sometimes addled) talk, his initial reaction was, "What do I need that for?"

He was, he explains, just beginning the fifth—and final—year of a daily half-hour ABC quiz program, *Who Do You Trust?*, and the prospect of tackling one hour and 45 minutes every weekday night was almost too much to contemplate.

His manager prodded him gently for two weeks by pointing out that he owed himself the chance to reach the mass nighttime audience. "I had been offered situation comedies dealing with everything from a bank clerk to a boy disc jockey," Johnny says, "but the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that *Tonight* was the only network show where I could do the nutty, experimental, low-key thing I like best."

Carson has always been a square, low-pressure peg in the round, dog-eat-dog world of show business. He himself likes to point out that he comes not from the Lower East Side of New York but from a Middle West, middle-class background, a situation that not only deprives him of all those "We were so poor that . . ." jokes but makes him a curiosity among comedians. Nor is he a small, fat or homely waif, searching for love and acceptance in a hostile and dangerous world. He is tall and slim and, at the age of 37, boyishly good looking. Viewing him on a television screen, it is hard to escape the feeling that if Peter Pan had grown old enough to become a naval ensign he would have looked exactly like Johnny Carson.

Since Carson is essentially a comedian who reacts to events around him, his innocent appearance has the added virtue of permitting him to make irreverent and sex-loaded comments without looking as if he really meant them. When Mr. Universe, an awesome tower of muscle, was on *Tonight*, he proved to have a missionary zeal for converting Carson to the good and healthful life. "Remember, Johnny," he said earnestly, "your body is the only home you will ever have."

"Yes, my home is pretty messy," Johnny replied, looking suitably ashamed of himself. "But I have a woman come in once a week to clean it out."

By the inflationary standards of show business, the *Tonight* job doesn't pay much, something just over $100,000. But once it was announced that Carson had been tapped, all kinds of big money offers poured in on him, including the inevitable jackpot deal from a Las Vegas nightclub. Johnny couldn't have been less interested: "Everybody kept saying, 'Take a package out there and make some money.' I *am* making money. If I get two weeks off, I'd much rather take my kids to Colorado. I'm not one of the people who has to be in front of an audience constantly."

Because Carson's contract with ABC still had six months to run after Jack Paar picked up his seat cushion and strolled into the night, there developed the longest stage wait in history. In the 26 weeks between Paar and Carson, when a grab bag of entertainers ranging from Robert Cummings to Joey Bishop pinch-hit, sponsor participation fell from 95 percent to 40 percent, a drop in revenue of more than $1,000,000. NBC drew comfort through this dry period from the knowledge that Carson himself was sold out for his first 13-week period, long before he went on. In his first week—when interest was admittedly at its height—Carson's Nielsen rating was 40.9 (that is, he had 40.9 percent of the viewing audience), which translates into 7,760,000 people. Paar himself topped that only with his peak of 48.2 percent the week of his celebrated return from Hong Kong. During Johnny's first month, the mail poured in at the rate of 12,000 letters a week, surpassing anything in the network's history.

When Does Tuesday Bathe?

From the beginning, Carson was well aware that he was going to be judged against Jack Paar. "I knew it and I didn't give a damn," he says. "I expected that many critics would write 'He's up to Paar,' or 'He's not up to Paar.' Sidney Skolsky wrote that I *wasn't* Jack Paar—which I could have told him *before* the show. Skolsky—he spends his time in a drugstore asking Tuesday Weld when she took her last bath. I felt like wiring him that he wasn't H. L. Mencken either."

Paar himself admits that he has tuned in for only five minutes during Carson's first month. "I go to bed early," he says. "But what little I saw, I liked. Carson is an original wit; he'll do well. I recommended him personally to the network."

Carson expresses a somewhat more guarded admiration of Paar. "He took this show when it was dead and built it up single-handedly. Nobody can take that away from him. But I don't compete with Paar. I compete against myself. Paar works emotionally. I work intellectually. Controversy is easy. I could make every front page in the country tomorrow by knocking Kennedy or coming out in favor of birth control."

When He Ignored Liz Taylor

The difference in their approach, as Carson suggests, is the natural result of their completely different personalities. What Paar brought to the program was tension. What Carson brings is a well-bred air of good nature. When Eddie Fisher, one of his early guests, talked at length about having renewed his singing career after "I had given it up for a while," Carson deliberately refrained from mentioning the name of Liz Taylor, which hung in the air like Egyptian perfume. "I have no intention of being Mike Wallace," he says. "If Eddie had brought up her name himself, fine. But I wouldn't embarrass him by asking him about his divorce any more than I'd want him to ask me how come I was legally separated from my wife."

His own production staff disagrees with him. "He's been holding back," one member says, "and he knows it. He knows he should be zinging them more and cutting off the guests who have nothing to say. But Johnny has a horror of appearing rude."

In the field of humor he can, in his casual way, draw blood. During a rather tedious conversation with Shelly Berman on the subject of "overnight stars," Berman noted: "I was an overnight star."

"Sure, Shelly," Johnny replied. "But . . . not . . . tonight."

In other ways the amiable manner has been a great asset. To give the show a shot of glamour, the producers were very eager to get Joan Crawford, who had never appeared on television and was frightened to death of it. Johnny visited her in her apartment and, in his gentle, easy way, overcame her misgivings. On the show Miss Crawford came off so nicely that she is now ready to take on a panel show of her own.

The tremendous appeal of the program, from Steve Allen to Jack Paar to Johnny Carson, would seem to indicate that Americans admire a man who is able to shoot from the hip. Carson has a reputation among his fellow comedians as one of the fastest draws in town, and yet he goes out of his way to explain that it isn't really very difficult.

"Ad-libbing doesn't necessarily mean creating new lines," he says. "More often it's the use of a given line at a given time. For instance, we had a showgirl from the Latin Quarter. She came walking across the stage in a tight-fitting dress, with her hair done up in some exotic style, and I said, 'I suppose you're on your way to a 4-H Club meeting.' That's the humor of the ludicrous, of contrast. But I've used that line before many times under the same kind of situation, and I have no doubt I'll be using it again."

Benny's Stare—Hurt, Prissy

As Groucho Marx—one of Carson's first admirers—points out, the humor that separates Johnny from the rest of the quick-guys-with-a-line stems from his attitude. Carson's view is that the human condition is so ridiculous we might as well laugh at ourselves. Johnny himself is willing to concede that he is at his best when he has to react to some disaster: when he's left standing in the middle of the stage with a child's bat in his hand because a ball which is supposed to pop up at him doesn't pop, or when a card trick goes all wrong or an oddball guest becomes completely unintelligible. His best comedic device is to simply stare, somewhat forlornly, into the camera. The comedy stare, as he is characteristically quick to point out, is hardly his invention. Oliver Hardy—whom Johnny idolized as a boy—originated it, and Jack Benny made it famous. But Benny's stare is hurt and prissy, and Hardy's was a stare of complete defeat. Carson's not-quite-so-vacant stare says, "Now, this is ridiculous and I could cope with it if I wanted to. But should I really go to all that trouble when something equally ridiculous is bound to come along in a few minutes?"

This ability to smell out the ridiculous is something that has always been with him. Back in his early days in radio when he was an all-purpose disc jockey, announcer and newscaster at station WOW

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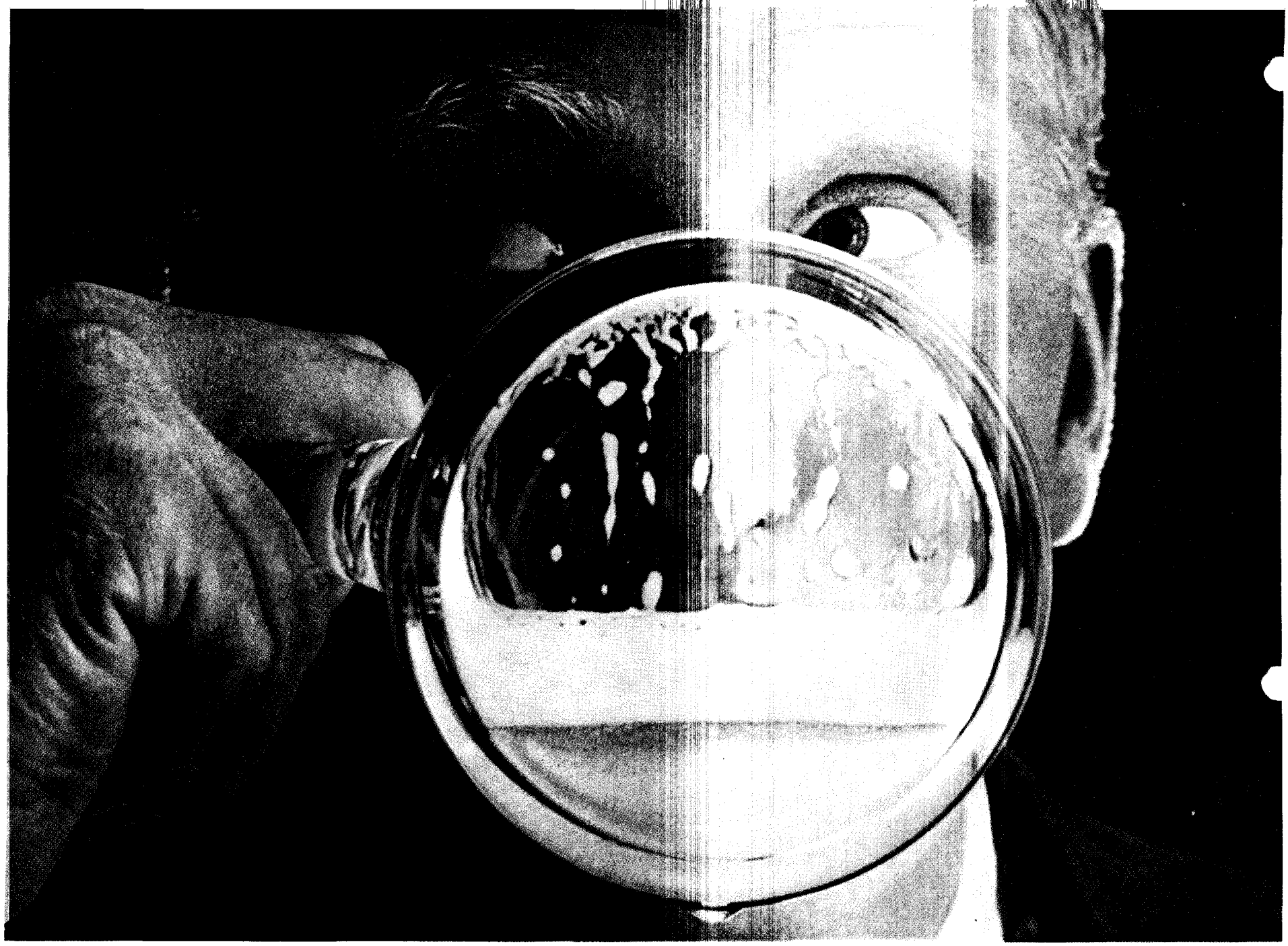

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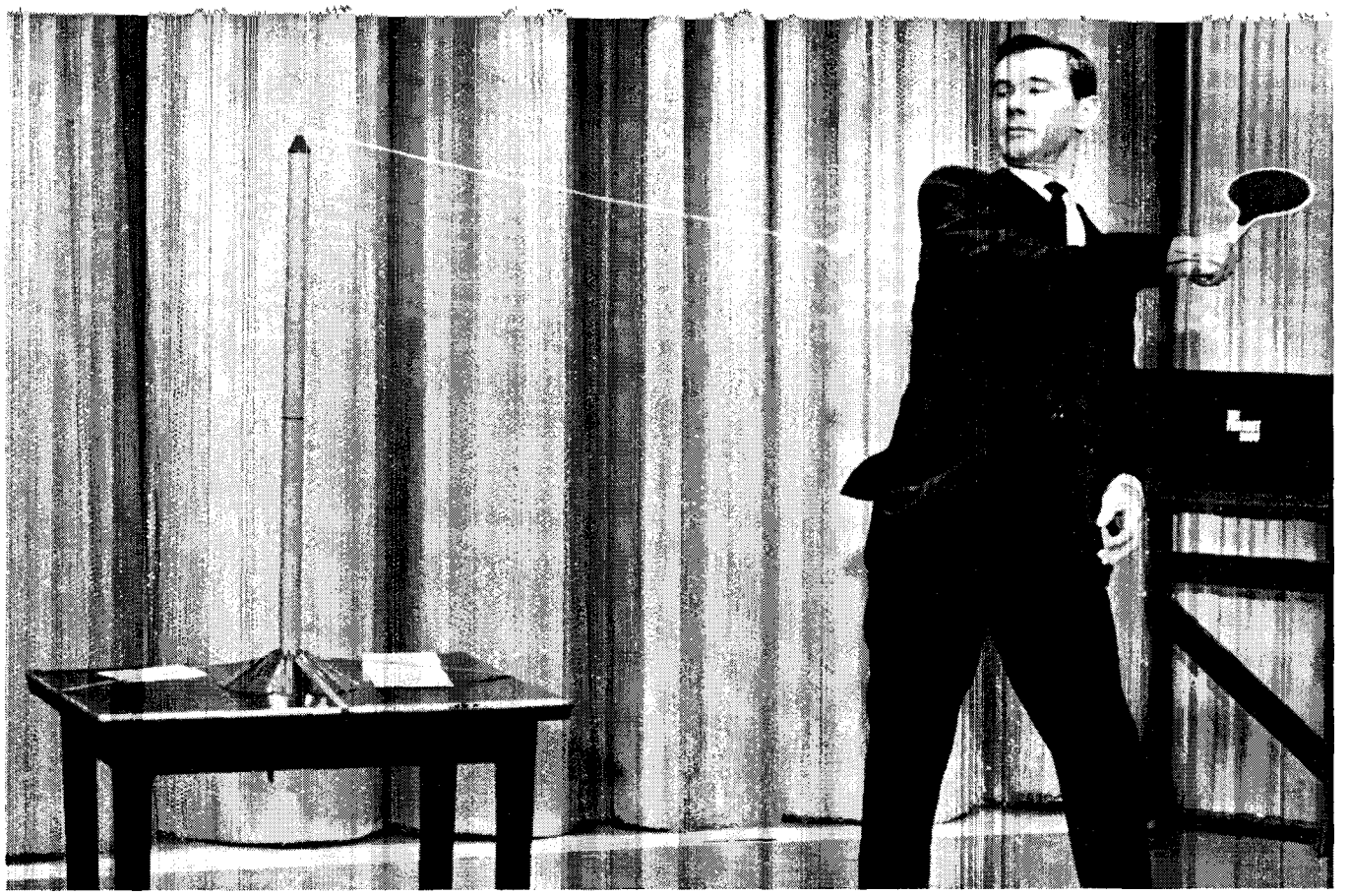

A comic who shoots gags from the hip, ***Carson*** *backhands a Ping Ball in a* Tonight *exhibition.*

"Johnny's trouble is that he isn't the kind of person who fights back. Even now he can't throw his weight around!"

Carson in Omaha, Nebraska, he broadcast the story that the *USS Missouri*, our only battleship in active service, had run aground at Hampton Roads, Virginia. To Johnny, who had been an ensign during the war, there was nothing quite so ludicrous as a battleship on a mud flat, so he announced that he was holding a contest to decide how to get it off. When his listeners' solutions turned out to be more ingenious than practical, he announced that the only way the country could escape with honor was to paint the battleship white and leave it there as a national monument.

Moments after he had handed down this verdict, he received a message which said that the Secretary of the Navy, Francis P. Matthews, was waiting to see him, a natural enough gag to pull since Matthews came from Omaha and was, indeed, a stockholder in the station. "Good," Johnny shouted back. "Tell him to get that boat out of the mud and report back here in twenty minutes."

The program over, Johnny strolled out to the office and, sure enough, there was Matthews waiting to tell him how much he had enjoyed his little joke.

Johnny Carson was born in Corning, Iowa, on October 23, 1925. His father, Homer Carson, was a lineman for the electric company, a job which kept the family hopping from town to town until he had worked his way up to operations manager and settled in Norfolk, Nebraska.

Johnny, the second of three children, stumbled upon his career at the age of 12 or 13 when he clipped a coupon out of a magazine and sent away for a book of magic. "The advertisement said I could learn how to Mystify and Amaze my friends," Johnny remembers, "and I couldn't see how there could possibly be anything more glamorous than to stand on a stage in a tall hat and tails and Mystify and Amaze an audience." By the time he was in high school, he had added ventriloquism to his act, and was playing all the Rotary clubs, P.T.A. meetings, church benefits and street carnivals within a 100-mile radius.

He started his radio career in Lincoln, Nebraska, and subsequently went on to Omaha. His first real reputation was made in Los Angeles, with a 15-minute local TV chatter show, *Carson's Cellar*. The show, budgeted at $25, made such a splash that he soon found such Hollywood comedians as Fred Allen, Groucho Marx, Jack Benny, Red Skelton and Jerry Lewis dropping in. The big break came in August, 1954, when he was called in, on two hours' notice, to substitute for CBS's Red Skelton, who had attempted to run through a breakaway door that didn't break. Johnny wrote his opening monologue during the 60-mile drive to the studio, delivered a humorous lecture on the economics of TV and got such great reviews that CBS gave him a full-hour network show in prime time.

When the Ratings Slumped

The Johnny Carson Show was well received critically too, but when the ratings didn't come up to expectations, the network people and the agency people moved in on him. The topical comments and low-key skits that had won him the show were thrown out, and the chorus girls and guest stars were brought in. "They told me we had to make the show important," Johnny says, "and they made it important by making it the Jackie Gleason show without Gleason. The chorus girls would scream, 'And here's the *star* of the show, *Johnny Carson!*' and I'd come bouncing in through a curtain of balloons. I don't know if we ever became important, but we could match anybody in pretentiousness."

The show ran out its 39 weeks in 1955, to diminishing enthusiasm, and then sank without a trace.

Johnny's kid brother, Dick Carson, was in Hollywood during that period. "Johnny's real trouble," says Dick, who is now the director of the *Tonight* show, "is that he isn't the type of person who can fight back. He's not aggressive. Even with the confidence he has today, Johnny can't throw his weight around. He wants people to like him."

The producer of *The Johnny Carson Show*, Ben Brady, is now vice president in charge of programming for ABC's Western Division. Brady, as might be expected, sees it otherwise. "Carson was trying to be a major comedian in prime time, and he didn't have the power," Brady says. "It wasn't that he didn't have the experience; he is generically not a strong, stand-up comedian like Hope, Skelton or Benny. He wasn't then, he isn't now and he never can be. I don't mean that to be derogatory, any more than if I said that Bing Crosby can't sing opera. Johnny is bright, intelligent, very inventive and very funny. But he's low key. He's a humorist not a comic."

Oddly enough, it was not Carson's wit that recommended him to the network so much as his solid background in radio and TV. "Allen, Paar and Carson have one thing in common," says Mort Werner, the NBC executive vice president who hired them all. "They have all done everything that can be done in broadcasting. They don't need prepared material or rehearsals. This program is different from anything else in television. The *Tonight* show is the open forum of the entertainment world, which makes it tough to control, and it also has a unique and complicated business construction. The man who is running it has to know, first and foremost, how to drive the train. He has to know when to stop for the commercials, where to go when he starts up again, and how to keep the train on the track. To tell you the truth, anybody who has all the talents needed for the job could make a lot more money doing something else. And with a lot less effort. All we ask of him is that he devote his whole life to the program."

Inventing a Kennedy Joke

The program does take up Carson's whole day. He wakes up around 11 o'clock, possibly after an all-night poker game, and the first thing he does is to go through all the New York papers in search of some item that might have comic possibilities. One morning recently, as an example, he clipped an item announcing that President Kennedy was putting his plane up for sale. For the rest of the day he played around with ideas. Just before air time, he came up with, "The Republicans are thinking of buying it. Not to fly it but to pull the wings off," a joke with a surrealistic bite.

By three o'clock he is at his office in Rockefeller Center, on the same floor as the studio from which he will tape the show. From time to time he holds meetings with the producer, writer, director and the three talent coordinators who are responsible for getting the guests. The coordinators tell him what the guests want to talk about and provide a list of questions, to which he seldom refers.

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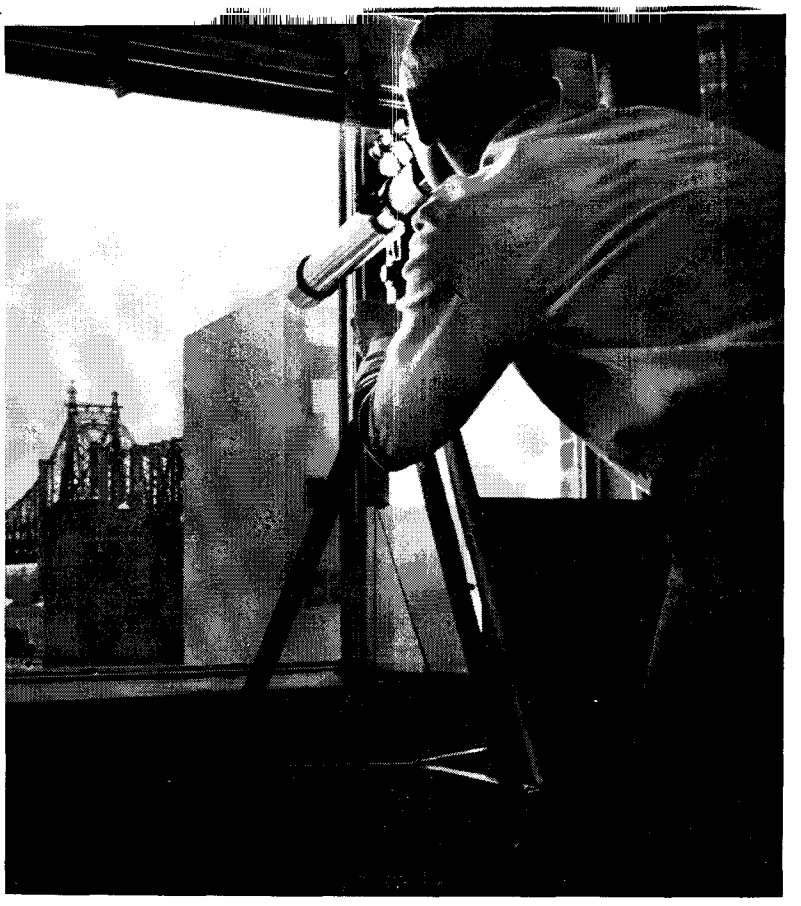
Amateur drummer Carson relaxes in NBC office.



On telescopic foray, he peers from his Manhattan flat.

"In show business the word 'conceit' is always popping up. But often it isn't that at all. It's simply just an aloofness or shyness."

Carson The full crew holds a final meeting an hour before the taping to go over every detail of the show, right down to instructions on which guest will be moved to which chair during which commercial.

Despite all this preplanning, nobody expects the show to go according to schedule. On every commercial break the producer, announcer and floor manager rush up to Carson's desk to discuss the next segment, suggesting new ideas but leaving all final decisions to Johnny's own sense of fitness and pace.

The show has, of course, changed Carson's life completely. Always a collector of fan mail, which he finds amusing, he is now becoming an unwitting collector of fan reaction, which he finds annoying. Under Paar, *Tonight* earned itself such a reputation as a discoverer of new talent that Johnny has found himself in a state of siege. "My first great discovery," he says, "was that everybody has a niece who plays the harmonica or tap dances in hip boots."

A couple of days after Johnny was announced as Paar's replacement, the waiter at his favorite restaurant told him he could forget the tip from here on in. Then leaning over confidentially, he said, "I've been here for forty years, and I've got a million stories, all funny." A cab driver pulled over to the curb, while driving Johnny home, to let him know that he had a cousin coming over from Italy who could sing opera and juggle at the same time.

As he walked out of a restaurant shortly after he took over the show, a hand reached out from the alley, grasped him by the shoulder and turned him completely around. A dowdy woman at the other end of the arm shoved forward a teen-ager and rasped, "I want you to hear my son sing. Sing, Albert."

Fortunately Johnny is without temperament. His status as a "star" embarrassed him even before he got the *Tonight* show. "He'd come off the stage after something had gone wrong," says Art Stark, the producer of *Who Do You Trust?*, "and he'd hit his fist against the wall and say, 'Damn it, why? Why? Why? Why did that happen?' And then you could see that in his mind he was suddenly seeing the picture of himself acting like a star, and he'd grin sheepishly and come over to say he was sorry."

He is also without temper. In the five years they have worked together, Ed McMahon, his announcer, has seen him blow his top only once. He bawled out a crew member for talking during the show. "It was long overdue," McMahon says. "The guy had been chattering away for a week."

Always awkward with strangers, Johnny has reacted to the demands being made upon him by withdrawing even more. Part of this reticence may be due to his sensitivity about the breakup of his marriage. "My wife and I are legally separated," he will say, in reply to all questions. "The children live with her in Harrison, New York. That's all I care to say." He spends his weekends, his only free time, with his three sons—Chris, 12; Ricky, 10; and Corey, 9—taking them to a movie, a hockey game or, less frequently these days, out on his 22-foot inboard sea skiff, *Deductible*, "which," he adds wryly, "it ain't."

The boat seems to be his only real luxury. Since his separation he has been living in a four-room apartment by the East River, in one of those apartment buildings built on top of a string of neighborhood stores. "Johnny is unique in the business," says Carson's manager Al Bruno, "in that he isn't interested in the cashmere coats and the flashy suits and the fancy cars. He's a level-headed young man."

He is also a rather studious young man. Currently he is studying astronomy, a subject which has interested him since the Navy days. He bought his own telescope, subscribed to the professional publication put out by the Harvard Observatory, and on clear nights he will spend hours on the roof of his apartment house studying the stars.

His eating habits defy description. He gets through the morning on a homemade cup of coffee, which is so bad his best friends won't tell him. It is his unshakable belief that it is foolish to eat unless you are hungry, and he never seems to be hungry at what are considered the normal eating times. For the most part, he subsists on apple juice, to which he apparently ascribes some magic quality, and—when the mood hits him—a hamburger or sandwich. "Food," he says, in something of an understatement, "has never been of interest to me."

Business and Friendship Mix

His best friends are the people he has been associated with professionally: Bruno, Stark and McMahon, plus Bill Brennan, a West Coast advertising man who got him his first radio job in Los Angeles. Among entertainers, he is closest to Rudy Vallee, another old friend from the California days, who was the first guest on his opening show.

A good amateur drummer, Johnny used to get his kicks by dropping into some small club and sitting in with the combo, a pleasure which his new prominence has forced him to forgo.

Like so many men who are observers of others, he finds it difficult to look with amused detachment upon his own ridiculously exalted status and, more to the point, upon the reaction of others to that exalted status—a reaction that is even more ridiculous. "Sometimes you can observe it with humor," he says, "but there are times when you resent it. Just the other night Ed McMahon and I went to a nightclub, and some big two hundred-pounder, with about four belts in him, came over to our table, took me by the elbow and marched me over to sit with twenty of his friends. Then he yelled for the band to be quiet so I could entertain them.

"I said, 'Please, I'm very busy, I have to get up early,' and he picked me up, and said, 'Come on, I promised my friends.'

"'I'm very sorry,' I said, 'But I have to leave.'

"'There's nothing else open,' he said.

"'My house is,' I said, and I walked away with the guy still grabbing at my arm. You can't win. If you go along, they drive you nuts, and if you don't they say, 'Oh, getting stuck up, huh?'"

Carson shrugged, then went on. "In show business that word 'conceit' is always popping up. But frequently it's not that at all. It's aloofness or shyness. Lots of entertainers *are* shy—although their manner may change on stage. It's supposed to be difficult to know yourself. I think I do know myself, though. I'm not a complicated person. It may sound strange, but let's face it: Like many other entertainers, I'm the kind of guy who is just shy and self-conscious with large groups of people." **THE END**

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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ✣ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ✣ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ✣ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ✣ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us ✣ that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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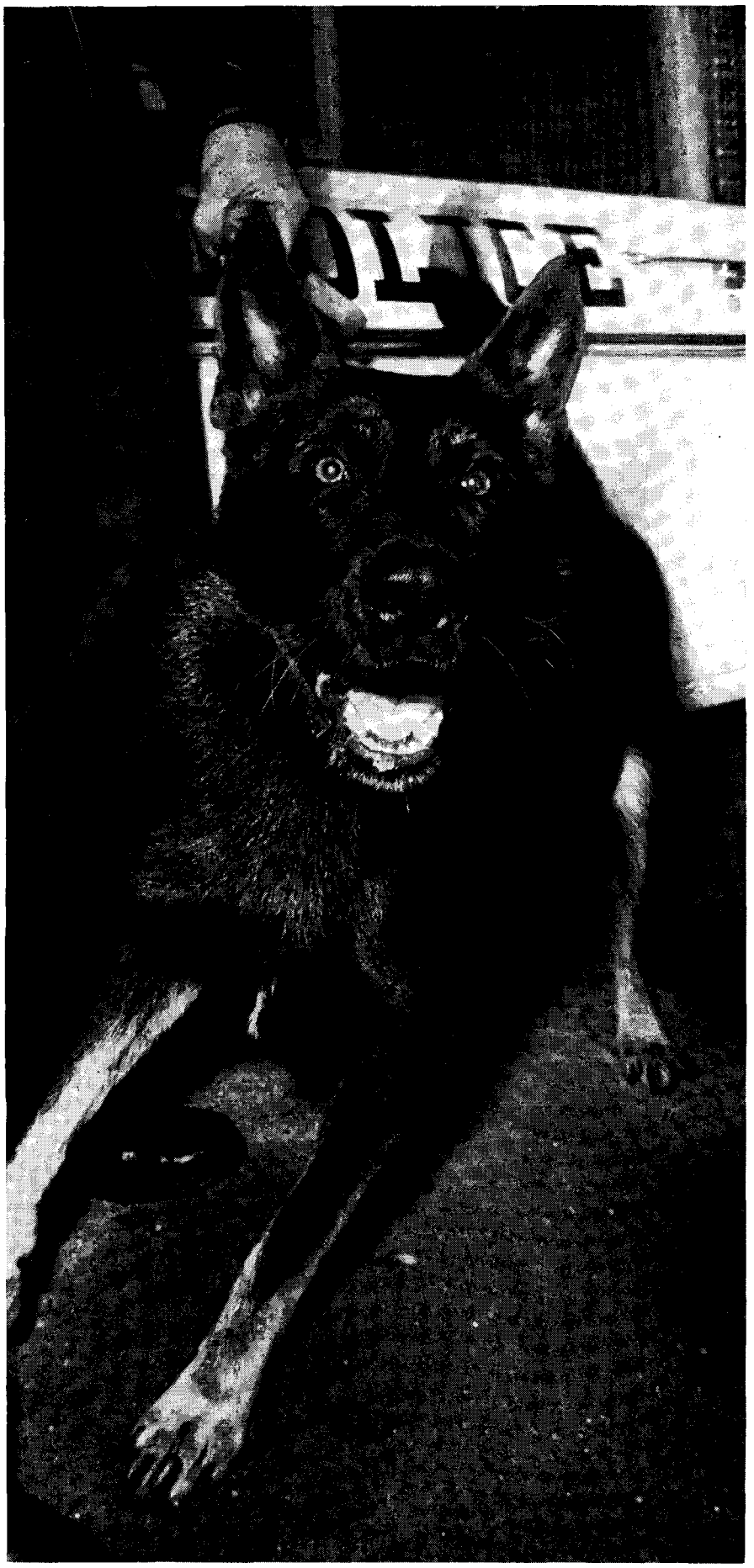
The Beast in the Living Room

By JACK ALEXANDER



Police dog Sarge shows his fierce hostility toward strangers by growling menacingly at a Post *photographer as Officer Robert Zelle restrains him.*

It wasn't until the drive home that Patrolman Robert Zelle began really worrying about the passenger in the back seat. The passenger, named Sarge, weighed about 70 pounds, less than half as much as Zelle, but he was a black German shepherd with jaws that could break a man's arm—and he took savage delight in using them. Yet it was part of Zelle's job to take the caged animal home with him. The rule book required that every dog in the St. Louis police canine corps be cared for in a family atmosphere, and Officer Zelle was going by the book.

"I had volunteered for the corps," Zelle says, "because I thought it would be an advantage to be in a new outfit like that. I hadn't thought about bringing that kind of dog in with my family. Then I got worried."

Zelle had an attractive wife, Ruth, and eight children. The eldest was 12, the youngest a new baby. And the beast that Zelle was bringing home for the first time was a potential killer. Despite all his training, nobody could tell how such an animal would react to strange people, strange gestures, strange situations. Any false move by one of Zelle's children might mean disaster.

Zelle had good reason to expect the worst. The dog's original owners had given up on him after he had bitten three persons. They got rid of the beast by donating him to the police department.

It was at the police department's canine-corps training center outside St. Louis that Zelle had first met Sarge. There were 16 cages, each containing a fierce dog. To test the animals for poise and aggressiveness, Zelle had made a threatening gesture. Bedlam broke out in every cage but one. Sarge neither barked nor moved. "He sat there like a king," Zelle remembers, "as if he owned the place. That's when I picked him. I liked the way he looked, and he didn't get excited and wasn't afraid of me."

"I Picked a Nutty Dog"

A few days later the dog proved he wasn't afraid. Zelle opened Sarge's cage and poked a leg inside. Without warning the dog pounced on his foot. It was a mild bite—the jaws of such a dog can exert 500 to 600 pounds of pressure per square inch—but the wound pained Zelle for weeks. "At that," Zelle recalls, "I knew I had goofed. I had picked a nutty dog." But his choice had been made, and he determined to stick it out.

Sarge underwent 16 weeks of training. During the course some dogs adapt themselves easily to the laws imposed on them, but Sarge didn't. He was a roughneck. At one stage of training, the police officers, wearing padded arm coverings, take turns acting the role of fugitive. The dog is trained to avoid biting the fugitive, to bite just his coat or sleeve and hang on until a policeman arrives. Zelle saw Sarge go for one of the officers. The dog ignored the padded arm and sank his teeth into the policeman's hand. Dog-bites were so common at the school that there was a tradition calling for each member of the training class to pledge a dollar to anyone who was graduated without being bitten. No one has yet been eligible to collect.

Such was the background of the dog Robert Zelle was now bringing into his own home to live among his children. As soon as he got to his house in the Carondelet section of St. Louis, Zelle began carrying out the prearranged plan to get Sarge accustomed to his new home. He first took Sarge out to his kennel in the backyard—a $500 installation built on concrete and surrounded with Cyclone fencing, all provided by the police department. Zelle fed the dog, gave him water, then allowed him an hour to get drowsy. So far, so good, but Zelle still worried what the dog would do when taken out of the kennel and brought together with the children.

A Strict Hands-off Policy

Ruth Zelle, too, was anxious. "I wasn't too enthused about having the dog in the first place," she says, "and when I saw him, I knew I'd just as soon have Bob take him back where he got him." She had little confidence in the trainer's assurance that Sarge, if properly handled, would be a pet within four days. But her father was a policeman, and she was used to putting up with instructions that sometimes seemed outlandish. She had told all the children to pay no attention to the newcomer. They were not to touch him until he made a friendly advance.

Her husband had reinforced her warning. "Stay away from this dog," he had told the youngsters. He had added, in fine policelike language, "There is to be no violation of this rule: This dog is not to be fooled with." The children seemed to get the idea.

An hour or so after Sarge's arrival, Zelle slipped a choke chain around the dog's neck and led him into the house. The children were sitting in the living room as the dog slunk in. There was a moment of silence. Billy Zelle, then two years old, tottered toward the beast, arms outstretched. If he'd understood his parents' instructions, he had forgotten them. Gurgling with delight at the new pet, he seized the dog's thick black fur.

Sarge's hackles rose in anger, and he gave a terrible snarl, baring his teeth. Mrs. Zelle gasped. Billy stood transfixed.

"Sarge! No!" Zelle snapped. He jerked the choke chain around Sarge's neck. The dog subsided. The rest of the evening, however, he sulked and glowered in a corner of the living room. Mrs. Zelle, though she didn't tell her husband, was terrified. "I knew he would never be a

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What happens when a canine-corps cop brings a vicious dog home to live with his wife and eight young children?

dog you could be around safely," she recalls.

And so it went for two more tense days and nights in the Zelle household. Each time Zelle brought Sarge into the house, the dog growled menacingly at the family. But Zelle, dutifully carrying out the trainer's instructions, kept bringing the dog in, trying to get him accustomed to his new environment. He let his wife and each of the children bring Sarge's food to the kennel so the animal could see their friendliness. But he dared not allow anyone to enter the kennel.

During those first days, however, Sarge apparently was learning something—that this was to be his own home, that he need not fear any enemies here, that he belonged here. For on the fourth day, just as the trainer had predicted, the change became clear. "It wasn't a gradual change at all," explains Zelle. "It was sudden. All at once, on that fourth day, the dog was friendly. He didn't snarl. He wagged his tail. He even nuzzled our legs." The Zelle children forgot their fear. They shook his paw, stroked his ears. By the end of the first week they were hanging him and shoving him around. And Sarge was enjoying it.

That all happened three years ago. It was part of the St. Louis police department's experiments in new ways to cope with a wave of crime that had made certain areas of the city all but uninhabitable. Among the tactics adopted, one of the most effective has been the canine corps. St. Louis now has 41 German shepherds on patrol, all males, most of them donated by civic groups, and the city is training similar canine corps for cities as far away as Montreal.

Eight Burglars to His Credit

"Sarge isn't the greatest dog," Zelle confides, "but he fits in with us." Sarge fits in with the kind of tasks he's expected to perform too. Zelle gives his dog credit for the capture of eight burglars. On one occasion not long ago a police lieutenant investigating a knifing in the city's tough North Vandeventer section was cornered on a basement stairway by an uncontrollable mob. Police from a nearby station house couldn't shove their way through to the stairs. But when Sarge arrived, along with another dog under the control of Patrolman Don Radford, the crowd melted away in less than 10 minutes. "I'll fight you any day," a retreating rioter shouted to one canine-corps patrolman, "but not your dog."

It is hard to think of such a beast playing with Robert Zelle's eight children. But the children don't mind, though there have been some scares.

A neighbor—no police dog is moved into a home without the written approval of the neighbors—was appalled to see Sarge out for an unauthorized stroll with Margie Zelle, then two, youngest of the policeman's children. Frightened, the neighbor ran indoors and telephoned the police. Zelle arrived on the scene in nothing flat and took the wanderers home. If anyone else had challenged them, or even tried to be friendly, the result could have been dreadful. But Margie continues to play with Sarge. She pulls him around by the fur, and he offers no objections. "Sarge likes me," she explains.

A few months ago, when Ruth Zelle was playing with Sarge, he knocked her flat. For a few uneasy seconds she remembered that shepherds do occasionally go berserk. She remembered that the canine corps is equipped for such emergencies with a gun that shoots tranquilizer pellets. But after catching her breath and collecting her wits, she ordered Sarge into his cage, now thickly entwined with blue morning glories. Sarge penitently obeyed.

The Only One Who Obeys

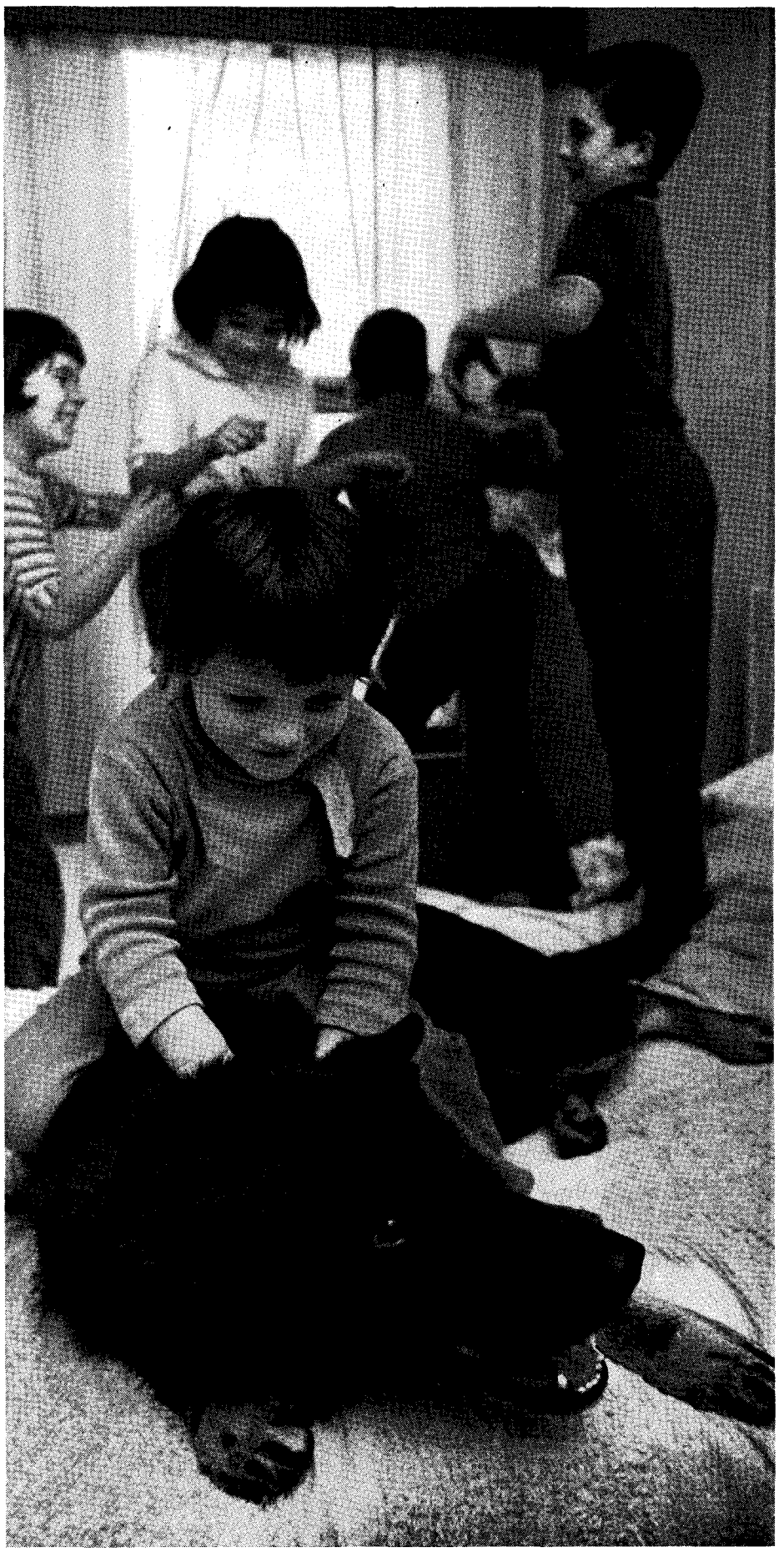
"Actually Sarge is the only one around here who obeys me," says Mrs. Zelle. "I guess that's why I've learned to love him, because he obeys so well."

More recently Sarge was too exuberant in welcoming the eldest child, Barbara, home from high school. The dog knocked her through a storm door in a shower of shattered glass. Luckily neither Barbara nor Sarge was cut.

When the Zelles go out for an evening, Sarge performs as a baby-sitter. "If we leave Sarge in the house," says Mrs. Zelle, "we know darn well nobody's going to get in and get the children." When the Zelles themselves are having people in, there are complications, for Sarge has his own code of acceptance. He doesn't bother guests who are already on hand by the time he arrives, for he assumes they have been approved by the Zelles. Guests are advised not to notice Sarge, and to avoid backslapping, arm waving, or any other gesture that might resemble fighting. So far there have been no incidents. But if Sarge is already in the house when a guest appears—even one who visits frequently—he won't consent to the guest's admission until an adult member of the family OK's him.

Last summer one regular visitor forgot that rule. It was a hot day, and all doors were open to catch any available breeze. Noticing the front door was unhooked, the caller pushed the bell button, opened the screen door and stepped across the threshold. He was met by 70 pounds of dark fury—at high speed. The dog knocked the visitor back onto the porch.

The man who forgot the rule could appreciate the dog's insistence on taking charge of his beat. He was Ruth Zelle's father, Patrolman Sylvester Werner. He knew, as the whole family knows, that the Zelle home was Sarge's own territory—and his home. **THE END**



At home Sarge changes into a submissive pet for the policeman's youngsters. "Playing horse" on him here is three-year-old Margie, youngest Zelle child.

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Inside the Siberian Science City

A former U. S. Senator reports on a unique Russian experiment in organized discovery.

By WILLIAM BENTON

Science City chief Mikhail Lavrentiev (second from left) inspects plans.

Deep in the forests of Siberia, near a vast manmade lake, the Soviets are building one of the most extraordinary scientific centers in the world. Its implications can be ominous for us. The only way to suggest an American counterpart would be to imagine the United States Government merging the theoretical-research departments of Harvard and the University of Chicago with the applied-research divisions of General Electric and Bell Telephone Laboratories—and establishing them all in a new headquarters on the outskirts of Detroit. This is roughly what the Soviets are planning for their Science City outside the industrial center of Novosibirsk in Siberia.

The new establishment, just now nearing completion, is a striking symbol of the Soviet intellectual challenge to the West. It is a complex of fifteen separate scientific institutes designed to house 50,000 research workers. It is dedicated not merely to theoretical research of the highest order but to solving practical problems in fields ranging from hydraulic mining to the translation of ancient languages. And this new Science City is only the first of several that the Soviets plan to build across Siberia.

Since Novosibirsk is closed to most foreign visitors, only a handful of Americans have seen even the site of this Science City. Among them are former Vice President Richard Nixon, Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover and Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. What they saw was largely a blueprint. It was only recently, when I visited Russia, as a guest of the newly created Institute of Soviet-American Relations, that an American first saw the Science City actually in operation. Perhaps I should add that I had told the Russians that I had no training in science and that I wouldn't recognize a secret if my nose were rubbed in it!

Ceremonial at Dawn

It was 5:20 A.M. when I landed in Novosibirsk, 1,750 miles east of Moscow, together with Mrs. Benton and our 20-year-old son, John. A representative of the mayor, plus the "chief learned secretary" of the Siberian department of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and a third official welcomer were on hand to meet us and drive us to our hotel. Our suite there, according to our escort, was "indisputably the most luxurious hotel suite in the entire Soviet Union." It had ceilings at least 20 feet high, beautiful oriental rugs, a piano in the living room and stiff, uncomfortable furniture.

Like the rest of Siberia, Novosibirsk scarcely corresponds to the Western image of a cold slave-labor prison. For one thing, it was hot when I was there, as hot as any town in Iowa. A village of a few thousand at the turn of the century, Novosibirsk was originally used as a camp for construction workers building the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Its big growth came during World War II, when the Soviets brought in great industrial plants evacuated before the Nazi push into western Russia. Today it is an industrial city of 1,000,000, roughly comparable to Detroit or Cleveland, a producer of turbines and steel and mining machinery. Its paved central square is about the size of four or five New York City blocks, without greenery of any kind, and its opera house is the biggest in the U.S.S.R. Across the tops of the buildings on the main square are four great electric signs saying PEACE TO THE WORLD, GLORY TO THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE SOVIET UNION, LONG LIVE LENINISM, LONG LIVE THE SOVIET PEOPLE. Most of the city's buildings are a drab gray. In winter the temperature falls to 50 below zero. All things considered, it is not surprising that the president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences originally opposed the plan to build a costly academic center there.

"You won't be able to persuade top scientists to move to Novosibirsk," he said.

"We can get the brilliant young ones," Khrushchev reportedly answered, "and we can train them there. The young scientists do the creative work."

How the City Began

When Khrushchev decided to go ahead with the Science City four years ago, it was only part of a regional plan for the development of the whole area. One of the first steps was to dam the mighty Ob River, creating the Sea of Ob, 125 miles long, and providing enough power, heat and light for both Novosibirsk and the Science City. Then teams of construction workers arrived, and 12,500 of them are still at work on the project.

When we reached the Science City—a 12-mile drive along a broad and modern but nearly empty highway from Novosibirsk—our car pulled up in front of the Institute of Geology. Waiting to greet us was Mikhail Lavrentiev, chairman of the Siberian department of the Soviet Academy of Sciences and head of the Science City. He is a tall, stooping man with friendly eyes, and an eager host.

The 15 new institutes occupy great squat three- and four-story buildings somewhat resembling Soviet "efficiency apartment" houses. The unadorned façade of each institute faces a wide Avenue of the Institutes. Two main buildings have been in use for three or four years. Others were incomplete, still encased in scaffolding. None of these massive oblong structures had yet acquired the red stars or statues of Lenin that typify many public buildings in the U.S.S.R. Virgin forests behind the institutes provide room for expansion while shielding them from bitter Siberian winter winds. "We tried t preserve as much of the forest as poss ble," said Lavrentiev.

The names of the institutes give an idea of the scope of these drab new scientific palaces. Squarely in the center of the compound is the Institute of Geology and Geophysics. Next door is the Institute of Automation and Electrical Measuring

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Techniques. Then comes the Institute of Genetics, then the Institute of Experimental Biology and Medicine, then Hydrodynamics, Kinetics and Combustion, Applied Mechanics, and so on. I asked about nuclear reactors but was told this particular Science City had no need of one.

The layout makes each institute an autonomous unit. Yet the institutes depend "horizontally" on each other for support—as shown by their locations. The Institute of Inorganic Chemistry, for example, stands next to the Institute of Thermophysics so that the scientists in one can work closely with those in the other.

Not far away from the institute buildings, on newly cleared forest land, workmen have already completed the first big physics and chemistry building of the new University of Novosibirsk, begun at the same time as the Science City. The university already has 1,000 students, and the enrollment will increase to 4,000. The students will work at the institutes in research projects.

What goes on in this remote research center? As one example, which seemed rather strange in the middle of Siberia, the Soviets report that their computers ave deciphered a Mayan Indian script which philologists had worked on for decades. Sergei Sobolev, head of the Institute of Mathematics, proudly presented me with a three-volume account of the work. Another group, the Geology Institute, has 92 survey teams investigating Siberia's wealth of iron, sulfur, copper and oil. "There is so much unknown and so much to be discovered," said the group's director, Andrei Trofimuk, a solidly built man of about 40. "Siberia has every mineral that exists."

"Better Than Moscow"

The most spectacular demonstration that I saw was the use of a mining machine called a "water-pressure cannon," developed by the Hydrodynamics Institute. It looks like a bundle of pipes, perhaps 10 feet in circumference and eight feet long. From a safe distance we watched while the cannon fired at a three-foot-thick chunk of granite. There was a loud bang. The granite splintered into a dozen fragments. In the same laboratory we saw a piece of copper about eight inches thick with a hole shot through its center by one of these water cannon. Lavrentiev boasted of the machine as "fifteen times better than Moscow has been able to do." We in the United States have nothing comparable to this for our mining industries.

The opportunity to work and get ahead .n such laboratories—along with the comparative luxury of a house and garden of one's own—has indeed brought young scientists to Novosibirsk, as Khrushchev predicted. By now there are 12,500 of them (as well as 11 members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences). Arnold Romanov, for example, at the age of 29,

At this Hydrodynamics Institute Soviet mining engineers have built a water cannon that shatters granite.

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"As the Russians have sacrificed butter for guns, they have sacrificed meat for education. Are we doing as much?"

Science City is the head of a key section in the Institute of Automation and Electrical Measuring Techniques. A fascinating young man who has read widely in English literature and speaks our language well, Romanov sparkles with enthusiasm about his work. Here, he says, a gifted man "gets a bigger job quicker." "The scientists are not alone," Lavrentiev added. "They have wives and children and grandchildren, and we take care of them."

The scientists don't spend all their time in laboratories. After our first morning at the center we lunched at the clubhouse for the institutes' top research scholars. There was a lavish array of 30 or more dishes—red and black caviar, tomatoes, cheeses, meats, bottles of wine and vodka. The next day we joined Lavrentiev and four colleagues in a 50-foot motor launch and chugged across the Sea of Ob to a camp run by the Academy of Sciences.

The camp, in a forest of tall, aromatic pines, consisted of three or four substantial log houses, together with half a dozen tents and small cabins. We saw a number of women and children—though we got little chance to talk to them. A rotund, tanned, bearded individual greeted us with a load of fish he had caught that morning. By the time we had all taken a swim, the bearded man had prepared a steaming fish soup with a chunk of pike floating in it. With that came caviar, salad, cheese, wine and vodka, all served as a picnic beneath the tall white birches near the water. It made me think of some fantasy—portrayed by Manet, described by Tolstoy, and catered by Brillat-Savarin.

I wanted to find out more about how the Soviet scientists viewed their own role in the world. I asked Lavrentiev whether he didn't feel that many sciences were getting so specialized that a scientist found himself "learning more and more about less and less." Lavrentiev thought not—at least in his own case. As a boy of 11, he said, he had fallen in love with a mathematical puzzler called the four-color problem. The problem is this: How many different colors would you need to use on any map so that no two adjoining states are the same color, no matter how many states there are or what their shape? Lavrentiev said mathematicians had proved that five colors would be enough for any possible map, and that three would not be enough, but nobody had been able to prove mathematically that four would suffice. He named a Swedish scientist who had devoted a lifetime to this problem, but, as for himself, he had gone on to other things.

We agreed that there should be more exchange of information between our countries, but I mentioned the problem of the Soviets' unwillingness to abide by international rules of copyright and royalties. Sobolev, head of the Mathematics Institute, asked whether Russian writers got any royalties in the United States. When I said they did, he remarked that a publisher asked his permission to publish two of his mathematical works but there had been no royalties. He couldn't remember who the publisher was, and I never found out what had happened to the books in the United States. I said that books of this sort sold on such a small scale that there were few royalties.

As for more popular writers, I recalled that I first heard of the American ex-Communist novelist Howard Fast when I learned some years ago of his great popularity in the Soviet Union. I added that he had become better known in the United States since he abandoned Communism in 1957. "It's exactly the reverse here," laughed Sobolev. And in fact I no longer found Fast's books on sale in the U.S.S.R.

I asked the members of the group to speculate on the future. What did they foresee?

"How can we foresee the future?" Sobolev asked. "All we know is that there will be more changes in the next fifty years than have been created in all the past history of the world put together."

I asked whether he agreed with the assertion by some experts that 90 per cent of all the scientists who have ever lived are alive today. He thought a moment and then nodded in agreement. But not everyone accepted the implication that many scientists means great scientists. "There is no Newton alive today," said academician Ilya Vekhua, rector of the University of Novosibirsk.

In their conversation, as in their work, the scientists of Novosibirsk revealed an important difference in the way scientific training is organized east and west of the Iron Curtain. In the basic Soviet primary-secondary school, called the 11-year school, every student is required to take 10 years of mathematics, five of physics, four of chemistry and two of biology—in addition to such humanistic studies as history, literature, and a foreign language. On the basis of this broad background the student is encouraged to specialize as soon as he has finished the 11-year school. Since the tuition at all levels is free, a gifted student, no matter how poor, can develop his talents for the benefit of both himself and the state. Nor are these talents trained independently of the nation's industrial growth. There is no sharp division, as in the West, between the applied science of industry and the more prestigious theoretical science of the university.

"The graduates of the university must be as close as possible to industry," Lavrentiev told me. "You look to your universities to train your scientific personnel and to do your basic theoretical research. In the U.S.S.R. the really great scientific achievements do not develop within the walls of the universities but within the walls of the research institutes like this one."

The reality of the Soviet scientific achievements can scarcely be disputed. It is obvious not only in their space triumphs but in less spectacular fields such as surgery, oil drilling and oceanography. Judging from what I saw at Novosibirsk, there will be further achievements at the new Siberian science cities (the next such center will be at Irkutsk near the Mongolian frontier). Today the Kremlin is systematically developing all its science and education according to its current view of what Soviet society needs.

If the Russians have sacrificed butter for guns, they have sacrificed meat for education and research. Are we Americans making similar sacrifices?

The United States Government is indeed pouring massive amounts of money into the scientific programs at our universities and elsewhere. It is encouraging more applied research as part and parcel of the theoretical investigations to which our great scientists have been traditionally devoted. Our corporations, too, are intensifying projects to bridge the gap between theoretical and applied research. Some are building research laboratories near the campuses of our universities.

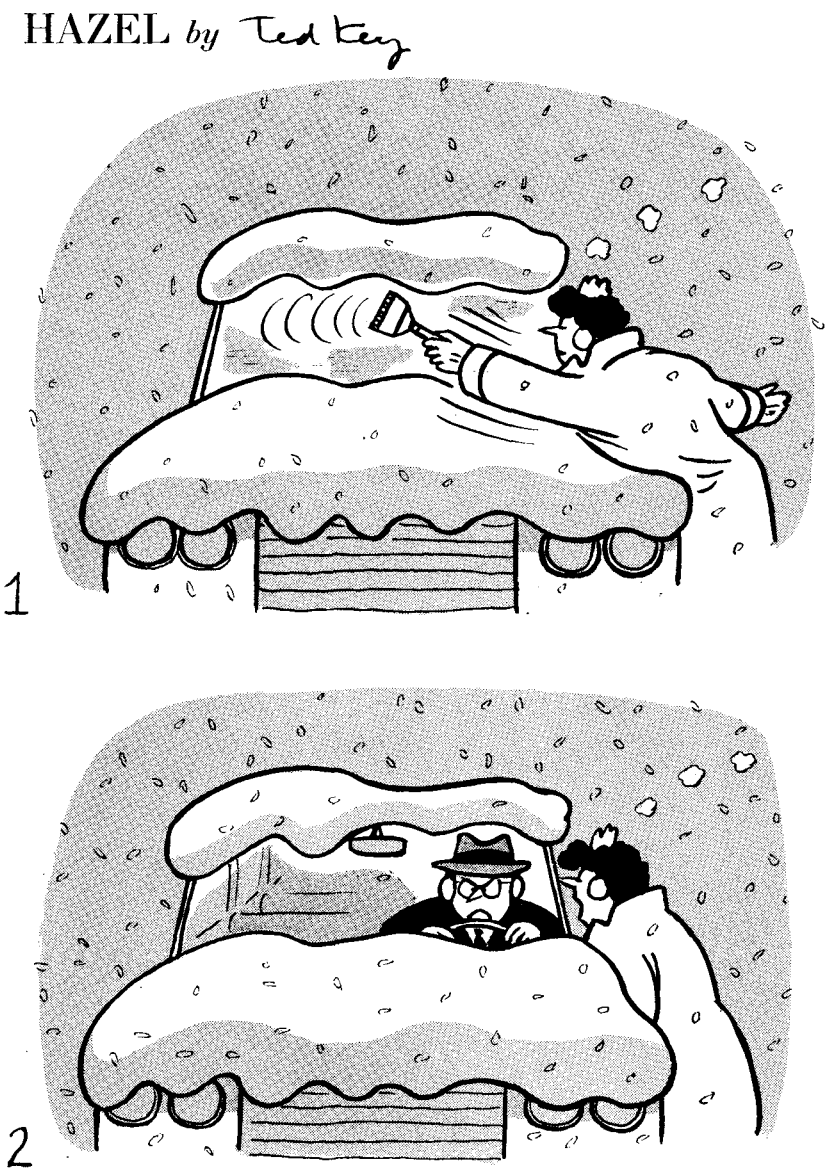
If the Soviets forge ahead of us in science it will not be because their highly coordinated system is necessarily better than our system. Professor Robert Marshak, a University of Rochester physicist who has been appraising recent advances in Soviet science, believes the United States will continue to lead in pure and theoretical science for some time to come because our system is more ideally suited to such research. But he warns that we should expect the Russians—because of their greater stress on applied research, their expanding budgets and their ability to focus almost unlimited resources on selected problems—to make "numerous short-range breakthroughs in applied science." A case in point is the Soviet lead in booster rockets for space capsules.

Shortly before leaving Novosibirsk I commented to Lavrentiev that the Soviet educational system was designed not for the individual but for the state. He did not disagree. As for myself, I told him I once had been the only young man in the United States to get 100 percent in the comprehensive college-entrance examinations in mathematics. Following my own inclinations, I have led a widely varied life as an advertising executive, a U.S. Senator, a top State Department official, a trustee of several universities and head of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. In the Soviet Union the Communist system would inevitably have directed me toward a career in science.

With the calm confidence of the new Soviet scientific elite, Lavrentiev said, "Perhaps you would have been better off in mathematics."

Like most other Americans, I certainly want to go on deciding such questions for myself. **THE END**

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.



"She's stuck on the corner of Elm and . . ."

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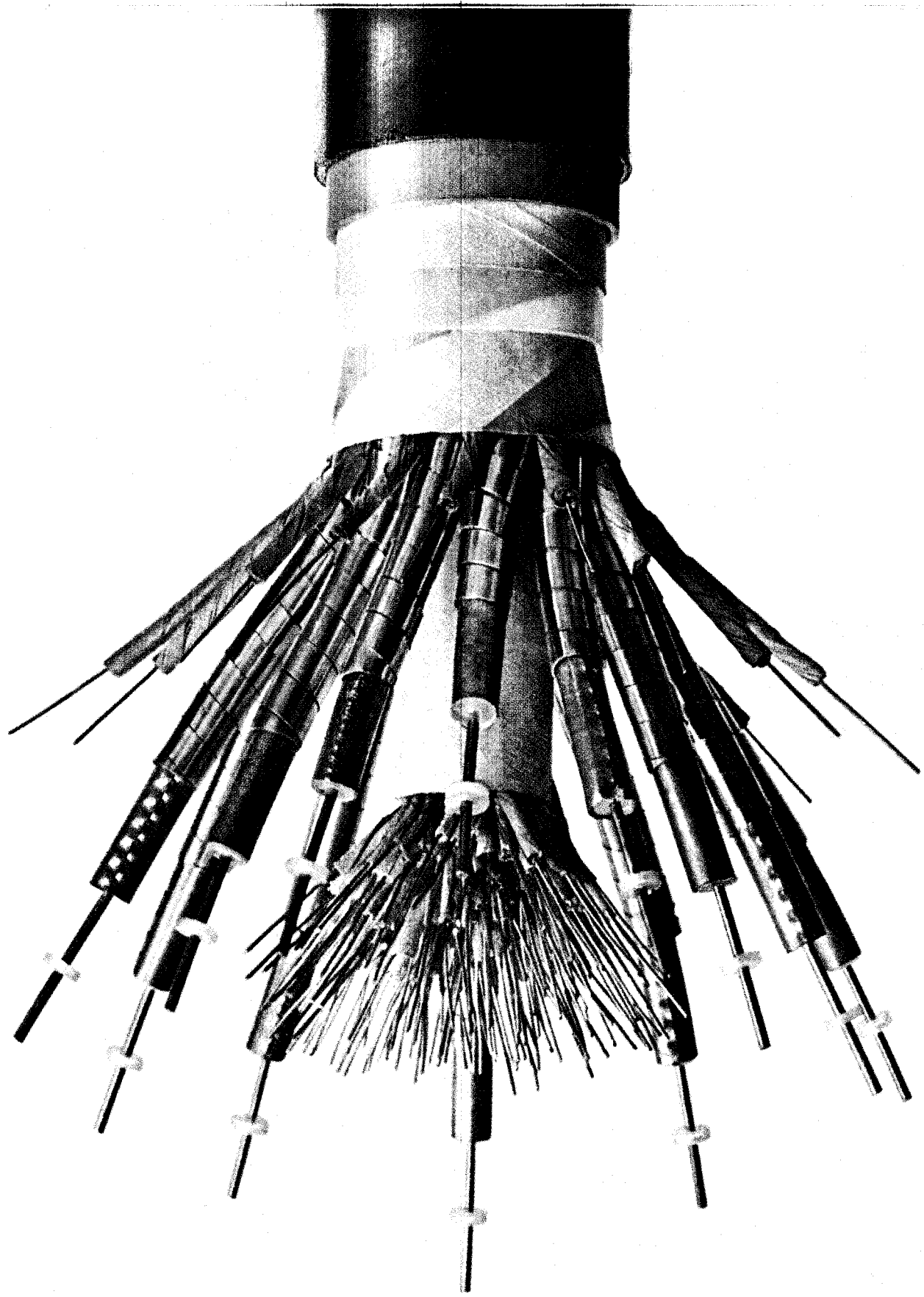

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Wausau Story

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Saul Robbins (center), with designers and production men, planning another "like real" Remco toy.

as told by Remco President, **SAUL ROBBINS**

(who is also President of the Toy Manufacturers' Association of the U.S.A.)

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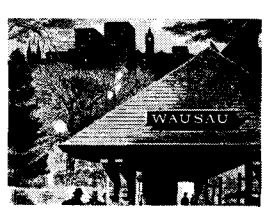

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Will Negroes Crack the Suburbs?

By DON OBERDORFER and MILTON MACKAYE

Armed with Kennedy's mandate, Robert Weaver plans to free Negroes from the city ghettos.

A steady drizzle streaked the windows of the White House on the afternoon of November 20. Inside his green-and-white oval office, President Kennedy was engrossed in last-minute discussions with his top aides about the Cuban crisis before facing his first news conference in nearly 10 weeks. At 5:45 Lee C. White, a presidential aide, interrupted with a document for Kennedy's signature. The President paused momentarily, then signed his name at the bottom. Although it passed without pomp or drama, this was a historic moment. Kennedy had just banned discrimination, North and South, in federally assisted housing. As one civil-rights expert, recalling the epochal Supreme Court school-desegregation decision, said later, "This was the North's 1954."

Though the fact is still not widely appreciated, Kennedy's executive order marks the beginning of a new social revolution in America. This revolution will be felt most acutely in the white suburban areas outside the South, where many schools, parks, hospitals and churches are integrated in theory but in fact are segregated by tight residential restrictions. For the first time the full weight of the executive branch has been thrown against residential segregation.

The practical application of this shift in Government policy will depend largely on Robert C. Weaver, the Federal Housing Administrator and the highest-ranking Negro in the executive branch. Weaver means to make it work.

Housing administrator Robert Weaver checks urban-renewal progress in Washington, D.C.

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As far back as 1948, Weaver established himself as perhaps the first prominent advocate of a firm Federal policy against housing discrimination. Later, as national chairman of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and head of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, he became the policy's leading exponent. Although his affability and his air of intellectual detachment sometimes obscure the fact, he is a man of deep determination.

"The executive order," he said shortly after its signing, "marks the first major breakthrough in opening the housing market to nonwhites. It will tend to break down the complete exclusions which exist in some areas. Its major impact will not be realized numerically but in a change of patterns."

In speeches and writings Weaver has drawn a bead on the exclusiveness which is the hallmark of so many suburban developments. He appears convinced that suburbia—a white noose around a Negro ghetto in many urban areas—is the most important battleground in his fight for housing equality.

A Vital Safety Valve?

Racial integration of the suburbs could be an important safety valve, Weaver believes. "The new pattern of greater freedom of choice," he says, "would tend to alleviate the pressure-charged situation in the concentrations of the central city, even though large numbers of families would not move out. This is so because the change would be so symbolic and would have a stabilizing effect on both the Negro home-seeker and the white homeowner. It will take some of the curse off the idea of having a nonwhite neighbor, and be a step in the direction of truly free choice in housing."

And what of the white reaction? Harry P. Bergmann, vice president of Washington's Riggs National Bank, spoke for many when he told the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, "People have moved to the suburbs so that they could live with the people that they want to live with, and if we're going to have integrated housing out there, they'll move farther out. Is there no end to it? I mean, don't we have the freedom of living where we want to and who we want to live with?"

Weaver predicts that "moving farther out" won't work. "It won't do much good to run away from a neighborhood because a minority-group family moves in. There'll be a family in the next neighborhood and the one after that." He will not estimate when this will be accomplished. He does make clear that the process will be gradual.

For one thing, most Negro families will probably be either unable or unwilling to move. Many lack the funds. Others find their credit impaired by years of guerrilla war with loan companies. Still others shrink from the pressures and the risks involved. And there are some who simply prefer to remain surrounded by other Negroes. Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., has said, "We have colored people in Harlem who wouldn't move out if you gave them a gold-plated apartment."

For another thing, the presidential order lends itself more to selective individual changes than to widespread integration. The "teeth" in the decree apply only to housing financed after President Kennedy signed the order. If a Negro or anyone else is turned down in his quest for federally assisted housing because of race, creed or national origin, he can complain to the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency. If negotiation fails to solve the problem and the complaint is found justified, the Government can cancel all Federal assistance to the offending real-estate men or banks.

These provisions apply to most housing built with Federal assistance, including public housing and dwellings built on land reclaimed by slum clearance. It applies to housing financed by FHA or GI home loans, although not, because of a last-minute White House switch, to "conventional" loans from federally insured savings-and-loan institutions and banks. FHA and GI home loans account for about 25 percent of all housing starts—but about 50 percent of all major suburban developments. The new rules will not apply to individual owners of single-family houses.

Weaver has handed over day-to-day administration of the housing order to his deputy, Jack T. Conway, who was for 15 years the administrative assistant to United Auto Workers President Walter P. Reuther. "There will be little effort to sabotage this order within our agency," says Conway. "The leadership and staff, down to a very low level, are dedicated and committed to this policy."

The Clamor of Dissent

Hostile reaction from outside the agency, however, began almost before the ink from the presidential pen was dry. Southern senators called the decree "unconstitutional," "an audacious usurpation of power" and "a bid for the N.A.A.C.P. vote." Columnist David Lawrence wrote that it showed there is a "virtual dictatorship" in the White House. There were predictions that urban renewal, public housing and FHA and VA financing would suffer in the reaction to the order. The president of the National Association of Homebuilders expressed fears it could "sap the health" of the housing industry and thereby damage the entire economy.

A prominent Chicago builder, George Arquilla, laid off nearly half his 350-man work force as soon as he heard the order had been signed. "We usually build a spring inventory of 40 or 50 houses, but now we're only building ten," he said later. "People are in no mood to buy suburban housing. In the first week after the presidential order we didn't have even a single prospect. People absolutely are not going to buy a house in a development which includes Negroes. Not for a long time. It will take time and education. You can't do it with a law."

Some builders predict that the South will be affected least of all. One of the largest home builders in Atlanta, who asked not to be identified by name, foresaw little impact on his business although he uses FHA and VA financing. "We are planning three large new subdivisions," he said, "two of them for whites and one for Negroes. We expect a new record in starts and sales. We don't think Negroes here will try to get into white subdivisions, for Atlanta has a plentiful supply of exceptionally good Negro housing, attractive new homes on pleasant streets. If a Negro did try to get into a white subdivision, he might have trouble getting credit from a lender."

Weaver himself estimates that the order's effect on housing starts will be "more vocal than real." His analysis and the parallel studies of his staff economists, submitted to the White House before the order was signed, concluded that while there would be some adverse effect on housing activity, it would be both mild and short-lived. Until construction begins in earnest next spring it will be difficult to tell for sure who is right.

Whatever the immediate outcome, Weaver is aware that he is in for a long, fierce fight. Although Negroes have made many advances in recent years, housing in most areas is more segregated today than ever before.

But Weaver is aware, too, that the tides which have brought him to his position are both strong and deep. As he sees his present situation, he has not ridden the waves this far only to be smashed against a shoal of ranch-style houses, second mortgages and other men's pride.

Robert Weaver, turning 55 this month, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and built like a football linebacker. His wife is a professor of speech at Brooklyn College. They recently lost their adopted son in a gun accident. The Weavers maintain apartments in New York on Central Park West and in Washington on fashionable Connecticut Avenue, where few members of their race now live.

Weaver's father was a clerk in the Washington Post Office, a white-collar worker in a day when few Negroes held white-collar jobs. On his mother's side, his great-grandfather was a North Carolina carpenter skilled enough to buy himself and his wife out of slavery. The carpenter's son was a dental assistant whose white boss thought enough of him to help him become the first Negro to graduate from Harvard Dental School.

Weaver grew up not in slums but in a pleasant hilltop house in a middle-class Washington suburb that, because the few Negro families arrived first, was comfortably integrated. (Today it is nearly all black.) From the first young Weaver was aware that his was a race apart. The white youngsters could go barefoot in summer, but, by his mother's edict, he could not. They could be wholesomely unkempt, but he must be clean and neatly dressed. White children were welcomed in his yard, but he did not go to theirs.

He Met Bias at Harvard

He has since come to understand that this fiercely imposed independence was his parents' way of protecting him from embarrassing situations. These were not long in coming. As a schoolboy he was shunted across town by streetcar each day to attend segregated classes—although there was a white school within three blocks of home. But even then his sense of pride in family and in achievement gave him a self-assurance that saved him from bitterness.

Refused a place in the freshman dormitory at Harvard because of his race, he roomed in town but did not wear a chip on his shoulder. Earning his undergraduate degree, he went on to a master's degree and a Ph.D. in economics.

He began his crusading young. Picked at 26 as a race-relations adviser to Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes in the early New Deal, he refused to be relegated to the "messenger's lunchroom" where other Negroes (including several staff attorneys) ate. He and his friend and colleague, William H. Hastie (later governor of the Virgin Islands and now judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals) decided to try out the dining room where everyone else ate.

"When I walked up to the cashier she just about flipped," Weaver recalls. "She asked me if she could have our names, and we . . . gave them. Then I asked if I might have hers. For a full five seconds she was so tongue-tied she could not answer. I wrote it down and passed word of the incident to Secretary Ickes."

Later that day Ickes, who had been president of the Chicago branch of the N.A.A.C.P. before joining F.D.R.'s cabinet, was visited by a delegation of angry women who complained that "Negroes are eating in the lunchroom." They asked indignantly, "Mr. Secretary, what are you going to do about it?"

"Not a damn thing!" the old curmudgeon roared. That ended segregation at the Department of the Interior cafeteria.

A Very Personal Crusade

As late as 1940 Weaver and a Negro colleague integrated the official dining room of another Government building, which is now the headquarters of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, after their colored secretaries were refused service. Today he can look out from his large walnut-paneled office to the Y.W.C.A. across the street, which in the late 1930's became one of the first places in town where a Negro could eat with white folks. He rarely goes there anymore. Now there is hardly a vestige of dining-room segregation anywhere in Washington except for a few private clubs, and some of them are embattled.

In 1944 he happily left Washington to become a race-relations adviser to the mayor of Chicago. Later he became a consultant to the Ford Foundation and acquired a special reputation as an expert on housing. In 1948 in his book *The Negro Ghetto* he first proposed a firm Government edict against discrimination in federally aided housing—a recommendation echoed by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission eleven years later.

In 1955 Governor Averell Harriman picked Weaver as New York State rent administrator, making him the first Negro to hold a state cabinet post in New York.

Then on August 8, 1960, the big break came. Senator John F. Kennedy, nominated as Democratic presidential candidate a few weeks before, charged that President Eisenhower had failed to use presidential leadership on civil rights. "Let me give one example of an important immediate contribution that could and should be made by the stroke of a presidential pen," Kennedy declared. "Eleven months ago the Civil Rights Commission unanimously proposed that the President issue an executive order on equal opportunity in housing. The President has not acted in all this time. He . . . should act now. . . . I have supported this proposal. . . . A new Democratic administration will carry it out."

Kennedy's promise of a dramatic "stroke of the pen" was one of many employed in his campaign to woo Negro voters, and an estimated 70 percent of

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them turned up in his camp on election day. Without them he would have lost.

After victory the Kennedy high command launched a drive to make sure qualified Negroes were included in the new administration. Weaver was a logical possibility as Housing Administrator ıce he was recognized as both an expert .nd a good administrator.

In his interview with the President-elect before his appointment, Weaver made it plain he was so thoroughly identified with the housing order that his value to the administration would be sharply reduced should the order not be signed.

Kennedy gave every indication then, as he did for the following 23 months, that he fully intended to honor his commitment. But just when to wield the pen was a vexing problem. As a White House aide put it recently, "It was like getting married or having children. There wasn't any point in time when you couldn't think of a dozen reasons for not doing it." Among these: reaction from Southern members of Congress, the state of the economy, international crises and concern that the order might be far ahead of public opinion on this subject.

Schlesinger Urged Delay

The order would have been signed earlier this fall—after Congress left town—except that the lawmakers lingered until October 13, just three weeks before the election. Presidential adviser Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who strongly supported the order, suggested that it be postponed until after the election, lest it appear to be a purely political maneuver.

Weaver has done considerable cam-.aigning for Democrats, usually in areas where Negro voters are important, but frequently confines his remarks to housing. A leading Democratic political figure points out it is unnecessary for Weaver to make a political speech to be effective: "He just has to be there. To many Negroes he is the living symbol of the world of non-discrimination because he has gone so far on merit."

Because he is so much a symbol, Weaver has considerable latent political power. He is one of a very few high officials whose resignation would be a severe political blow to the Kennedy administration. (Another is Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, the only Republican in the cabinet.)

Weaver himself is extremely conscious of his dual position as a Negro and as a high official. "You are an official of all the people," he says. "But a cardinal rule is that you must never forget from whence you came, where your roots are.

"It's a funny thing to watch the stories in the press. When I was appointed, I was Robert Weaver, Negro official. After that flurry, when I was testifying for the Housing Act of 1961, I was Robert Weaver, housing official. When the President proposed me for the cabinet, I was Weaver, Negro official, again. Later I dropped the racial label until this housing order came along. Now everyone is con-ɔus again that I'm a Negro."

.t will take years to make President Kennedy's "stroke of the pen" an important fact of national life, and already there are strong hints that a broader, stricter order will supplant it in a year or two. Meanwhile, Weaver is prepared to be judged as both a Negro and a public official for as long as the job requires. **THE END**

If Negroes come, says an opponent, white suburbia will just move farther out.

President Kennedy reviews integration tactics with Weaver—a man with political power even the White House cannot ignore. "He is one of the few officials whose resignation would be a severe blow to the administration."

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How to Cook by the Book

By Craig Claiborne

A sage observer of the gastronomic scene once said that if we must eat to live we may as well do it with grace and gusto. Book publishers provide ample evidence that Americans are learning to follow that principle. Nearly a fourth as many cookbooks as mysteries were published last year.

To meet the customers' demands, the publishers have turned out books on fish and fowl, books on regional American cookery and volumes on international cuisine. There are books to tell you how to cook without a kitchen, without a stove and without even the will to cook. There are *The I Hate to Cook Book* and the *No Cooking Cookbook*. There are books for brides and books for bachelors and even a book for people who work on one street (*The Madison Avenue Cook Book*). Culinarily, we have come a long way from 1796, when the first exclusively American cookbook was published by one Amelia Simmons.

As a food editor with a physical, monetary and spiritual interest in food I am sometimes asked for advice on how to build a kitchen library, and such queries increase in the Christmas season.

The answer, of course, must start with some questions: "What do you wish to accomplish? Do you wish to be merely a competent cook? Or do you wish to dazzle your friends with the ultimate dishes of *la cuisine française?*"

Cookbooks are highly personal, and probably no two collectors would agree in their choice of the choicest. There follows, however, a summary of books with which I would choose to be marooned on Cockaigne, my favorite mythical island.

For anyone with a limited knowledge of pots and pans but with an earnest desire to cook for pleasure, I would recommend *Joy of Cooking* by Irma S. Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker. It is a masterpiece of clarity and also a book with a sentimental history.

When Irma Rombauer, who died this year at 83, started collecting recipes more than 50 years ago, she did not regard her project as anything remarkable. She compiled the usual recipes from family and friends, plus a few dozen amassed in Europe when her father served as American consul in Bremen. In later years Mrs. Rombauer recalled that "as a bride-cook she placed many a burnt offering on the altar of matrimony."

When her two children married and left home she gave each of them a copy of her collection. Via her children's kitchens the fame of these recipes spread, and Mrs. Rombauer was encouraged to publish her recipes privately in 1931. This she did, and five years later in expanded form they were published by Bobbs-Merrill; the rest is history. More than 6,000,000 copies have been sold throughout the world.

Mrs. Rombauer was not only an inspired recipe collector; she had a sense of humor with its own sophistication.

In the early editions of her book she accompanied her recipe for French-fried potatoes with the following:

> Madame Schumann-Heink, the great opera singer, was sitting in front of an enormous steak. Caruso passed her table and, seeing the huge portion of meat before the singer, he said: "Stina, you are not going to eat that alone!" "No," Schumann-Heink said, shaking her fine old head. "No, not alone. With potatoes."

Mrs. Rombauer added, "Two to one, they were French-fried potatoes."

The edition of *Joy of Cooking* published this year is another nominee. It is much more encyclopedic than its predecessors (although, regrettably, much of the anecdotal material has been eliminated). It contains Mrs. Rombauer's classic definition of eternity: One ham and two people.

How Beard Boils Water

Another splendid tome for the basic (and not so basic) kitchen itself is *The James Beard Cookbook*. It has all the requisites of a first-rate general cookbook, and it, too, has an unusual background. It is one of the few cookbooks to be issued first as a paperback, then between hard covers, and today it is available in both forms.

This work too has its humor. In the foreword the author has chosen to include the most elementary recipe, "How to Boil Water." He writes:

> If you are among those who have never boiled water, this is what you do: Fill a saucepan with cold water and put it on the stove. Adjust the burner to high. Let the water heat until it bubbles and surges—and that is boiling water.

What other cookbook has made that statement? The recipes are soundly constructed and admirably varied, and the book is heartily recommended to the old hands as well as the newcomers to the world of cuisine. One expert says the book's recipe for blanquette of veal or Cuban bread alone would make it worth the price.

To switch from basic and general books to the world of French cuisine does not demand a seven-league range nor a Cordon Bleu diploma. Recent months have brought the most lucid volume on French cuisine since Gutenberg invented movable type. It is *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child. With this book, a saucepan and a wooden spoon, the classic cuisine can become a reality in anyone's kitchen.

Here is a book, the authors state quite brashly, for the cook "who can be unconcerned on occasion with budgets, waistlines, time schedules, children's meals, the parent-chauffeur-den-mother syndrome, or anything else which might interfere with the enjoyment of producing something wonderful to eat." This work is brilliant. The recipes have been selected with the greatest care and without the condescending attitude that many authors take toward the intelligence of the average American cook. There are wine and menu recommendations for many of the recipes, and the authors even list cooking utensils—including pots, pans and the proper spoons for stirring.

Any comprehensive discussion of French cuisine in America naturally calls to mind the gentleman and scholar known as Samuel Chamberlain. He is a man of towering talent and a dedicated Francophile. He is the author of the masterful *Bouquet de France*, which first appeared 10 years ago and remains a splendid guidebook to the food of the French provinces. The recipes in the book—and there are many—were edited by the author's wife.

Mr. Chamberlain's work is much more than a cookbook. It is a volume handsomely illustrated with etchings and photographs of the author's conception and, what's more, the book is a pleasure to read. "The haunting odor of the truffle," he notes, "the penetrating whiff of bouillabaisse, the salt air of Brittany, all the are a part of the bouquet of France : the underlying secret of an old phrase to which millions will subscribe: 'Everyone has two countries—his own and France.'"

"The Devil's Own Gadget"

To turn from the finesse of French cuisine to specialty books requires only the flick of an electric-blender switch. For a host of people an electric blender is either a full-blown blessing or the devil's own gadget for gathering dust. Thousands have never put the machine to anything more inspired than a whiskey sour or a daiquiri, and more's the pity. The blender is capable of wonderful things, and no one knows it better than Ann Seranne and Eileen Gaden. They are food consultants who recently came forth with the most definitive of all blender books. It is called simply *The Blender Cookbook*.

It is practical, easy to follow and inspired, with recipes ranging from a first-rate salmon mousse to elegant ices; from quick hollandaise to "instant" homemade butter. Incidentally, Miss Seranne is believed to be the first to devise the blender hollandaise and it is practically foolproof. She also pioneered the recipe for the blender version of chocolate butter cream, a rich and delicious confection that needs only a cake to smear it on. For that we need a baking bo and there are two which are whole heartedly recommended.

They are *The Complete Book of Home Baking* by Ann Seranne and *The Art of Fine Baking* by Paula Peck. There are no more voluble and enthusiastic cooks on earth than those who dote on baking. For them the leavening power of yeast is

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Building a kitchen library isn't as easy as boiling water, unless you take the advice of our expert.

the world's loftiest miracle, the rolling pin a greater invention than the wheel, and kneading the finest form of therapy.

Miss Seranne notes in her book that American cuisine is nothing if not international: "Sweet breads came to us from Greece, Portugal and Spain; poppyseed crescents from Czechoslovakia; crumpets, fruitcakes and tea rings from England; oat and potato cakes from Scotland; kuchens, stollens and pumpernickel from Germany; . . . croissants, brioches and babas from France."

With all that background it is scarcely surprising that America has never developed a national cuisine. Hundreds of dishes are American, of course, but in my opinion the national cuisine is slim—hamburger, apple pie, Manhattan clam chowder, Philadelphia scrapple, southern fried chicken, Boston baked beans. Oddly enough there are very few good regional cookbooks. One of the best is the *West Coast Cook Book* by Helen Brown. Mrs. Brown is a journalist, a Pasadena housewife and an elegant hostess, and her book has admirable scope: It includes dishes native to the western shore plus many "adopted" from Mexico, China, Portugal and Spain. There are recipes for abalone and antelope, venison hamburgers and Hangtown fry.

Many worthwhile books on food, cookbooks and otherwise, are lamentably out of print. They turn up occasionally in bookshops which deal in culinariana and, if you have a really good sleuth who deals in secondhand volumes, most of them may still be found. One good source is Yale and Brown, 985 East Green Street, Pasadena, California; another is the Corner Book Shop, 102 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York.

One volume which may occasionally turn up on their shelves is Pearl Metzelthin's *World Wide Cook Book*. Probably the original of the dining-around-the-world books, it is filled with interesting ideas. The late Mrs. Metzelthin compiled the book more than 20 years ago, and the face of the globe has altered drastically and dramatically since that bygone era. There are recipes from 75 nations.

The volume includes one recipe for an Indonesian pork saté that, in one man's opinion, may be the finest skewered dish ever grilled over charcoal. It is rich as Croesus, with Brazil nuts in the sauce.

Among valuable volumes usually found only in secondhand bookstores, mention should be made of the *Wise Encyclopedia of Cookery*, published as recently as 1948. It is an incredible work because of its thoroughgoing range from *à la mode* to *zythum* ("an ancient beverage made from malt and wheat; a kind of beer").

In a similar vein, *Cook at Home in Chinese* by Henry Low is an out-of-print treasure. It is commendable largely because it gives no quarter to the usual compromises found in "foreign" books for Western kitchens. If the recipe calls for dried oysters or rice wine the ingredients are so specified in Mr. Low's volume. This is all to the good because any home cook can find abundant ingredients in the Chinese markets of metropolitan centers such as New York and San Francisco.

Casing a French Restaurant

Under the rules of book collecting, a kitchen library does not necessarily confine itself to cookbooks; it extends to all volumes relating to gastronomy. There are enchanting works which belong.

One of them is Waverley Root's *The Food of France*, one of the most engaging volumes on food ever written. It is a handsome book, full of anecdotes and footnotes related to the history of gastronomy in France. One can learn when the first French cookbook was written (1380), what dish to order to judge whether or not you can trust an unknown French restaurant (soup), and all there is to know about bouillabaisse.

More important, Mr. Root explores in the most eloquent and entertaining fashion *la cuisine française* and how it came to be that way, region by region. No one else, perhaps, has ever captured in English the essence and glory of French cuisine with the thoroughgoing ability of Mr. Root, an American who makes his home in Paris.

Few people have written as gratifyingly about food as M. F. K. Fisher, who knows how closely food is related to our emotions. Her book, *The Art of Eating*, is at once wise and witty. I think that I first became smitten with Mrs. Fisher when I read an excerpt from one of her writings which said:

> There is a communion of more than our bodies when bread is broken and wine is drunk. And that is my answer, when people ask me: Why do you write about hunger, and not wars or love?

The Art of Eating is actually a compendium of several books, all of which have been published separately. They include *Serve it Forth*, *Consider the Oyster* and *How to Cook a Wolf*, a title to cause a guffaw. *How to Cook a Wolf* tells how to cook with limited means.

I wonder what there is about the oyster, in addition to its succulence, that has captured the fancy of so many artists and authors, even those who do not normally write about food.

Perhaps the most extraordinary volume about this bivalve is titled *The Glorious Oyster* and it was edited by Hector Bolitho.

The book supplies a score of pictures linked with oysters, an excellent anthology of writings about oysters, and a masterful text by the editor. It contains such absorbing tidbits as that Bismarck once boasted that he had eaten 12 dozen oysters at one sitting. It makes splendid bedtime reading.

For a good many years the work known as *Larousse Gastronomique* has been the *vade mecum* of many people who work in food. It is the Bible of gastronomy *à la française*. It is a splendid reference work of such magnitude it probably will not be rivaled in scope for at least a few centuries. *Larousse Gastronomique* was published in English in 1961, and it is probably an essential for any library which pretends to include a beginning-to-end collection on fine French cuisine.

Finally, when I am marooned on my Cockaigne Island with my bucket of truffles and cellar of champagne, I want a collection of the best cookbooks with an international flavor.

To my mind it would include Elizabeth David's *Italian Food;* a little volume available in America and titled simply *Swedish Food*, published by Esselte, Göteborg, Sweden; Dharam Jit Singh's *Classic Cooking from India;* Grace Zia Chu's *The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking*, and Elena Zelayeta's *Secrets of Mexican Cooking*. It would also include Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's *How to Cook and Eat in Russian*. It is now out of print, but it might be obtained in secondhand bookstores.

The basic cookbooks:

Joy of Cooking by Irma S. Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker; Bobbs-Merrill, 1962, $5.95.

The James Beard Cookbook; E. P. Dutton, 1961, hard cover, $4.95.

The James Beard Cookbook; Dell Publishing, 1959, 75 cents.

Mastering the Art of French Cooking by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child; Alfred A. Knopf, 1961, $10.

Bouquet de France by Samuel Chamberlain; Gourmet Distributing, 1958, $12.50.

The Blender Cookbook by Ann Seranne and Eileen Gaden; Doubleday, 1961, $4.50.

The Complete Book of Home Baking by Ann Seranne; Doubleday, 1950, $4.50.

The Art of Fine Baking by Paula Peck; Simon and Schuster, 1961, $6.50.

West Coast Cook Book by Helen Brown; Little, Brown, 1952, $4.95.

World Wide Cook Book by Pearl Metzelthin; Julian Messner, 1951, out of print.

The Food of France by Waverley Root; Alfred A. Knopf, 1958, $10.

The Art of Eating by M. F. K. Fisher; World Publishing, 1954, $6.

The Glorious Oyster, edited by Hector Bolitho; Horizon Press, 1961, $4.50.

Larousse Gastronomique by Prosper Montagné; Crown Publishers, 1961, $20.

Italian Food by Elizabeth David; Alfred A. Knopf, 1958, $5.

Swedish Food, edited by Sam Widenfelt; Esselte, Göteborg, Sweden, 1954.

Classic Cooking From India by Dharam Jit Singh; Houghton Mifflin, 1956, $4.

Pleasures of Chinese Cooking by Grace Zia Chu; Simon and Schuster, 1962, $4.95.

Elena's Secrets of Mexican Cooking by Elena Zelayeta; Prentice-Hall, 1958, $3.95.

How to Cook and Eat in Russian by Alexandra Kropotkin; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1947, out of print.

Cook at Home in Chinese by Henry Low; Macmillan, 1948, out of print.

Wise Encyclopedia of Cookery; William H. Wise, 1948, out of print. **THE END**

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EDITORIAL

The Momentous Year of 1962

The year 1962 will soon be ended, but there is still time before it goes to try to put it into perspective. As the pages of *The Post* have reflected from week to week, it has been a momentous year: crises in Africa, Southeast Asia, West Berlin, Mississippi, Cuba and India—explosive events in nearly every quarter of the globe. It hardly seems possible that when the year began we had not heard of Billie Sol Estes or James Meredith, and Khrushchev had not sneaked his missiles into Cuba.

Back in January the six Common Market nations moved closer toward economic unity by completing the second stage of their tariff negotiations. President Kennedy announced the largest peacetime budget ($92,500,000,000) in history, and his wife Jackie was voted the best-dressed woman in the world. Electrical workers in New York went on a 30-hour week. At Punta del Este, in Uruguay, Cuba was voted out of the family of American nations as a "Marxist, Leninist state."

As the year progressed, the latest—perhaps the last—of the great ocean liners, the *France*, made her maiden voyage from Le Havre to New York. U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers was exchanged by the Russians for the convicted spy Col. Rudolf Abel, and Jackie Kennedy took 46,550,000 viewers on a television tour of the White House.

First American in Orbit

On February 20 John Glenn became the first American to orbit the earth, spinning around the globe three times, covering 81,000 miles in 4 hours and 56 minutes. The 17-member UN-sponsored disarmament conference opened in Geneva, and General de Gaulle announced a cease-fire in Algeria after seven years and four months of fighting, but the indiscriminate bombings did not stop as the O.A.S. instituted a reign of terror.

The Supreme Court of the United States delivered a crucial decision in March, paving the way for the reapportionment of state legislatures. President Kennedy appointed Byron (Whizzer) White to succeed Justice Charles Evans Whittaker on the Court.

As March ended, steelworkers and the steel industry signed a two-year contract, described as "noninflationary." Expecting that the steel industry would hold down its prices, the President was outraged when U.S. Steel announced an increase of six dollars a ton, and other companies indicated they would follow suit. By applying massive pressure, the Administration forced the steel companies to rescind their price increase. Mrs. Mary Edusei, wife of the minister of industries in Ghana, bought a gold-plated, $8,400 bed.

The United States resumed atmospheric testing late in April. That month the first American soldiers died in South Vietnam. More than half of New York's 40,000 public-school teachers went on strike. The tangled skein of Billie Sol Estes's cotton acreage and chattel-mortgage machinations began to unravel, threatening to entangle the Agriculture Department and the whole price-support program. United States Marines landed in Thailand, a country that was threatened by Communist gains in neighboring Laos. Astronaut Scott Carpenter circled the earth three times on May 24. The wildest selling wave since 1929 hit the stock market May 28; losses for the day were $20,000,000,000.

Adolph Eichmann was hanged in Israel on the last day in May. A shaky "troika" government under the neutralist Souvanna Phouma was established in Laos. As the weather grew warmer in the United States, Ethel Kennedy "fell" into her swimming pool, and so did Arthur Schlesinger Jr. The Supreme Court banned a state-established prayer in the New York public schools. France formally recognized Algeria's independence, the rebel leader Ben Bella emerging as Algeria's strong man. Novelist William Faulkner died of a heart attack in Oxford, Mississippi.

Congress Invokes Cloture

Telstar flashed the first transatlantic telecasts on July 10. Later the Senate approved the private-ownership communications-satellite bill, breaking a liberal filibuster by invoking cloture for the first time since 1927. A military junta seized control in Peru. The Administration's stock dropped as the Senate killed Medicare, and Maj. Robert White soared to 59.6 miles in the X-15, setting a new record for winged aircraft. Racial violence erupted in Albany, Georgia.

The Soviet Union resumed atmospheric testing in August, setting off history's second-largest blast at Novaya Zemlya in the Arctic. The twin Russian cosmonauts, Nikolayev and Popovich, circled the earth in adjacent orbits, Nikolayev 64 times and Popovich 48. Civil war was narrowly averted in Argentina as rebellion broke out in the army. Jamaica gained independence, and Marilyn Monroe, Hollywood's sultriest sex symbol, died of an overdose of sleeping pills.

Khrushchev renewed his demands that the West withdraw its troops and make West Berlin a "free" city. Peter Fechter, 18, was shot in the back by East German police while trying to escape into West Berlin and was left to bleed to death.

Thalidomide and Abortion

The thalidomide scare developed; Mrs. Sherri Finkbine of Scottsdale, Arizona, was denied court approval of an abortion in the United States and flew to Sweden to have the operation performed. Secretary General U Thant announced a UN plan for Congo reconciliation that would end Katanga's secession, but the Congo crisis dragged on and on. Justice Felix Frankfurter, 79, retired from the Supreme Court and was replaced by Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg.

Robert Frost, 88, visited Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow, where his host told him Americans were "too liberal to fight." The 17-member disarmament conference recessed in Geneva after adopting a "no progress" report. In London the Russian spy Robert Soblen died from an overdose of barbiturates after several attempts to end his life. *Weatherly* (United States) beat the *Gretel* (Australia) four races out of five for the America's Cup. Sonny Liston kayoed heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson in two minutes, six seconds. Domestic crisis erupted in Mississippi. Defying a Federal court order, Gov. Ross Barnett denied James Meredith admission to the University of Mississippi. When United States marshals moved in, uncontrollable rioting broke out. Peace was finally restored and Meredith firmly installed in the university by Federal troops.

Astronaut Walter Schirra orbited the earth six times on October 3. Pope John XXIII opened the momentous Ecumenical Council in Rome, and Britain resumed negotiations with the Common Market. Congress adjourned after passing the historic Trade Bill. The Yanks beat the Giants in seven, and the President campaigned for a Democratic Congress, until he was interrupted by the Cuban crisis. Khrushchev was caught sneaking his missiles into Castroland. President Kennedy ordered a naval quarantine, and the world teetered on the brink of nuclear war before Khrushchev backed down and pulled out his missiles. Red China's attack on India created another major crisis, threatening full-scale war. John Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize for literature.

The elections brought Mr. Nixon's stunning defeat. Rockefeller, Romney and Scranton emerged as the leading Republicans, but the Democrats scored surprising successes in the Senate and the House. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, widely known as "the First Lady of the World," died in New York. A mother in Belgium was acquitted after poisoning her thalidomide baby. The arbitrary arrest of the editors of the newsmagazine *Der Spiegel* for publishing an article on the weakness of the German army—from classified sources, the government said—provoked a crisis in West Germany threatening the Adenauer government. General de Gaulle won a smashing election victory in France, eliminating a multiparty opposition and creating the first clear parliamentary majority in French history. After an 11-week recess, the disarmament conference once again convened in Geneva.

Time of Many Changes

It was a trying year, one that sorely tested men's strength and their resolution to be free. It was a time of great change, when world power relationships were irrevocably altered.

In spite of all the uncertainty, however, there was much to be thankful for: the cool, courageous performance of the astronauts, the bravery and quiet dignity of James Meredith, the intelligence of American voters in rejecting extremism at the polls.

Above all, we could be thankful for the way that we had come through the Cuban experience. We had surmounted a grave crisis without a nuclear war, and there was reason to believe that our world position and the chances for peace had been strengthened.

President Kennedy, at a press conference not long ago, said, "I do think that if five years ago we had looked at the world . . . we would have made the judgment that it would have moved quite the way it has moved. I think this is a very climactic period. It is indeed, and it may well be that 1962 was the climactic year, but now look out for 1963.

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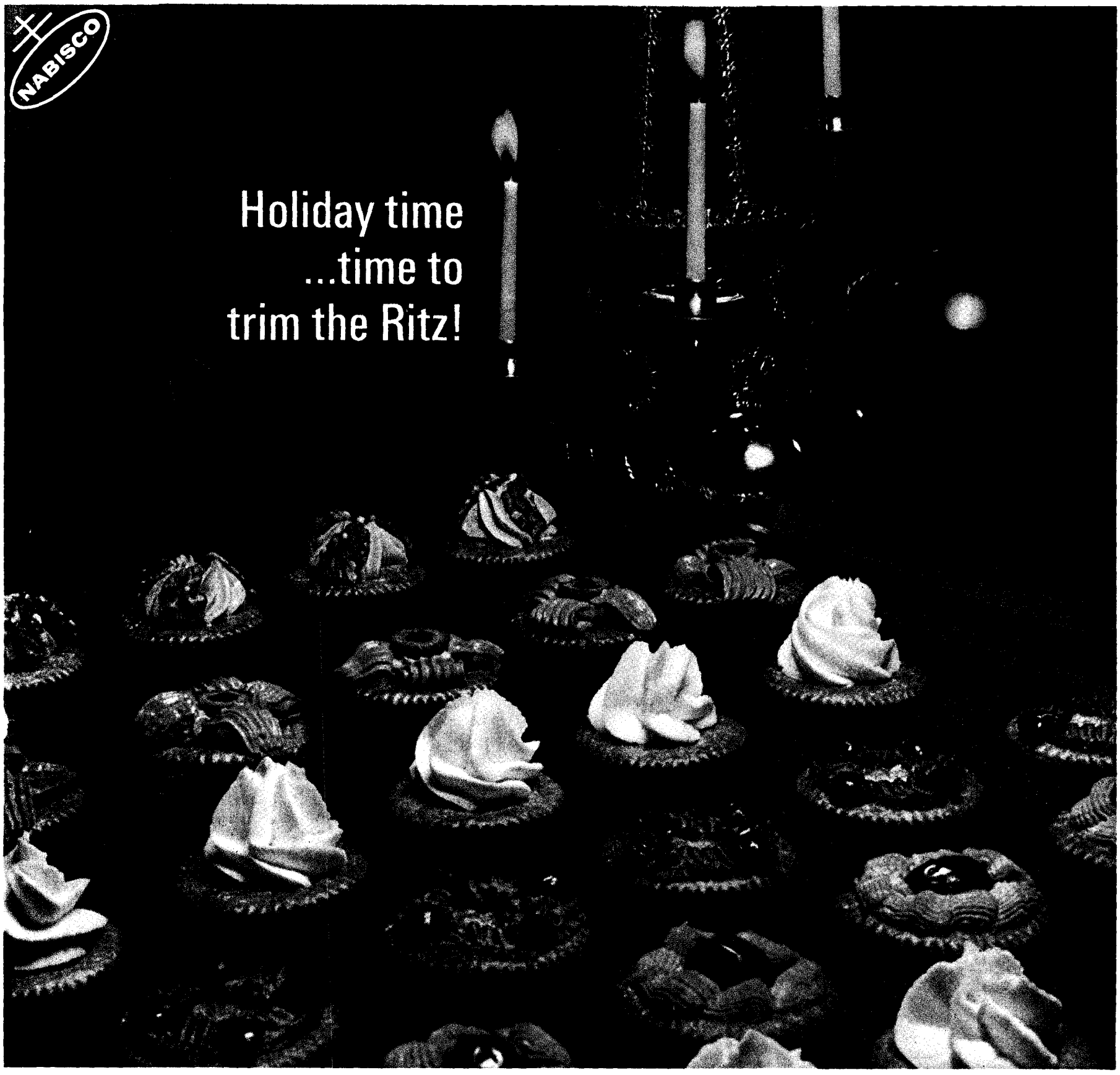

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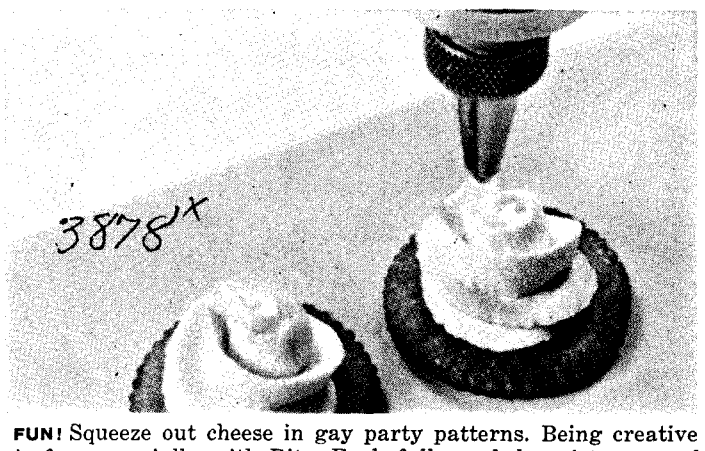

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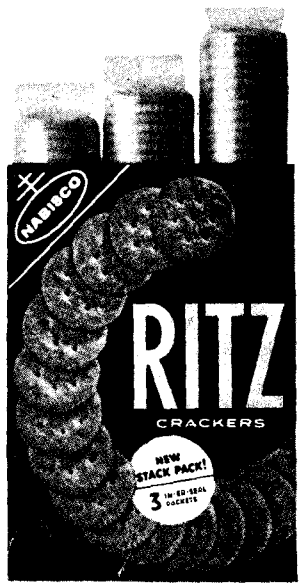

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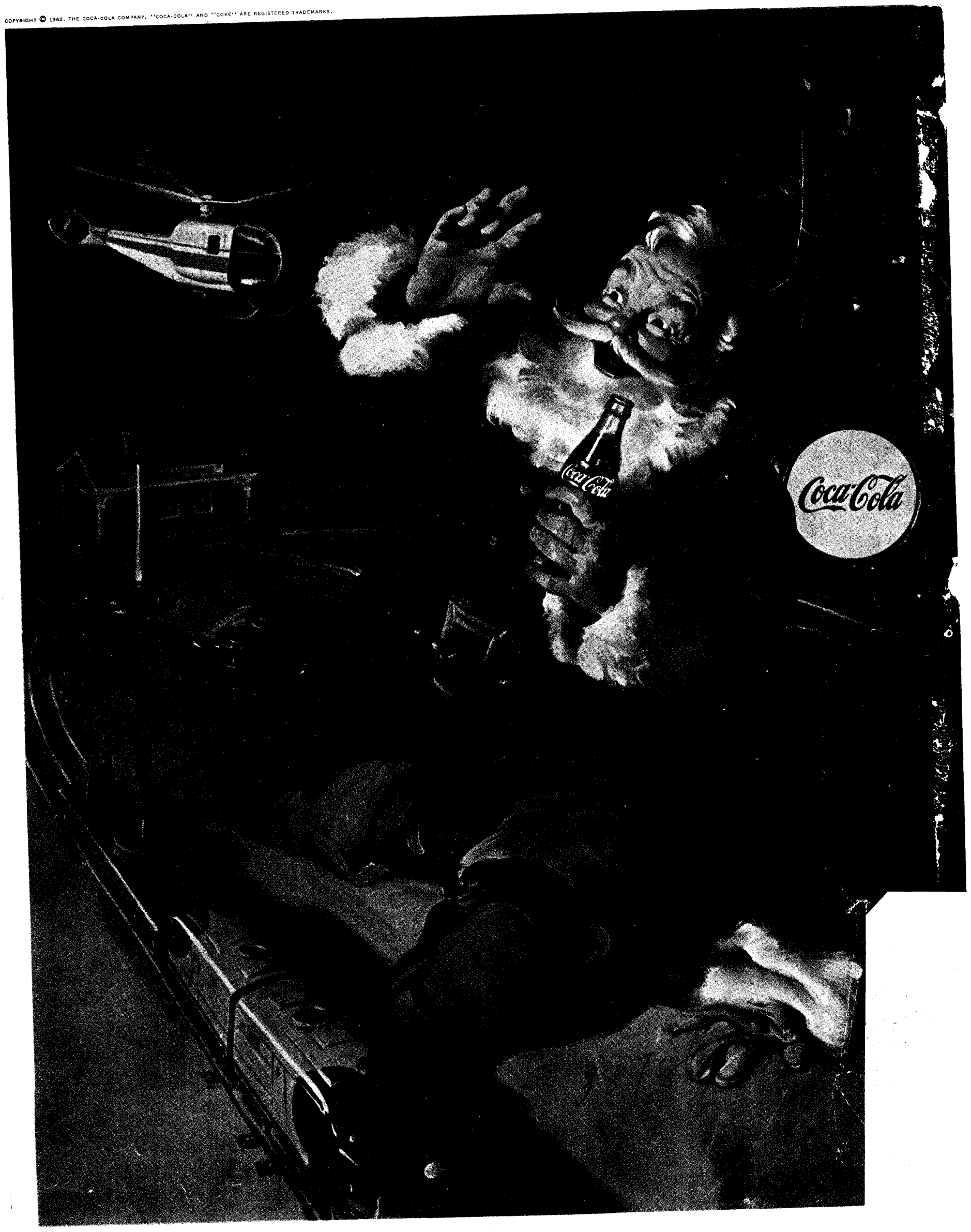

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